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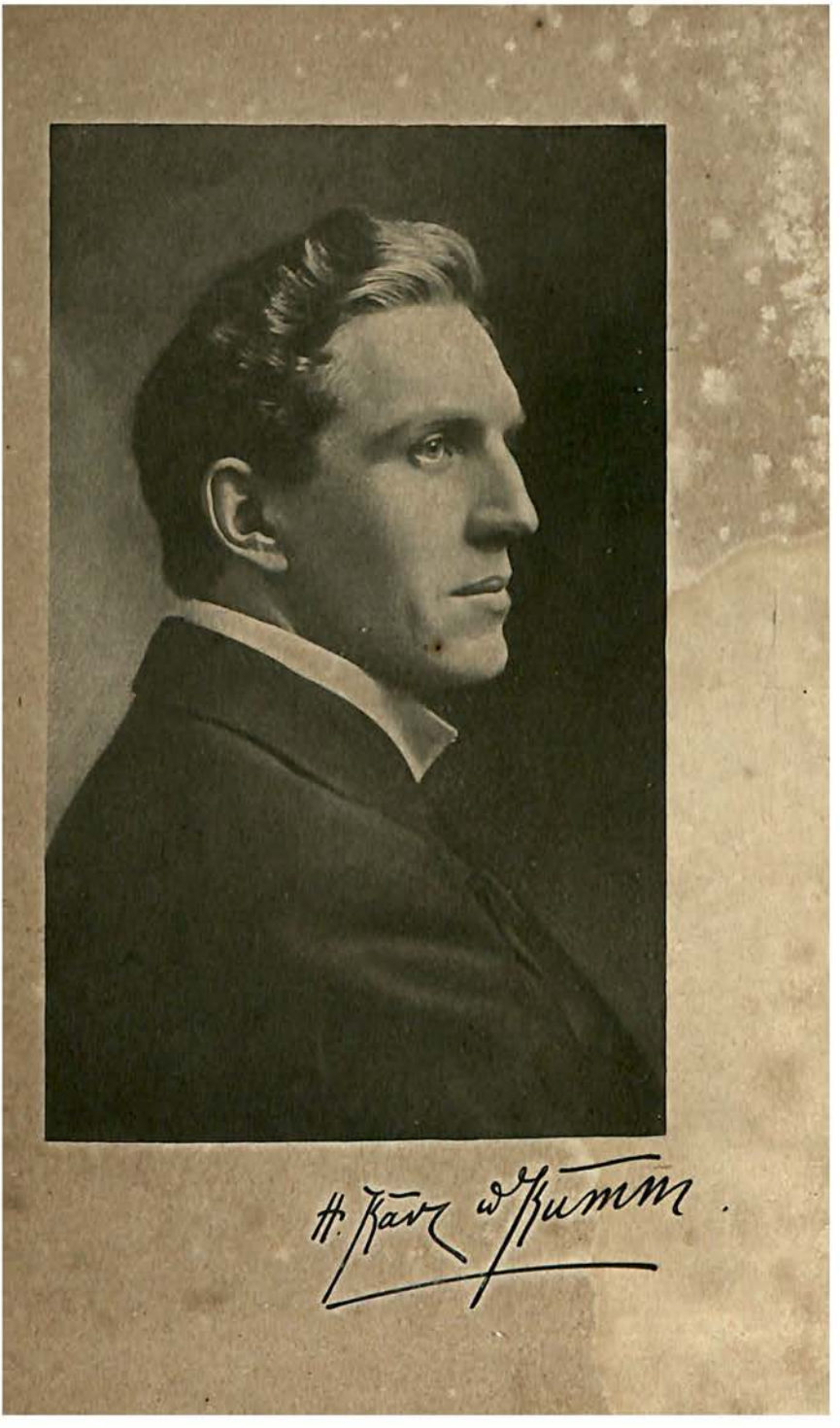
H. Karl v. Kumm.

FROM

HAUSALAND TO EGYPT,

THROUGH THE SUDAN.

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BY

H. KARL W. KUMM, PH.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"Tribes of The Nile Valley"; "The Political Economy of Nubia"; "The Sudan."

ILLUSTRATED.

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Inscribed

To the Memory of

THE PRINCE OF MISSIONARY EXPLORERS,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

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PREFACE.

The information and observations contained in this book have been most carefully gathered, and if in any point I should have failed to secure perfect accuracy, I venture to ask the reader to assist me in the necessary correction. It is not my desire to promulgate inexactitudes, and for any assistance I may receive to prevent this, I would tender my sincere thanks.

I desire to record my gratitude,

to the Government Officials of Northern Nigeria, German Adamawa, the French Shari-Chad Protectorate, and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, who did all they could to help, and who without exception, showed their practical sympathy with my undertaking,

to the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, both in Northern Nigeria and on the Upper Nile, for their help,

to the Royal Geographical Society for having supplied the maps and charts for this book, and to Captain Lyons, who has kindly assisted with meteorological tables,

to Sir G. Hampson and Mr. Heron, of the British Museum, for having classified the lepidoptera brought home,

to Mrs. Craven, for her assistance to the expedition,

to Lieutenant Raymond and Captain Cornet for illustrations from the Shari Valley,

and to my friends of the Sudan United Mission for their co-operation.

H. K. W. K.

London, 1910.

TERMS USED IN THIS BOOK TO EXPRESS THE VARIOUS FORMS OF BUSH AND OPEN COUNTRY.

1. *Forest.*—Thick bush, with large trees interlaced with creepers that present considerable difficulties to penetration.

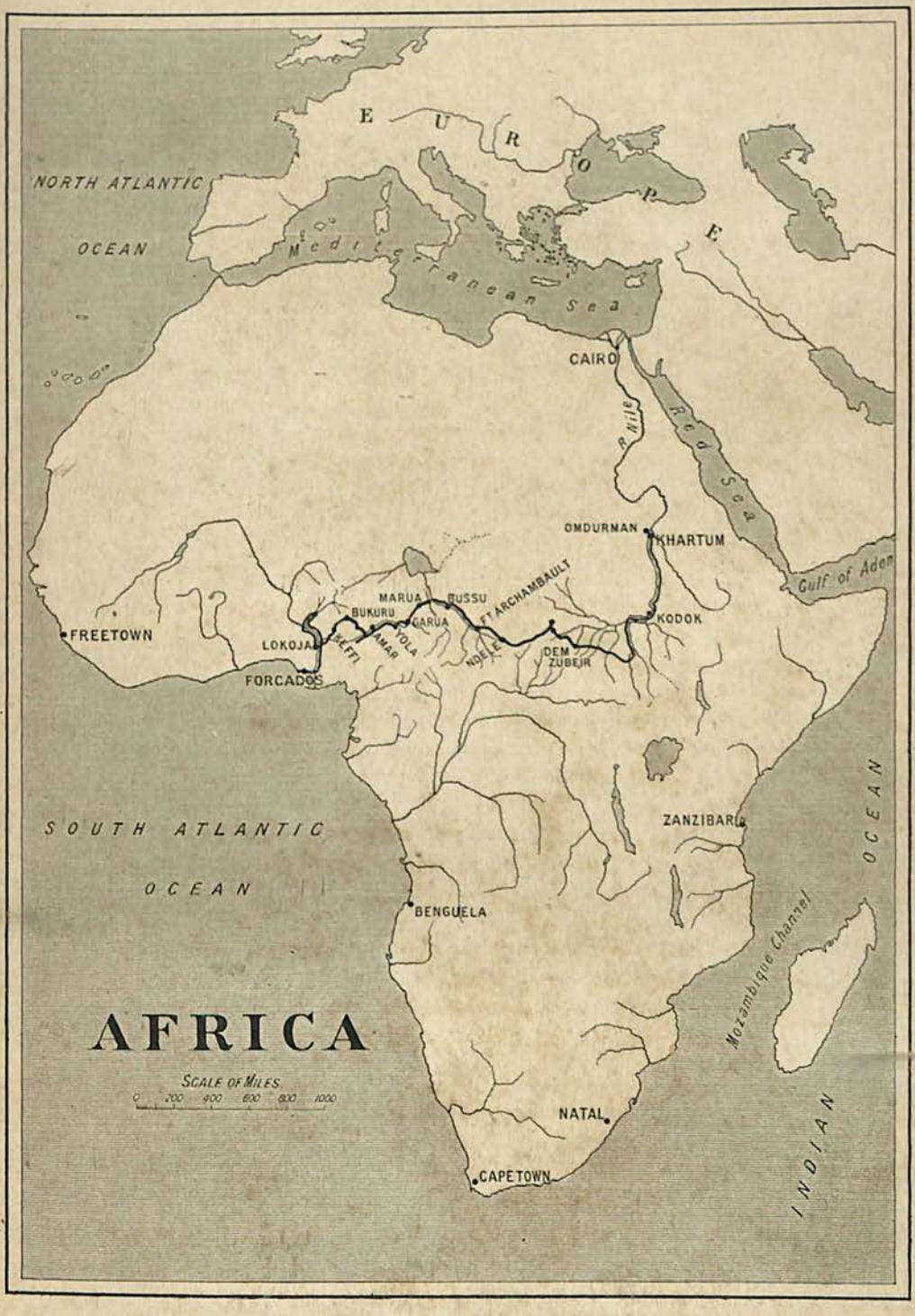
2. *Open Bush.*—Bush, with trees on an average 10 or 12 ft. apart. Trees not more than 6 inches in diameter.

3. *Gallery Forest.*—Virgin forest on the banks of the rivers, the largest trees close to the edge, and diminishing in size with the increased distance from the water.

4. *Kurmi* (Hausa word).—A dense forest similar to the preceding growing on swampy ground in and around pools of water and on the brooks.

5. *Fadama* (Hausa word).—A meadow, usually situated between the gallery forest and the bush, varying in width from a few hundred yards to a mile or two.

6. *Chaur* (Arabic word).—A gorge or ravine in the open bush, or the fadama caused by the washing away of the soil through heavy rains. These chaurs are usually dry, with very steep banks, from 10 to 50 yards in depth. They become frequent as one approaches the Nile.


EUROPE
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
Mediterranean Sea
CAIRO
R. Nile
Red Sea
OMDURMAN
KHARTUM
Gulf of Aden
MARUA
BUSSU
FT ARCHAMBAULT
BUKURU
GARUA
KODOK
FREETOWN
LOKOJA
DEFFI
YOLA
NDELE
DEM ZUBEIR
FORCADOS
ZANZIBAR
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
BENGUELA
Mozambique Channel
INDIAN OCEAN
AFRICA
SCALE OF MILES
0 200 400 600 800 1000
NATAL
CAPE TOWN

CHAPTER I.

EXORDIUM.

From the Heart of Europe to the Heart ot Africa—Past Explorers—The Toll of the Sudan—Earlier Journeyings.

WHITE gleams the snow in the valley. Great giants of the Alps rear their hoary heads to heaven around us. Dark pine woods creep through "alm" and crag and cliff up to their shoulders, while humble herdsmen's huts lie sheltering in their shadows.

Pale dawns the day over the Bernese Oberland, when from a châlet here in Adelboden my thoughts turn from this heart of Europe to the heart of the Dark Continent, the Sudan; the land of the mysterious Mountains of the Moon: the land beyond which the sources of the Nile were hidden for ages in darkness, the unsolved mysteries of Lake Chad and the famous City of the Middle Ages, Timbuctu—the throbbing heart of Africa.

In 1885, when Chinese Gordon was killed at Khartum, the whole of the civilised world sorrowed for a great, good man, who had given his life for the sons of slaves, for the men of the midnight and the daughters of darkness; and when 13 years later, Kitchener fought in a mighty slaughter the Dervishes of Omdurman, the eyes of Europe and America were again fixed on those regions.

Men of similar will-power to that of Livingstone and Stanley had acted as path-finders through the wide bush land, mountain and morass of the Sudan.

Men like Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, Barth, Rholfs Vogel, Beurman, Loefler, Gentil and Maistre, had, through

untiring devotion to the fascinations of exploration, through self-sacrifice and indomitable energy, though most of them died in the attempt, brought light into the geographical darkness of the Sudan. Explorers, soldiers, Government officials, traders and missionaries, form the vanguard of the white man in the Sudan States. Man after man has fallen in carrying forward the flag of European civilisation. As they fall new recruits press to the front, undaunted by the fate of their predecessors.

The Western Sudan and Timbuctu were known 100 years ago. The Niger territories, with Hausaland, were penetrated in the third and fifth decade of the last century. Sir Samuel Baker and Dr. Schweinfurth laid bare the unknown reaches of the Upper Nile; but between the Central Sudan, the Lake Chad region, and the Nile Valley between the Shari and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, some 50,000 square miles had, up to 1870, remained untouched—a happy hunting ground for slave raiders, a somewhat inaccessible plateau region situated in the very centre of Africa.

In 1869 Dr. Nachtigal—who is without doubt one of, if not the most fruitful African explorer, whose documents form to-day the basis of any botanical, zoological, geological or physiological publications on the provinces of the Central Sudan—had crossed the Sahara, had visited Borku, had wandered round Lake Chad, had seen the lands of the middle Shari, and from Kuka (the capital of Bornu) had essayed to penetrate Bagirmi and Wadai, where both Vogel and Beurman had been killed some years before, and go through Darfur and Kordofan to Khartum. In this he succeeded. With a wonderful amount of tenacity he advanced in his careful and cautious way, made friends as he went, left no enemies behind, and thus slowly passed from land to land until he reached the Nile Valley.

Nachtigal has left for ever his footprints on Africa, not only

in crossing the Sahara, exploring Borku, and traversing the Sudan, but in giving to Germany her African colonies. He it was who hoisted the German flag in the Kameruns and German South-West Africa.

As one follows Nachtigal's route from the Central Sudan to the east, one notices that he aimed at the great Moslem towns of the north, being handed from Moslem Chief to Moslem Chief as a Christian traveller. He never disguised himself as a Moslem, and his straightforwardness and fearlessness gave him considerable prestige with the Moslem Chiefs.

Thirty-five years later—in 1904—Captain Boyd Alexander, accompanied by his brother, Captain Gosling and Mr. Talbot, besides a Portuguese taxidermist, added largely to our knowledge of the Central Sudan, surveyed Lake Chad, and following the Shari to its headwaters, crossed by way of the Welle to the Nile. This journey skirted more or less the southern border of the Sudan, through savage, cannibal, pagan tribes.

The sufferings to which the Expedition was exposed were exceptionally trying. Captain Claud Alexander (Boyd Alexander's brother) was buried at Maifoni, in Northern Nigeria, and Captain Gosling died at Niangara on the Welle. Mr. Talbot had returned from Lake Chad by way of the Niger, and only Captain Boyd Alexander, accompanied by his Portuguese collector, succeeded in reaching the Nile. The work done by them, especially in Northern Nigeria and round Lake Chad, was of the greatest importance. Later on, the climatic and health conditions were such as only strong will-power, backed by an exceptionally wiry constitution, managed to overcome.

At the moment of my writing Captain Boyd Alexander is again in the Sudan, and the last news from him came from the Lake Chad region, which he had reached after travelling through the German Kameruns and Adamawa. When some time ago I met the brother of Captain Boyd Alexander in

London he told me that the last news he had received was from Maifoni in Bornu. His brother intended to follow Dr. Nachtigal's route through the Mohammedan states of the North Central Sudan, and attempt to make his way through Borku, Tibesti and Kufra to Bengazi on the Mediterranean. Thus I wrote some weeks ago. Since then the hungry Sudan has taken the bold Captain's life. He was killed at Nyeri, north-east of Abesher, the capital of Wadai. And now he lies buried with his brother at Maifoni, as Captain Gosling lies at Niangara.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave but fallen few;
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn sound
The bivouac of the dead."

The two routes through the north and the south of the Central Sudan opened by Nachtigal and Boyd Alexander have since been covered, the former in 1881 by two Italians—Dr. Pelegrino Matteucci and Lieut. A. Maosari—and the latter by Mr. Savage Landor in 1906. Between the two routes, which are some 600 miles apart, there lay a considerable stretch of unexplored territory, and it was this region which it has been my privilege to traverse.

I have been interested in the Sudan since 1898. In 1899 I visited the southern oases of the Lybian desert, and thought then of following the Darb-el-Arbain towards Darfur, but nothing came of this.

In 1901 I visited Nubia on the Middle Nile, and wrote a dissertation on the political economy of that part of the Nile Valley.

In 1904 I went from Tripoli southwards into the mountains of the desert, studying the Hausa language, and also gathering

information as to the trans-Sahara trade from the Sudan to the Mediterranean.

Later on in 1904, and the beginning of 1905, I led an expedition of investigation into Northern Nigeria to secure more definite information as to the advance of Mohammedanism amongst the pagan tribes of Nigeria. This expedition resulted in the formation of the Sudan United Mission, the aim of which is to counteract the Moslem advance by Christianising the pagan tribes of the Sudan.

In the interests of this Mission I visited America and South Africa in 1906 and 1907, endeavouring to secure in the latter place some reliable data as to the Moslem propaganda. I returned from South Africa by way of the East Coast, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, called at Natal, Portuguese East Africa, British East Africa, and went up by rail to Uganda

On October 10th, 1908, I left Liverpool with seven missionaries of the Sudan United Mission, including a medical man and an engineer, to visit the Mission stations in Northern Nigeria, establish the Lucy Memorial Freed Slaves' Home at Rumasha, and then, if I found it practicable, to go further inland and, perhaps, to cross the Continent, following the border line between Islam and Paganism.

I was most fortunate in being able to work out these plans —*i.e.*, to visit all the Mission stations, arrange with His Excellency the Governor of Northern Nigeria about the taking over of the Government slave children, to lay out the building site for the Freed Slaves' Home, to plan the occupation of two or three new tribes by the missionaries of the Sudan United Mission, and then to penetrate in a long march during the rainy season the border regions of the Crescent faith in the Central Sudan, and, without any serious illness, to arrive at Khartum on December 3rd, 1909.

I will endeavour in the following chapters to lay before the reader the results of this tour.

CHAPTER II.

From the Bay of Benin to the Bukuru Plateau.

Landing—An Unexpected "Find"—Tornado—Up the Niger—Conference with Sir P. Girouard—At Government House—Lokoja—Lucy Memorial Home—My Overland Trek—Obtaining Firewood—Negotiating for Supplies—Cash disdained by the Natives—The Novelty of Fire-arms—Maltreating the Natives—Bukuru—Patching Up a Leper—Ngell.

It was a Saturday morning; the R.M.S. "Falaba" was lying in the Mersey roadstead. A number of friends from different parts of the British Isles had come to bid us God-speed. Many loads needed our careful attention. There were tents and food supplies, camp furniture and medicine chests, rifles and cartridges, and many other things that are wanted for a trans-African tour,* with my black boy Tom perched on the top.

We had also with us building materials for the proposed Freed Slaves' Home in Northern Nigeria. A somewhat lengthy farewell, and we were off down the Mersey. The first glimpse we had of the Dark Continent was the lighthouse of Cape Verde. After calling at Sierra Leone and some coast towns, on Tuesday, October 27th, at 7 a.m., our boat cast anchor in Forcados roadstead, the western estuary of the Niger Delta.

The two Government river steamers S.W. "Kapelle" and S.W. "Corona" met the "Falaba," and left at 11 o'clock; while we waited for the Niger Company's steamer, which had been arranged for from London to take us up river.

* *Vide* Appendix for Outfit List.

An exceptionally large number of passengers—about 50—were on board for Northern Nigeria, and both the "Kapelle" and the "Corona" were crowded. The Niger Company's S.W. "Scarborough" came alongside later on and took off five missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and there were only the eight of us left.

Not till Thursday, October 29th, did the stern-wheeler "Liberty" arrive from Lokoja to carry us up country.

In a tropical downpour we trans-shipped, and reached Burutu, the first Niger Company's station at sunset.

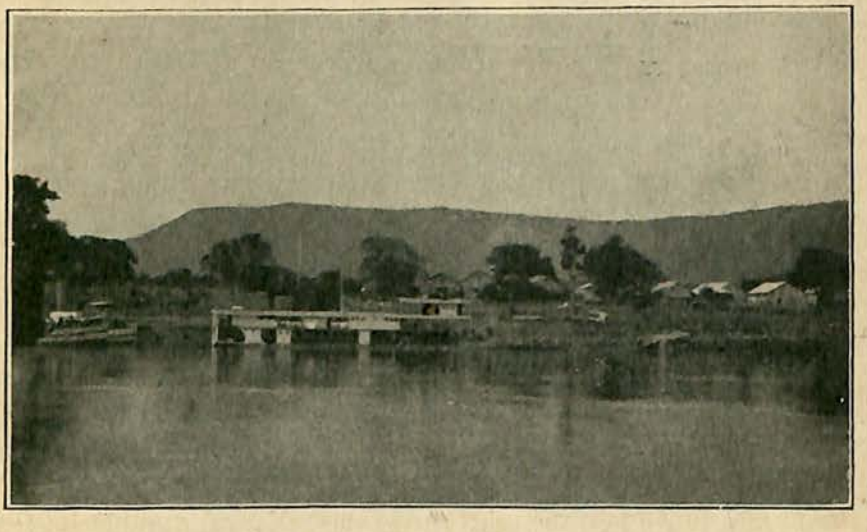
While going along the west coast I had looked forward to securing my former headboy Dangana, if that were possible, but where and how to find him in Northern Nigeria was a problem. Imagine my very pleasant surprise when, on our arriving at Forcados, my boy Tom brought me the news that Dangana had arrived on board and was waiting for me. His ugly, honest face had as broad a grin on it as ever.

At Burutu we purchased provisions, and left on Friday morning, October 30th. The boat was so deeply laden, that when a heavy shower of rain commenced we had to anchor to prevent being swamped. In the early hours of the morning a surf boat, which we had alongside, was filled to the gunwale by the rain, and became awash with the waves. We lost an hour in baling her out again, and then went on through the delta.

The scenery on the river banks is like that of all tropical rivers, most beautiful. Any number of valuable trees, such as ebony, redwood, mahogany, and others clothed them with thick vegetation, from which huts and plantations peeped as bright eyes out of the shadows. We passed about a dozen villages during the day, anchored again during the night in drenching rain, and arrived at Abo on Sunday, November 1st. Here we left the Niger Delta, and entered the main river. A little later on in the day we fished up a dug-out

canoe that had evidently been torn from its moorings in the previous night's tornado, and at 8 o'clock in the evening we were opposite Onitsha, half way to Lokoja. Dr. Alexander and I went ashore, and, when returning from the town, lost our way and wandered about until after 10 o'clock before we succeeded in finding the boat.

Monday and Tuesday went by while we slowly ploughed



VIEW OF LOKOJA.

up the dark, muddy river. At times the speed was exasperatingly slow, and I was very glad when on Wednesday at midday Lokoja hove in sight. Before the steamer had drawn alongside the wharf I departed in a small boat and hastened to see the Marine Superintendent for Northern Nigeria, Captain Elliott.

I had been informed that Sir Percy Girouard, the Governor of Northern Nigeria, desired me to call at Zungeru previous to his departure for the Northern States, Sokoto and Kano; and I was anxious to comply with his wishes, especially as certain important questions, including the transfer of the

freed slave children from Zungeru to the Lucy Memorial Home (so-called in memory of my late wife) at Rumasha, made a conference with His Excellency imperative.

I found Captain Elliott most friendly and ready to help. The Governor's private boat, the "Corona," was going with 15 officers up the Niger to Baro and Mureji, and Captain Elliott placed the Governor's cabin on her at my disposal. He also wired to Mureji, a village at the mouth of the Kaduna river, instructing the agent there to have the fastest canoe ready for me, as the steamers cannot ascend it in the dry season. I was able to tranship within 10 minutes of my arrival.

Two days and a quarter of splendid fast poling against a strong current took our dug-out canoe over the 85 miles between Mureji and Barejuko. Canoes usually take five days to cover the distance.

On Tuesday, November 10th, I arrived at Zungeru, having travelled the last 25 miles from Barejuko on the steam tram at the good rate of eight miles an hour.

On my arrival at Zungeru station I found a horse waiting to take me to Government House, and also a number of carriers to attend to my loads. His Excellency the Governor took me to see his new well-planned irrigation farm, watered by four Egyptian shadufs, the Government Freed Slaves' Home, the prison and the new railway line.

He wrote to the Residents of the Benué Provinces instructing them to give me every assistance in furthering my visit. His friendliness will always remain with me a happy memory. The Secretary to the Administration, Mr. M. H. de la Poer-Beresford, Sir Percy's private secretary and aide-de-camp, also placed me under obligations. When I left on Thursday, November 12th, the Governor arranged for a special train to take me back to Barejuko, and then on by steamer to Lokoja.

Lokoja had very much changed since I was there four years before. Large, well-appointed shops flanked the river. Roads with deeply dug ditches on each side, and multitudes of new bungalows, gave the impression of a rapidly growing, flourishing industrial centre. White buildings, a fine red brick church showing up well against the green background, and behind it all the rocky heights of Patte* Hill, looked charmingly picturesque.

The three largest towns of the future in Nigeria will probably be Lagos, the coast town; Lokoja, at the meeting of the Niger and the Benué, the transit centre between Northern and Southern Nigeria; and Baro, the starting point of the Kano Railway.

After my return to Lokoja business had to be transacted with the Superintendent of Public Works, the C.M.S. Missionaries, the Marine Superintendent, the Cantonment Magistrate, the Postmaster-General, and the Niger Company. This took a considerable amount of time.

On November 20th, 1908, I left Lokoja in a small Niger Company's steamer with the materials for the main building of the Freed Slaves' Home on board, and on the next day we arrived at Rumasha. My first impression was that a far more imposing site might have been chosen. There is no bold bluff, no palm grove, no rocky eminence—nothing but a gentle slope upwards from the river; and then, 500 yards inland, a grass grown elevation of about 80 feet above the level of the river. But further acquaintance modified my earlier opinion.

The Freed Slaves' Home will peep out of the surrounding green verdure, seen by all who pass by on the river—as white snowdrops at home, a sign of the spring of this land.

Half round the Home runs a creek with a great deal of valuable ironwood on both banks.

* Patte means "mountain."

THE LUCY MEMORIAL FREED SLAVES' HOME AT RUMASHA, NORTHERN NIGERIA.

Two weeks I spent with Messrs. Martin, Young, Botha and Dr. Alexander until a beach was cleared, a rough road

GRINDING GUINEA-CORN.

made, all the building material transported up to the site, a bungalow half finished, and some 15 temporary grass huts erected.

After that it seemed time that I should depart, if I wished to see Bukuru before a Conference, which had been arranged at Ibi for January 10th, 1909.

I started on my overland trek on

WOMEN WITH WATER-POTS.

Monday, December 6th. Every morning at dawn we began our journey, and with the sun in the zenith usually reached our destination.

My horse was a poor one, and I had to walk the greater part of the way. This was good for me as well as for the horse. Both horse and rider at the finish of the first 200 miles were in better condition than at the beginning.

The road into the mountains just beyond Karshi is most interesting and exciting. To the left of the road is a

A CHIEF'S HORSE.

magnificent waterfall, and the path itself in many places looks like a staircase.

Leaving a stockaded village to the right after a steep ascent, we halted at the foot of a magnificent granite cliff, which towered some 800 to 1,000 feet above us. A cool mountain brook, in whose clear water brilliantly coloured trout played, sang its murmuring melody, leaping over the glossy rocks and diving into the shadows of the rubber trees in front of the newly-pitched tent. Baboons were growling and barking in the distance, and bright plumed birds twittered their

evening song among the leaves of the palm trees. Soon a few shelters were formed with sticks and branches, thatched with the long, rank grass, and here and there fires began to flare up.

The romantic scene of a traveller's camp in the tropics is difficult to clothe in words.

Some two or three villages hidden away in the surrounding bush were inhabited by absolutely naked natives, as shy as deer at home.

On returning from their fields they would perambulate in a circle of at least 1,000 yards' diameter around our newly-formed encampment, keeping well away from us; and only when they imagined themselves unobserved, and hidden behind the rocks or trees, did they dare with open mouths and staring eyes to look at the strange, white man. All were armed with bows and poisoned arrows, with spears and hatchets. It took much time before I succeeded with tempting beads to coax some of the braves to approach the tent. None of my men spoke the language of the people, and thus our difficulties of communication were considerable. I pointed to some pieces of dried wood, and endeavoured to convey to the natives my desire that they should bring us firewood. After a while they understood, and stalking away, returned, each of them most solemnly carrying a tiny stick some 6 inches long, and very respectfully deposited it by the side of the fire. I doled out one bead each and repeated my signs. An enterprising young man brought two sticks the next time, and received two beads, and after that there was no difficulty. They made a race for it, and an abundance of firewood, enough for the night, was at our disposal.

Then I attempted to secure provisions. Small seeds (called by the natives "Atcha"; it makes good palatable porridge) gathered from a species of grass are the staple food of the

people. I made the sign of eating, and tried to make them understand that I wanted food. The chief of one of the villages, who had arrived in the meantime and received a couple of gay-coloured handkerchiefs, sent on one of his hopefuls to bring food. There was much gesticulating and much screaming. The boy returned carrying a small handful of tiny seeds. These would not go far as supplies for my 40 people. A pinch of salt was much appreciated by the youngster. One old man, who offered us a small basin full of these seeds, brought at the same time a sack with him made of the skin of a large antelope, and insisted that he should have this sack filled with salt in payment. I laughed at him, and in the end he was quite happy with a handful.

Money the people did not know. I made an attempt to introduce silver coinage, but as, in exchange for a shilling I only secured one egg—and that a bad one—I gave it up. Sugar was also unknown. I gave a handful to a child, who tasted it and threw it away. Thereupon I gave him a little salt, and he licked all his fingers. Blessings on the little savage!

Empty cartridges were much in demand as neck and ear ornaments. My carriers had saved up plenty, and now they purchased quantities of provisions with them.

The people had no idea of fire-arms. One of the hunters was asked to shoot with his bow and arrow at a tree some 30 yards away, and he succeeded in hitting it. Then he asked me to fire, which I did, and when on approaching the tree they found that a hard-nosed ·405 Winchester bullet had drilled its way right through the 18-inch trunk and entered a second tree some distance behind the first, they opened their mouths wide and put their hands over them, thus expressing their astonishment at this great Ju-Ju.

The second performance consisted in my pointing at a slab of white rock three-quarters of the distance up the cliff

some 800 yards away, and informing my audience that I would put a black mark on it. They looked at me sideways; they looked me up and down, and they began to laugh amongst themselves.

"The white man is trying to make fun of us."

I fired, and the black mark appeared on the white slab.

By 9 o'clock in the evening I had the population of the three villages round me. There was much "tom-tomming," guitar-strumming, lu-luing of women, and a general holiday. And when the next morning my little caravan left, on every rock around sat perched an ebony heathen clapping his hands, shouting, and waving farewell.

Near noon I came upon a number of native porters carrying tin from the Naraguta mines to Loko on the Benué. It is remarkable what loads these natives are willing to carry to secure some luxuries of European civilisation. I have seen tin-carriers with a triple load weighing 180 to 200 lbs. on their heads, running with it at a half-trot along the bush path. Carrier after carrier, with his small bag of black tin on his woolly head, passed us. A number of my men were ahead of me when a general halt occurred. I rode out of the line, and as the country was open I could see that three or four naked pagans in front had been set upon by half-a-dozen of the straggling tin carriers. I saw one of the latter tear away the goat-skin food bag from a heathen, and when the man objected, get him by the throat and threaten with his knife to do mischief. Without hesitating a moment I put the spurs into my horse, and galloped along the line of my carriers to where the free fight was taking place. I had heard from Government men and a number of natives that the tin-carriers had commenced to bully the pagans, to steal their women, and, whenever they found themselves in sufficient numbers, to oppress them. When I appeared on the scene the fight suddenly came to an end. There was no mistaking what

had happened, and I proceeded for the first and last time on this journey to administer as sound a chastisement with my riding whip as I could.

Unless such maltreatment of the indigenous tribes of these mountain regions by those passing through is put an end to, these tribesmen will waylay the strangers and porters and kill them. Then a punitive expedition will be sent amongst them, and a considerable number of them be hastened into eternity, all because of the thievish propensities of the wretched carriers.

On Wednesday, December 22nd, my little caravan reached Bukuru, a town of some 6,000 inhabitants. The whole district includes about 50 villages of the Kibyen tribe, which—living within a circle of some 20 miles from Bukuru—numbers, roughly speaking, 120,000 people. The whole of the plateau land is healthy. Large deposits of tin constitute the mainspring for the development of those highlands. The people are independent and very brave. High cactus hedges encircle their habitations, and the approach to the village leads through narrow lanes and arches formed by poisonous cactus plants. The mounted troops of the Mohammedan Sultans in the north have not been able to make anything of the Kibyen tribe. Like the natives of the Upper Nile the Kibyen despises clothing. He looks upon garments as the fetters of slaves. They are a moral-living people, and their brown colour and their innocence are their dress.

I rode up to the Mission compound, and came upon Dr. Emlyn bending over a leper and binding up his sores.

On the second day of my stay in Bukuru, amongst a number of patients a woman came to the Mission compound. She was unclothed, like all of them, and carried in her arms a very happy healthy-looking baby, and in one hand a calabash full of flour. She pointed to the baby, to the doctor and to the flour, and put the calabash at the

BUKURU

and surrounding Villages.

Nat. Scale 1:750,000 or 1 Inch = 11·84 Stat. Miles.

5 0 5 10

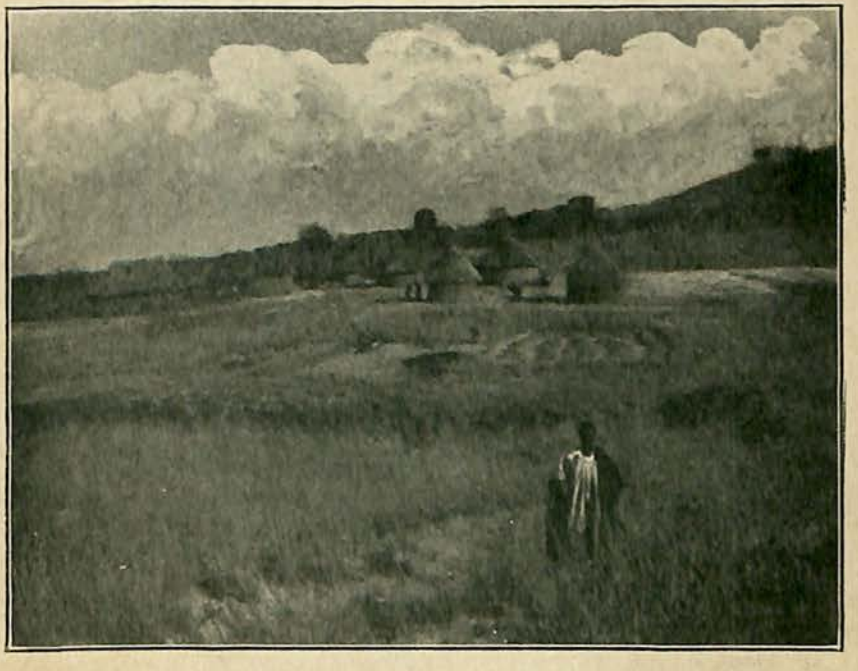
PREPARED BY A. C. FRANCIS, ASSISTANT RESIDENT, BUKURU.

C 2

doctor's feet. He had saved the life of her child and she was grateful.

During my two days' stay in the Bukuru district, I lodged in an outstation, Ngell, two miles from the main station. Mr. Ghey had been in charge of Ngell, and had just left on furlough.

Ngell is a town of between 5,000 and 6,000 people. I had made myself and my men at home at the Station when the



NGELL STATION, TIN HOLES.

pagan mayor of Ngell came to welcome me. After a few minutes' conversation through my interpreter I asked the chief how he liked Mr. Ghey, and through the interpreter came the answer, "We love him. Is he not teaching us? Has he not given us almost everything we possess? We cry plenty too much when he go. He love us more than our mothers love us." (My boy's pigeon English.)

Quite a fair testimony to the work of Mr. Ghey.

ROADS FROM THE BENUÉ TO BUKURU.

A.	Time.
Rumasha	
1. Saggia	6 hours
2. Tunga	5 hours
3. Bakunu	6 hours
4. Sangon Daji	5 hours
5. Nassarawa	6 hours
6. Laminga	4 hours
7. Keffi	4 hours
	36 hours

B.	Time.
Loko	
1. Ita	8 hours
2. Wushini	6 hours
3. Gindin Duchi	5 hours
4. Nassarawa	5 hours
5. Laminga	4 hours
6. Keffi	4 hours
	32 hours

C.	Time.
Keffi	
1. Giddan Fulani	6 hours
2. Mutum Daya	4 hours
3. Kwakwosso	4 hours
4. Jagindi	6 hours
5. Jama'a	6 hours
6. Gidan Duchi	6 hours
7. Hauwan Kibo	6 hours
8. Bukuru	6 hours
	44 hours

TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF THE KIBYEN PEOPLE ON THE BUKURU PLATEAU.

PREPARED BY A. C. FRANCIS, ESQ.

Tribe.	Town.	Population.	Distance from Bukuru.
Rukaba	Achaka	5,000 ...	30 miles.
„	Zamagan	3,000 ...	22 „
„	Batsa	3,000 ...	24 „
Pachora	Teria	15,000 ...	28 miles, viâ Naraguta.
Ba	Amo	5,000 ...	32 miles.
„	Amo Bissa	4,000 ...	30 „
Irrigwe	Kwall	9,300 ...	16 „
Burum	Hepam	3,000 ...	8 „
„	Refam	2,700 ...	13 „
„	Bukuru	10,500 ...	
„	Jol...	2,300 ...	19 „
„	Woran	1,200 ...	9 „
„	Vom	12,000 ...	10 „
„	Rop	2,200 ...	25 „
„	Assob	2,500 ...	26 „
„	Rini	3,400 ...	20 „
„	Kassa	2,400 ...	18 „
„	Forum	10,800 ...	8 „
„	Ngell	5,400 ...	1½ „
„	Kuru	3,500 ...	2½ „
„	Tafaru	5,000 ...	16 „
Anaguta	Naraguta	5,000 ...	18 „
Narubunu ...	Birji	3,000 ...	26 „ viâ Naraguta.
„ ...	Tere	5,000 ...	34 miles, viâ Naraguta.

24 towns. Aggregate population, 124,200.

CHAPTER III.

FROM BUKURU TO THE BANKS OF THE "MOTHER OF WATERS."

Christmas Eve Dinner—Carriers' Troubles—Glued to their Horses—Flight of Pagans—Christmas Day—A Narrow Escape—C.M.S., Panyam—Shy Game—Food Scarce—Difficult Travelling—Among Cannibals—The Yergum Tribe—Wasé Rock.

Christmas Eve, 1908. The Assistant Resident, the Superintendent of Police, Dr. Emlyn and myself, were sitting at dinner at the Government Post at Bukuru. In the more civilised parts of Northern Nigeria one generally wears white dinner kit in the evening, but on this occasion we found that thin white cotton and silk was not the clothing suitable for a winter evening in an altitude of 4,000 feet.

A dinner in any of our tropical dependencies is nowadays quite a civilised affair. Crockery and silver table ware, tablecloths and serviettes, are *de rigeur*. What a change there has been among the white men in Africa during the last fifty years! Explorers and Government men had then *nolens volens* to descend to the simple life. To-day an evening meal is a slight imitation of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo or the Cataract Hotel in Assuan. If no military band is to be had a gramophone does service. Well-starched, uniformed servants, a frenchified cook, *café noir* and, for some of them, cigarettes, are matters of course. *Voilà* the *menu* of our evening's entertainment, music *non est*.

MENU.

Consommé à la Boy-Boy.
Curried Cod's Roe.
Mince Nigerienne.
Dindon Rôti.
Mouton Bouilli.
Omelette à la confiture.
Welsh Rarebit.
Café.

The weather was so bitterly cold that after a few minutes we felt that bed was the place for us, and so we departed.

I rode back to Ngell station, lost the road, and perambulated around deep pits dug by the Niger Company in search of tin, before I succeeded in reaching my hut about 10 o'clock.

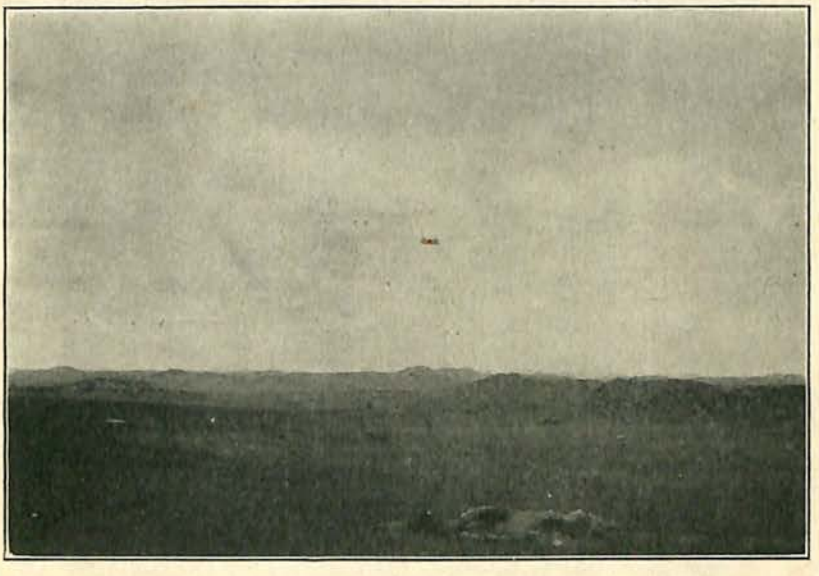
Early next morning I intended to continue my journey by way of Panyam, Langtang, Rock Station to Dempar on the Benué. Dr. Emlyn proposed to accompany me as far as Panyam, 40 miles distant.

There are certain difficulties connected with the daily start in Africa; the weighing and apportioning of the loads, the roping of these loads, the bandaging of sore feet, the cure of digestive troubles—for all these things are carefully saved up by the boys till the last moment. And when everything is finally ready one of the boys has "gone off to the village to buy food." He is diligently trading, with the inevitable attendant discussion. That the white man and all the other carriers have to wait and might, perchance, dislike being kept waiting, does not enter his head. The natives are so delightfully improvident and irresponsible. They are quite ready to share their last crust, and the white man once having secured their trust, they will do anything for him—except be punctual.

Going east we passed through Bukuru town, with its winding road protected by the previously-mentioned cactus hedges,

whose poisoned thorny surfaces formed a very effective *noli me tangere* for any mounted slave raiders, such as used to come in days gone by from the large Moslem cities in the north.

Some miles further on we saw the village of Rafam before us. This village had been "palavered" a few months before. It had refused to pay taxes, and in a haughty way had insulted a representative of the Government. So the village was "broken," a considerable number of mountain ponies taken, and the natives taught a very severe lesson.



THE BUKURU PLATEAU, THE LAND OF THE TIN MINES.

The natives ride their mountain ponies barebacked, and as they themselves wear no clothing, with the exception of a weird loin cloth of plaited grass, riding the frisky ponies is somewhat difficult. So they scratch the backs of their animals until their blood exudes, and glue themselves on to the beasts with their blood.

The agility of these animals is very remarkable. The men came riding down precipitous places where it would have

been absolutely impossible for me mounted to attempt a descent. The ponies are exceedingly well-trained, and follow their masters' call like dogs. I noticed a man galloping over the fields, balancing on his head a large bundle of grass fodder for his equine friend.

The reception afforded us at Rafam was of the poorest, as, in spite of our calls and shoutings, not a soul was to be

ANGASS HUTS AMONG THE ROCKS.

seen, all the villagers having decamped on our approach for fear that the white man had come to levy toll.

Beyond Rafam lay the pathless rocky plateau, and we desired to take a man from the village as a guide. After in vain searching a number of compounds for their inhabitants, Dr. Emlyn suggested that we ride over to a sister village belonging to the same tribe, where the people spoke the same language.

This village was only three miles distant, and riding through

the fields we soon saw some of the people at work on their farms. Much of the plateau is cultivated, and though the millet and guinea-corn do not grow to any height and do not bear well, yet by farming large areas the people get sufficient food.

There are towns and hamlets spread in large numbers all over these highlands, each one of them usually situated at the foot of some rocky eminence. The immediate country round Bukuru has been deforested by them to procure wood for smelting iron, and there is hardly a tree to be seen.

At Tafam the chief and some of his elders came to see us as we rested on the banks of a little brook just outside the village. We exchanged presents, asked him for a guide, and after having refreshed ourselves in the clear water of the stream, we continued our march beyond the village through a pass between two hills, and then came out on to the undulating plain beyond. There was at first some kind of path leading to the farms of the people, and we followed the direction indicated by our guide, who desired our permission to return, as he was afraid to spend the night outside the village. We let him go and advanced alone. A number of natives whom we met at 4 o'clock coming back from their farms, when they saw us, dived like deer into the long grass, ran with long leaps in a half circle around us, and escaped to their houses amongst the hills.

Later on we crossed a little brook, and, as there were some trees beyond, we formed camp, pitched the tent, and rested for the night. I called this place "Christmas Camp," as it was Christmas evening we spent there, and cut a "C.C." into a large tree. The night was again bitterly cold, and in spite of four blankets, an overcoat, and a mackintosh, I shivered. My usual hot bath in the evening was not much of a success, as the lukewarm water made me shake and long for a closed-in hut and a warm fire.

Long before day we were out of our beds, had put on our riding gear, taken the tent down, and in about 20 minutes from the time we woke we were away on the road.

Several bad rivers blocked our way, and our horses found difficulty in many places in climbing over the rocky ground. At midday we saw the large village of Mongur before us. We went round it without resting, as our destination for that day—Panyam—was still a long way off. An hour later we saw the village of Bong under a number of shady trees to the north of us. We missed the direction and went wrong to the right, but were redirected by a native who knew a few words of Hausa, and who kindly volunteered to lead us to a path that would bring us to Panyam in a few hours. After having chased in vain a small herd of antelope in the hope of securing fresh meat, we saw before us a small river, the bed of which consisted of large slabs of slippery basalt. I was going to ride my horse across, when several of my men came running back with excited gesticulations and asked me to dismount. One of them who spoke Hausa informed me that if I rode across we should both fall and break our legs. The men had good reason to be frightened, as my horse had hardly stepped on to the stones when it came down and rolled over and over, being unable to secure a footing. By main force I had to haul it over the stones, and, trembling, it scrambled up the further bank.

Another hour's riding and, in a beautifully sheltered nook amongst magnificent rocks, with a clear stream flowing in a half circle around it, we found the newly-established Mission Station of the Cambridge University Party of the Church Missionary Society, Panyam. The natives evidently have the greatest confidence in Mr. Fox and the other men with him.

Three comfortable, mud buildings of three or four rooms each formed the Station, with an attempt at a flower garden

in front. Tables with tablecloths, books, papers and easy chairs made this outpost of European civilisation look exceedingly homelike.

I pitched my tent on the football ground in front of the Station, while Dr. Emlyn stayed in one of the Mission houses. When on Monday morning at 7 o'clock my caravan was ready, and I had said good-bye to the missionaries, and waved my last farewell to Dr. Emlyn, I left a district behind me in these

IN THE ANGASS COUNTRY—DR. EMLYN'S LODGINGS.
TATTO'S HOUSE.

high, healthy hills, which presented possibilities for considerable developments, and gave indications of becoming as promising a white man's country as the Plateau of British East Africa.

We passed the villages of Jardi, Mako and Tun; then followed a stretch of uncultivated land with a fair amount of game. The game was shy. I shot my first antelope (a

Cobus cob) at mid-day on this journey. I posted two of my boys within sight of two antelopes who kept watching them, while I myself crawled down the dry bed of a brook and thus got within 50 yards. I could have shot both beasts, but found I had only one cartridge with me, and although I waited a little, they would not oblige me by moving into line so that I might have dropped them both with one shot.

At 3 p.m. we formed camp at Panchim, close to some deep pools containing a good supply of whitish water. Men were sent to the village near by to purchase food, but they came back after a while without obtaining much, as the people had little left, and the harvest had not yet begun.

During the next two days the travelling was as bad as any I experienced on my whole tour, with, perhaps, the one exception of the swamps between the Shari and the Bahr-el-Arab.

Immediately beyond Panchim we entered the "Rocky Mountains." We climbed up and down steep, stony terraces —which in some places looked like staircases—without a path or even a trail, guided by natives whom we had persuaded to lead us to Wokos. Wokos is a Residency, and Captain Foulkes in charge. He was just about to start for Panchim whence I had come, and where he was building a new Government Post. We had luncheon together and then he left. The view from the platform outside my hut was magnificent. The country lay spread out at my feet for some 40 or 60 miles, and from an elevation of 4,200 feet above sea-level we looked down 3,000 feet into the low, foot hills of the Murchison Range.

All the afternoon the sound of tom-tom and fife came up to us from the valleys beneath, where the natives were harvesting their corn, singing and dancing while they gathered the grain. It all sounded so cheerful and happy, like the music of joyful children.

Next morning for the first two hours we descended the 3,000 feet. Once or twice I thought my horses would turn somersaults as they dropped down stone steps 4 or 5 feet in height. I was compelled to look away; it seemed impossible that they could come down safely, but they did. At 8 o'clock we had a few minutes' rest by the side of a well in the rocks close to a village called Monok, situated on a

CHILDREN PLAYING "TOUCH FOOT, TOUCH KNEE," AMONG THE ANGASS.

spur of the hills. The smiling chief of this village brought me guinea-corn for my horses, and leaping down through the rocks among which his village was built, he led us towards a path. At 10.30 we came to Government rest houses, spent the mid-day there, and reached the village of Ampir in the afternoon.

Thus in a seven hours' march we came down from the Bauchi Hills into the Plains.

The unshod hoofs of my poor horses were worn away a good deal, and they went alternately lame on their different feet as they scrambled over the stones. I therefore walked the greater part of the day.

On the last day of the year 1908 we reached the dry river bed of the Wasé River, travelled for some distance along

CHIEF OF THE YERGUM.

its southern bank, and came to Brot, one of the two main towns of the Yergum tribe. Later we skirted the Gazum Hills, and at noon arrived at Langtang, the other centre of the Yergum tribe and a Mission Station of the Sudan United Mission.

This day's march led us through hills inhabited by cannibals. The Gazum have not yet been brought into subjection. They told the Yergum that they had tasted the flesh of many

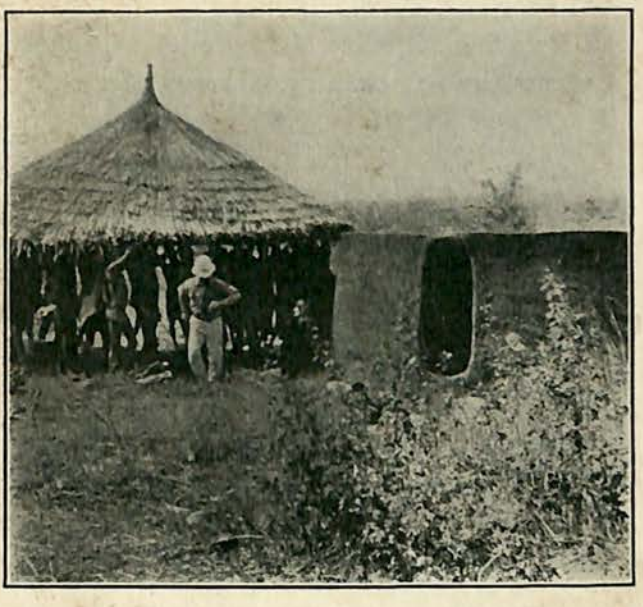
different nations; they had eaten Hausas, Fulanis, Ankwes, Montoils and others, but they had never tasted a white man yet, and they were anxiously watching for one to come along.

YERGUM HUNTERS WATCHING BRICK MAKING AT LANGTANG.

A chief of the Gazum, named Miri, came to see me when, in 1905, I stayed at Pioneer Camp in the neighbourhood of the Wasé Rock. He was then quite friendly and brought presents, for which I gave him others in return. The Gazum evidently are more dangerous than the other cannibal tribes, of which a traveller tells us that they would not like to eat white men, as the white men were "not ripe," the flesh covered by a sickly white skin evidently not being thought quite wholesome. The people in the Murchison Range seem to know better, and look upon the white man as perfectly ripe; in fact, the 60-year-old chief of a village there said that the white man must be at least ten times

as old as he was, for in 60 years his hair was white, but the white man was white all over.

The Yergum people live in small hamlets spread about sporadically over the country side. These hamlets usually



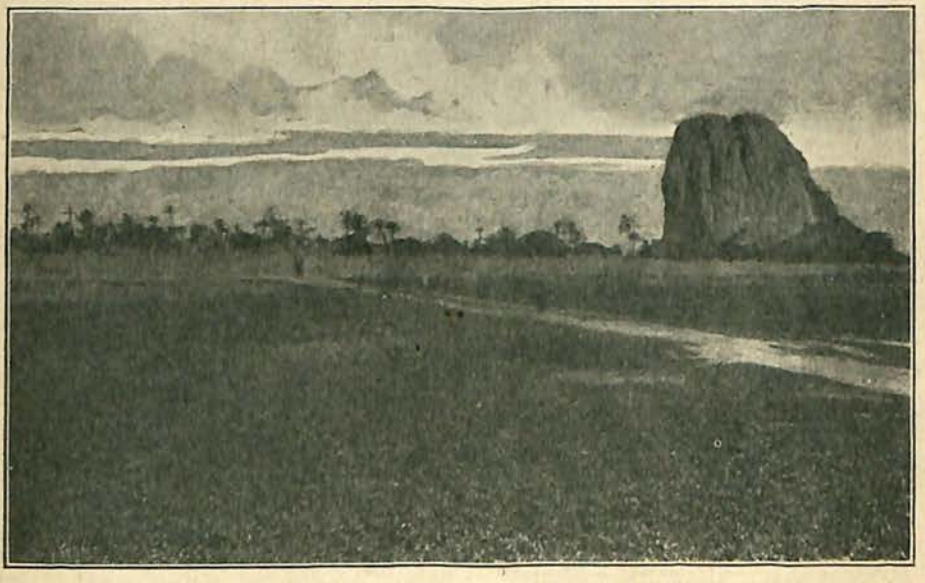
"PUTTING A HAT ON TO THE HUT AND THE HOME IS FINISHED."

consist of some four or half-a-dozen compounds belonging to one family. From the top of the Langtang Juju Hill one can see between 40 to 50 of them partly hidden away amongst the guinea-corn fields. The natives wear little clothing, the usual covering consisting of a goat-skin or a loin-cloth. Only the chiefs and elders are dressed in Hausa tobes, which are long, flowing cotton gowns, with large sleeves ornamented with coloured embroidery.

This whole Yergum plain would probably become an excellent cotton country, for the cotton grown at the Mission Station of Langtang is of quite a good quality. If wants

could be created amongst the natives which would lead them to work, the labour difficulty would be overcome.

Looking towards the south and south-east a vast plain spreads out at the foot of the hills, with only here and there a small kopje rising out of it; but some 12 miles to the south-east the Wasé Rock, a wonderful monolith, probably the centre cone of an ancient volcano, towers to a height of almost 1,000 feet above the flat country. It was at the foot of this



THE WASÉ ROCK.

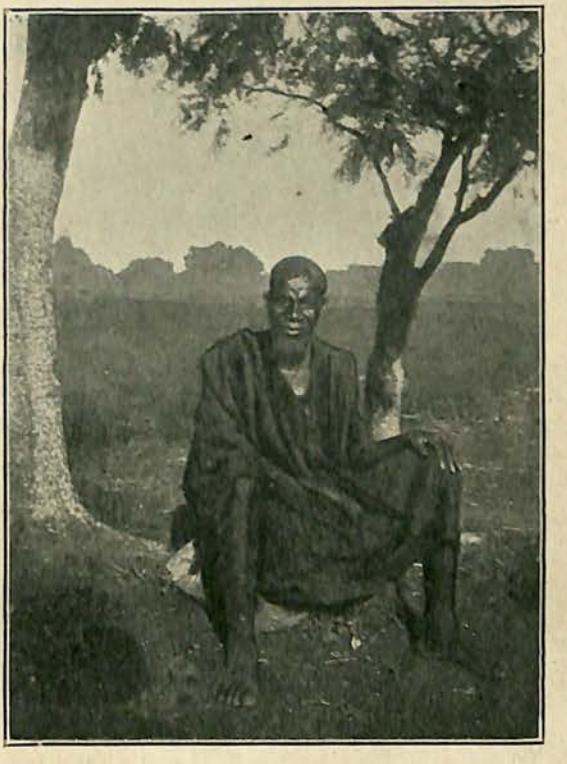
great rock that in 1904 I had the privilege of laying out the first Mission Camp amongst the pagans.

Considerable development has taken place through the whole of Northern Nigeria since that day, but much yet remains to be done in the working of the natural resources of that land, and in the civilisation and education of its natives.

On January 2nd, 1909, in the early morning, the caravan left Langtang, and arrived at Rock Station at 9.45 a.m. We

stayed there over Sunday, and went to Dempar, on the banks of the "Mother of Waters" (Benué), on January 5th.

The old Chief of Wasé (the southernmost Fulani colony in that part of Northern Nigeria), a man who had been exceedingly friendly to me during my former stay in the neighbourhood of his town, welcomed me, but complained that



DOGERI, DR. KUMM'S HUNTER FROM WASÉ.

he was suffering much from sores and rheumatism, for which his people knew no remedy. He begged me to ask one of the medical men of the Mission or the Government doctor to come and see him. He would gladly pay for it. But I found it impossible to send him one, and I heard shortly afterwards that he had died.

The population of Wasé has been decreasing since the British occupation, as the tribal wars have ceased, and people can live safely on their farms and in hamlets in the open country without needing the protection of town wall and moat. Peace and plenty are spreading their blessing throughout the land, and the pagan natives, realising it, are grateful.

FROM BUKURU TO WASÉ.

Bukuru to Christmas Camp ...	16 miles ...	7 hours
Christmas Camp to Panyam ...	25 „ ...	8½ „
Panyam to Panchim	18 „ ...	6 „
Panchim to Wokos	8 „ ...	2 „
Wokos to Ampir	16 „ ...	7 „
Ampir to Langtang	16 „ ...	6 „
Langtang to Wasé...	12 „ ...	3¾ „
Together	111 „ ...	40¼ „

The time taken for the mileage on the different marches indicates the respective difficulties of the road.

Plate I

PLATE 1.

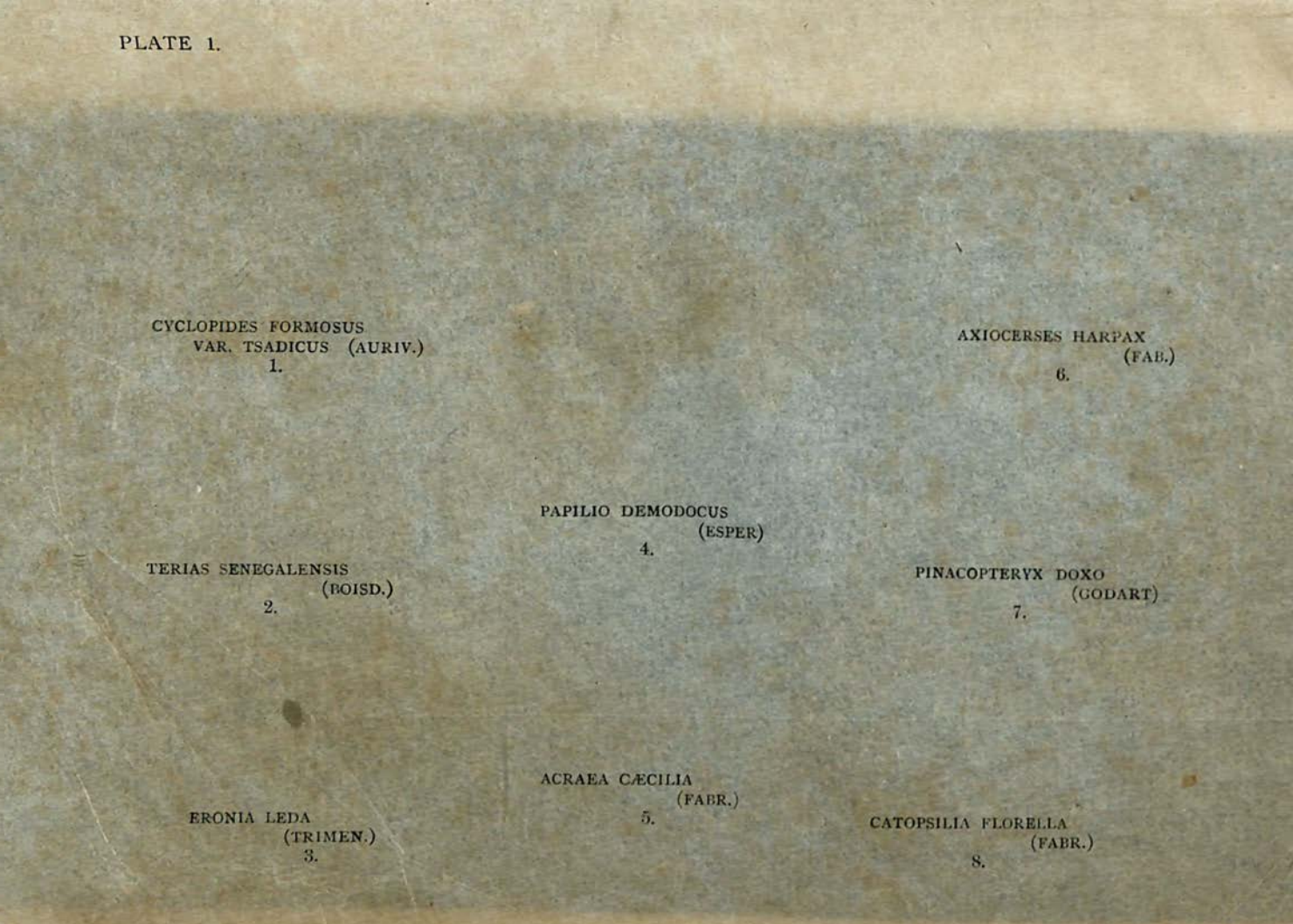

CYCLOPIDES FORMOSUS
VAR. TSADICUS (AURIV.)
1.
AXIOCERSES HARPAX
(FAB.)
6.
PAPILIO DEMODOCUS
(ESPER)
4.
TERIAS SENEGALENSIS
(BOISD.)
2.
PINACOPTERYX DOXO
(GODART)
7.
ACRAEA CÆCILIA
(FABR.)
5.
ERONIA LEDA
(TRIMEN.)
3.
CATOPSILIA FLORELLA
(FABR.)
8.

PLATE I

CHAPTER IV.

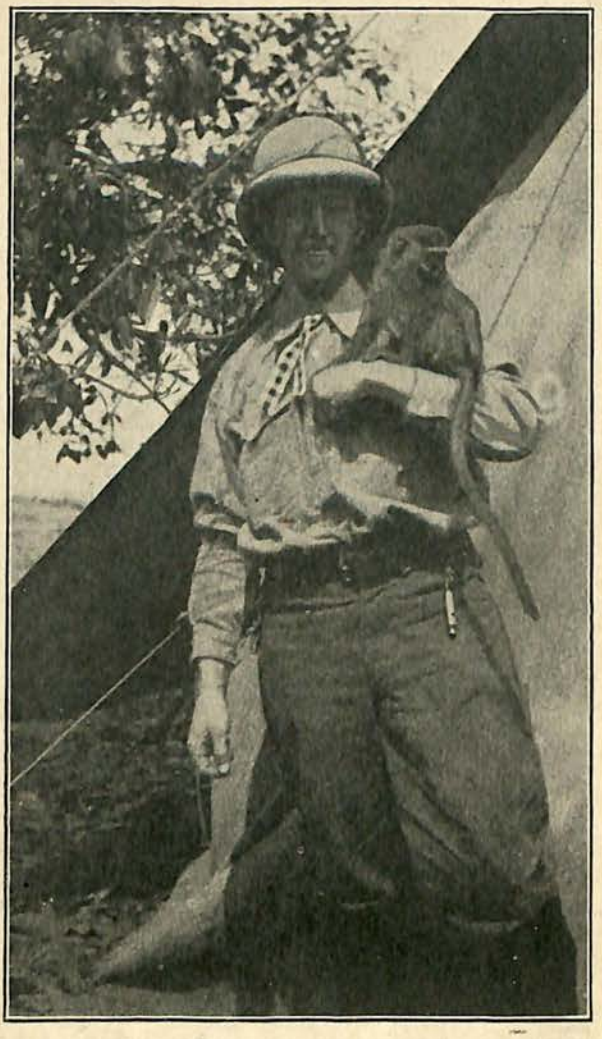
On the Kamerun Border.

Wukari—S.U.M.—Game—The Munchis and Their Country—Takum—Result of a Practical Joke—Donga—Farmers and Buffaloes—Buffalo Hunting—A Race for the Bush—Leopard and Water-buck—Lion-land.

The "Mother of Waters" flowing from the mountains of Adamawa into the Niger (the Black River) had been crossed. I had attended a gathering of missionaries at Ibi, the metropolis of the Benué, and was on my way southward to

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT IBI.

the frontier between British and German territory. My men were running with the chain in front of me to measure the



REV. C. W. GUINTER, MISSIONARY AT WUKARI.

road from Ibi to Wukari, as there seemed some doubt as to the exact distance of the latter place. The raised path made travelling easy, and though our horses were still tired, we

got over the ground at a fair rate. We had started in the afternoon from the newly laid out Mission Station at Ibi, camped at a little village called Rafin Soja, and reached Wukari the following day, after a hot and thirsty march.

Wukari has a famous crocodile pond, in which a large number of tame crocodiles disport themselves close to the arms and legs of women, who wash therein and fill their water pots without fear. The chief of Wukari, who is an exceedingly portly and affable gentleman, has an excellent reputation in all the neighbouring villages on account of his justice and straightforwardness. He, and the chief of Dempar, are accounted to be two of the best native chiefs in the Muri province of Northern Nigeria.

Two missionaries of the Sudan United Mission were doing good work at Wukari. One of them, a horticulturist, Mr. Hoover, B.A., from Cornell University in the United States of America, had successfully grown a number of European vegetables, and enjoyed quite a reputation amongst the people as a doctor, having had some experience in medical work during the Spanish-American War. The other, Rev. C. W. Guinter, B.A., also of the United States of America, is much liked by all the natives.

The Sudan United Mission, in which the writer is interested, is a union effort controlled by leaders of various Protestant denominations in Great Britain, America and South Africa. The *raison d'être* of this Mission is to attempt to counteract the Mohammedan advance in Central Africa by winning the pagan tribes to the Christian religion. It aims at securing for each tribe at least three white missionaries, a medical man, an ordained educationist and a horticulturist.

There is a good deal of small game in the neighbourhood of Wukari, and during my stay I found no difficulty in supplying the larder with fresh meat in the shape of reedbuck and duiker.

At the end of January I left for the frontier post of Takum, which lies in the corner between Southern Nigeria, Northern Nigeria and the German Kameruns. To get there I had to pass through several villages of the Munchi tribe. These Munchis form one of the largest tribes of Nigeria, and are not yet properly brought into subjection. They have repeatedly attacked stations of the Niger Company, destroyed them and killed a number of the officials.

The Munchi country is covered by virgin forest, only narrow paths winding their way through its shadows. The whole country is made for ambush, and punitive expeditions have thus far had little success. The people are warlike and free. They are clever farmers, owning cattle, goats and pigs, and plantations of considerable size. Their houses are well-built, and some of them exceedingly large. In one of the villages the chief's hut, with a conically-shaped grass roof, was no less than 11 yards in diameter. The men are tall and strong, their legs and arms, as well as chests, showing magnificent muscular development; and many of the women are quite pretty. Their granaries are small huts raised from the ground some 6 feet on piles. Around the village there is usually a stockade. The whole reminded one of an early settlement of our Saxon forefathers. The Munchis are pagans. They are great hunters and are feared by the tribes around them, who, while looking down upon them, respect them. To see these Munchis march into the market-place at Wukari with bold and self-assertive bearing, bringing their farm produce in the hope of exchanging it for bars of pig-iron which they use for tools and agricultural implements, gives the onlooker the impression that here he has to do with a noble, free-born tribe, capable of great development.

The Munchis wear, beside sword and spear, curiously shaped handknives, which are secured by an iron ring around the palm of the hand. Money is unknown amongst them. When

on my last journey through Northern Nigeria in 1905, I offered pieces of silver to a Munchi on the banks of the Benué in exchange for his handknife, he, with supreme contempt, turned his back on me, scorning the white man's money. The white man is not the demi-god among the Munchis, such as he feels himself to be among other pagan tribes in Northern Nigeria. Government officials and traders have to walk "*softly, softly,*" among them. The tribe has not yet been touched by missionaries.

ROOF THATCHING.

On January 31st my little caravan reached Takum, a town belonging to the Siteri tribe, situated in a small plain among the hills. The highest of these hills on the north side of Takum I found with an aneroid barometer to be 1,450 feet.

At Takum I met an official from Southern Nigeria who had walked up from the coast. He had been engaged in a punitive expedition amongst the tribes of Southern Nigeria,

had visited Ibi, where he had purchased provisions, and was now on his way back to the coast.

He had his camp outside the town wall, where a remarkable number of huts seemed to have been built quite lately. I enquired of him why such a large camp had been prepared, and he informed me that a native, formerly in the Government service, had played a practical joke on the chief of Takum by pretending to come from the Resident of the Province, demanding from the chief food supplies, and instructing

VILLAGE STREET, WITH SHOPS.

him to erect immediately this large number of huts, as the Governor of the country would be coming to Takum in a few days. All the inhabitants had been busily at work for days, and when no Governor appeared, they were much put out by the hoax that had been played upon them.

Takum, in days gone by, used to be an important trade centre through which considerable Hausa caravans from the north passed into German territory; but as the export and the import of trade goods into the Kameruns has been made

difficult through the German Customs, the trade is suffering and has come almost to a standstill.

The Niger Company used to have a trading post at Takum, but has given it up.

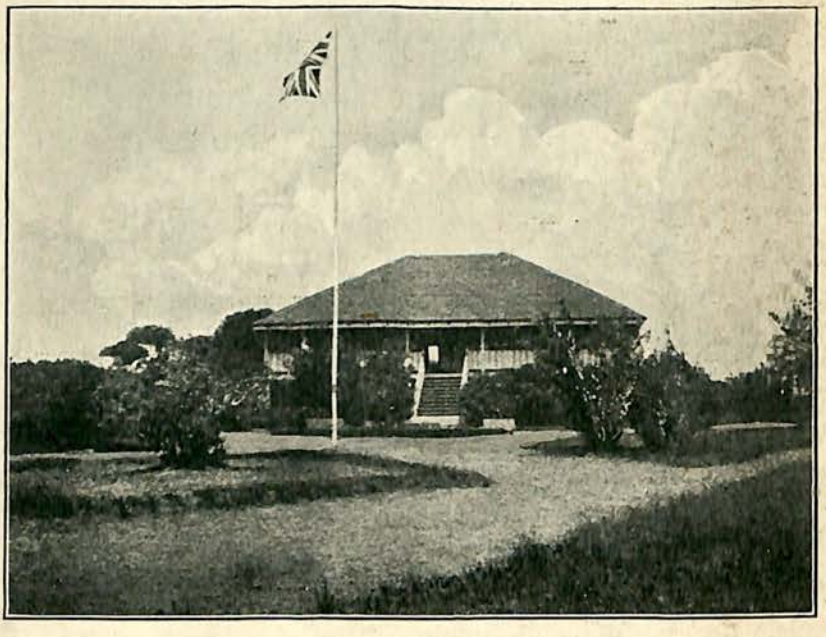
The mountainous country around this place forms the watershed between the Cross River and Benué. The rock formation is grauwacke and basalt, and is a continuation of the Adamawa mountains. A large number of baboons and a special kind of Cobus cob inhabit the rocky heights. Members of some half-a-dozen different tribes form the Takum town, but if the trade conditions remain as bad as they are at the present moment, the people of the town will probably disperse again to their various tribes. A number of huts inside the town wall are already empty, and grass grows in the compounds.

On February 3 I left Takum and returned to Ibi. On my way I called at Donga, a large village on the banks of the Donga River. Two small dug-outs, crazy looking affairs, are the only means of crossing the river, and in fear and trembling I entrusted my boxes, bags and guns to these unstable crafts. I had heard much about the herds of buffalo around Donga, and looked forward to meeting with them.

The Rev. Joseph W. Baker, S.T.B., a coloured missionary, who was formerly a non-commissioned officer in the West India Regiment, from which he brought a splendid record, and who had studied later on in the United States of America, was working at Donga for the Sudan United Mission as one of their agents. He was an exceptionally good shot and had killed several buffaloes both at Donga and at Dempar, for which the natives of these places seemed very grateful. The buffaloes came out of the bush and long grass at night into the farms, and the damage which such a herd succeeds in doing in one night may be very serious. The fields bordering on the bush are watched over by men who spend the nights

in trees tom-tomming, shouting and singing, to drive away the buffaloes, who usually take very little notice of this whole-hearted endeavour of the farmer to protect his field.

Three times Mr. Baker and I went out after buffalo, but each time we failed to come up with them. We saw their spoor, heard them, and even smelt them, but failed to see them. Once, while following the tunnels they had made through the long elephant grass, we could hear them rumbling



GOVERNMENT POST AT IBI.

quite close, and as any escape in case we were charged was out of the question, we spent two or three exciting minutes with nerves alarmingly alive, but the expected charge did not take place, and with disconcerting grunts the beasts made off.

It was half-past four on the last morning at Donga when the loads were packed, and I was just having my early cup

of tea, preparing for my journey back to Ibi, when suddenly a native hunter came into my hut with the news that the farmers across the river were tom-tomming excitedly, calling to us, and the hunter was quite sure that buffaloes were out in the fields doing damage. Would I come? A moment's hesitation, and I decided to have a last try. Across the river we went, and ploughed our way through the muddy paths between the cornfields whence we heard the tom-tom-ming. The stars were beginning to pale when we stood under a tree, and questioned the farmer resting in its branches about the buffaloes. We were told they were quite close, not 200 yards away.

Carefully we stalked forward, feeling our way with our feet, and endeavouring not to tread on dry wood or stones, as the slightest sound of this kind would send the herd away at a rush. A minute or two and the hunter just in front stopped behind a low thorn bush, touched my arm, and pointed into the darkness ahead. Straining my eyes I could just make out two large forms some 25 yards away. They looked like large anthills. I saw the first anthill come to life. A great head with magnificent horns turned towards me, nostrils in the air, feet pawing the ground. The enormous brute stood sideways on, with just his head turned in my direction, and offered an excellent shot. I threw up my rifle, aiming somewhat low at the shoulder, not wishing to shoot through the hollow between the spine and the top of the lungs. I distinctly heard the bullet with a hard click strike the bone. Between my shot and the rush of the beasts there was not a second of time. They were standing at the edge of the long grass and disappeared immediately. I fired another shot at the second beast, but missed.

From the moment I had seen the animals to the moment they disappeared it could not have been more than 10 seconds at the outside.

It was beginning to dawn, the buffaloes were making a terrible ado in the long grass, and I hesitated somewhat to go after them, when the native hunter suggested a detour to cut off the escaping herd from the ravine towards which they were evidently going. At the entrance to the ravine the grass was short, and a number of large trees offered shelter, and also the possibility of a good view.

We went through the fields at a great rate, running our hardest with the idea of making better time than the beasts in the long grass. Half a mile and we were in the ravine. Turning to the left we passed along the edge until we were opposite the long grass through which we expected the herd. The hunter climbed a tree and searched the grass before him. It was now day; the sun had risen, but in spite of the light nothing could be seen of the buffaloes. They seemed to have entirely disappeared. There might, of course, have been hundreds of buffaloes in the grass without our being able to see them. Men on horseback would disappear entirely, as just about here the stalks of the elephant grass were in many places 12 to 15 feet high. For an hour we waited, and then slowly went back to the place where I had wounded my beast. We took up the spoor, which was plainly marked with the red blood drops, showing the air bubbles of a lung shot. Where the animal had touched the grass with its shoulders one could measure the height where the bullet had entered. It was evidently a low lung shot, piercing both lungs. We followed the spoor for some 60 or 70 yards, when it turned back for about 10 yards, and a pool of blood marked the place where the animal had waited for the hunter two yards from the old spoor. This did not look very promising. Another 50 yards and the same tactics had been repeated by the animal. At this point it had evidently lain down for a few minutes, waited, and as nobody came had gone on. I followed another 30 or 40 yards, and then I am afraid my

pluck gave out. To follow the spoor one had, of course, to creep on hands and knees through the tunnel the animal had made.

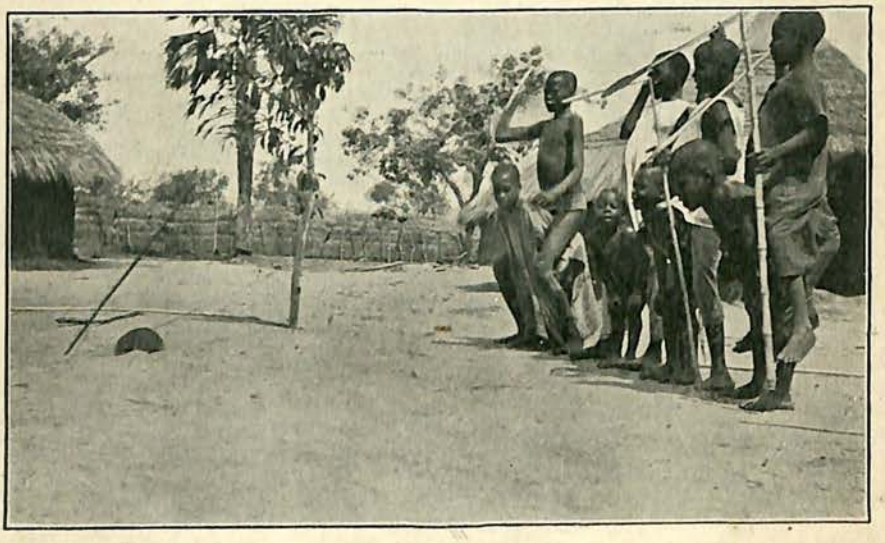
I returned to the edge of the grass, sent for all my men, and spent four hours in searching the long grass where I expected the beast lay hidden; but after my carriers had

THE CHIEF OF DEMPAR.

been over the same ground two or three times, I gave it up much disappointed. Had I had a dog at my disposal I should very probably have secured the animal. This has been the first and only time that I have seen a wild animal deliberately lie in wait for the hunter. There was no charge, but there must evidently have been reflection in the animal and a

feeling of revenge. I asked the chief of the place to let me have the horns of the bush-cow if it were found, but I never heard any more about it.

On the other side of the *kurmi* Mr. Baker had shot a leopard. He had wounded a water-buck, and, following the buck about five minutes after he had fired he found it dead, and by its side a full-grown leopard attracted by the smell of the fresh blood.



YOUTHFUL CAVALIERS.

The leopard slipped away, but Baker had seen it. He left the buck, and, returning after half an hour, found the leopard and killed it with a shot through the head.

A number of beautiful Colobus monkeys inhabit the ravines around Donga. They are very affectionate, beautiful creatures.

A week later I was back in Ibi. Mr. Baker had accompanied me, a Mr. Hosking from South Africa joined our party, and the three of us went along the north bank of the Benué from Ibi to Dempar in the hope of securing a lion or two which were reported to be in that locality. I, myself, when

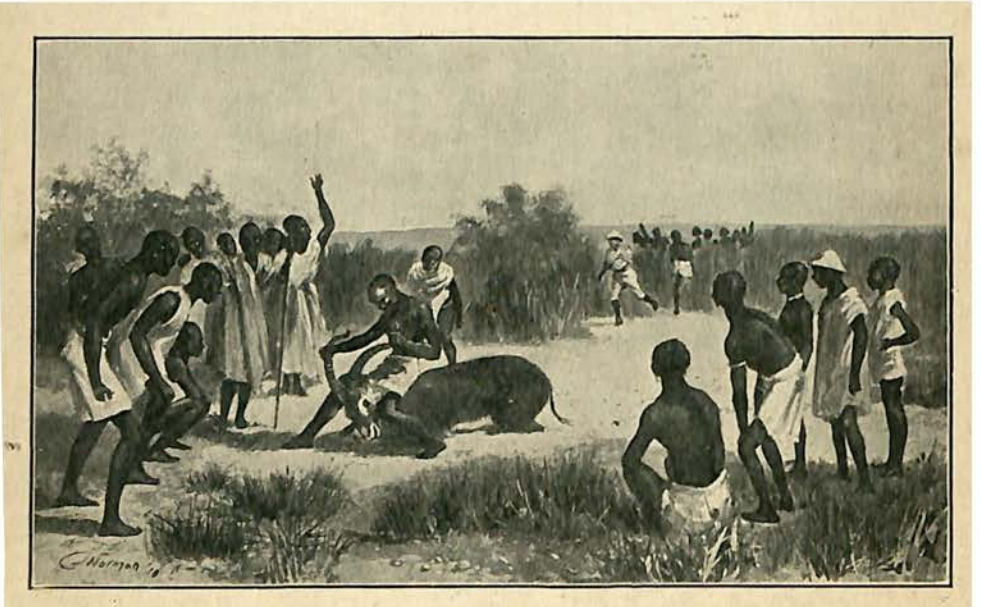
coming down from Dempar to Ibi in the boat a few weeks before, had seen fresh lion spoor on the north bank of the river, and had eagerly looked forward to meeting with them. Antelopes there were in great numbers and we procured a good deal of fresh meat, but of lions there were none.

One day, however, while we were camped at a large pool some five miles north of the Benué in an open plain, I was sitting in front of my tent after luncheon enjoying a siesta,

CHILDREN AT PLAY AT THE MISSION STATION OF DEMPAR.

when I heard the voice of my small boy Peter, about 200 yards away, calling out in great distress. His voice sounded desperate, as if he were in the claws or jaws of a lion. I picked up my rifle, and raced off as hard as I could run in the direction whence the cries came. All the men in the camp either followed me or had gone ahead. I ran about the hardest I had run for years. Peter had been a good boy, and to lose that boy through a lion close to my tent

in the middle of the day seemed altogether too bad. I went about 300 yards, when I saw a crowd of my men gather, and amongst them Peter sitting on the head of a large buck (Cobus cob). When going down to the pool to fetch water he had come upon this buck, which had been wounded on the previous day. He had chased it, flung a large stone at its head, stunned it and brought it to the ground, and then, bravely sitting on its head, yelled for dear life. I hardly know whether disgust



"THEN HE YELLED FOR DEAR LIFE!"

at the stupidity of the boy, or satisfaction that he was not being killed by a lion, was uppermost in my mind.

After all I think I was glad that Peter had escaped the lion.

"Then I trekked again to the rolling plain, and I said to my hunter, Lee :
'I long for the brunt of a lion hunt,' and he winked his eye, did he.
And by half-past four I heard a roar of such a leonine stamp,
That by four forty-five I managed to arrive more dead than alive in camp.
And since that day I am bound to say that that camp I never stray from ;
For a lion, you see, I have heard from Lee, is a beast to run away from."

CHAPTER V.

On the Bosom of the Benué.

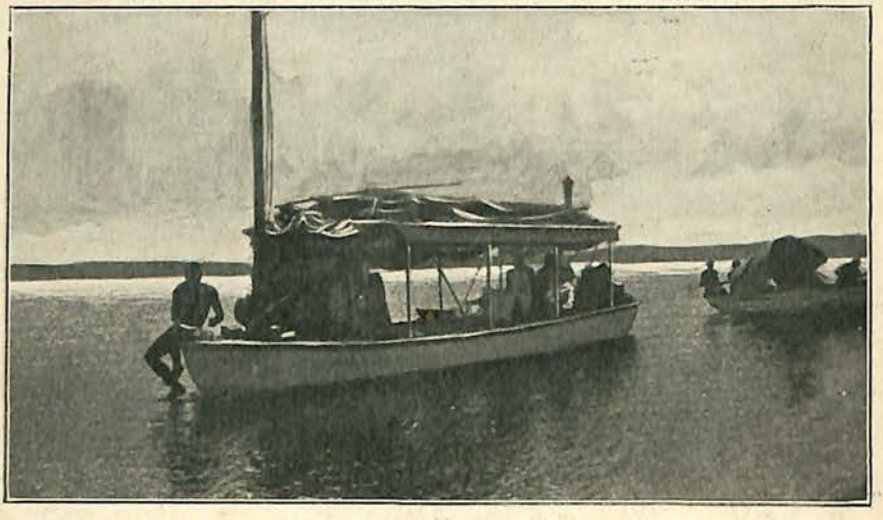
Farewell—Dangana, the Factotum—Peter—Carriers—Dr. Barth—Garua—Imperial German Government Methods.

Slowly the yellow flood surged westward, as we said good-bye at Dempar on February 16th, and I commenced my trans-African journey in earnest, going up the Benué, and thence

CHIEF AND ELDERS AT DEMPAR.

by way of the Shari, to reach, in God's own time, the Nile. My five headmen had said farewell to their wives, who in vain tried to hide their tears, and the missionaries waved

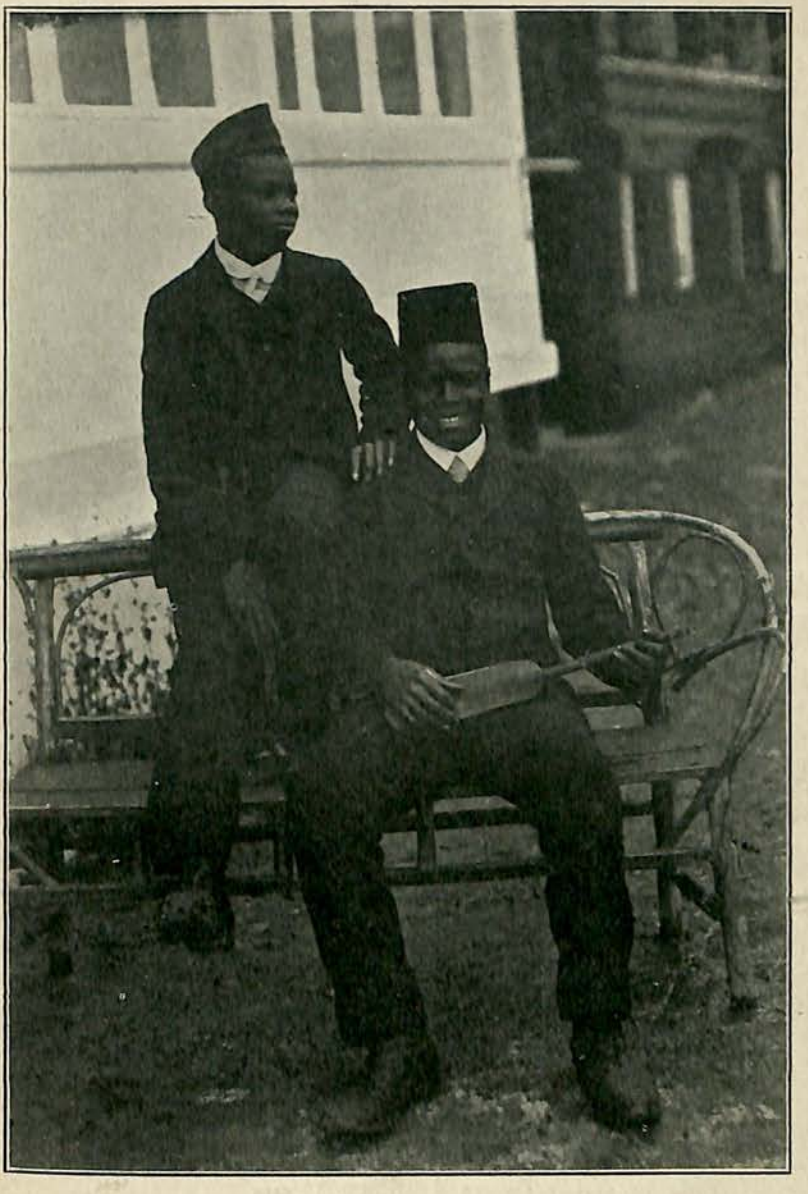
their farewell, as our eight polers drove the steel boat slowly up the current. Our barge being covered by a heavy sun-roof and awning, was top-heavy and required careful handling. The tornadoes that sweep down the Benué valley at this time of the year have brought disaster to many canoes and barges before. We therefore took good care to hide behind high banks as soon as the sky became overclouded.



BARGE ON THE BENUÉ.

I had carefully chosen seven of my best men to accompany me, and intended to use these as personal servants and as headmen. Their names were :—

1. ISA (Jesus), who, while small in stature, was a powerful headman, a magnificent wrestler, a man of considerable will-power, and exceptionally intelligent for an African.
2. GIWA (the elephant), a tall, broad-shouldered, bull-necked Hausa, who, at a pinch, could take four men's loads on his head.



PETER AND DANGANA, BOYS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE WRITER FROM THE NIGER TO THE NILE.

3. AUDU-ABUJA (commonly known as "Dorina," the hippopotamus), who was as much at home in the water as on land. I know not how many times he swam across the Kotto River.
4. BIGILA (the bugler), a very strong and willing man, but a thief, suffering from kleptomania. He had to be punished once or twice on the road. As long as there was nothing to steal he was one of the most useful men I ever had.
5. MUSA (Moses). He was the oldest man and was a very good taxidermist, who prepared quite a number of heads and skins for me.

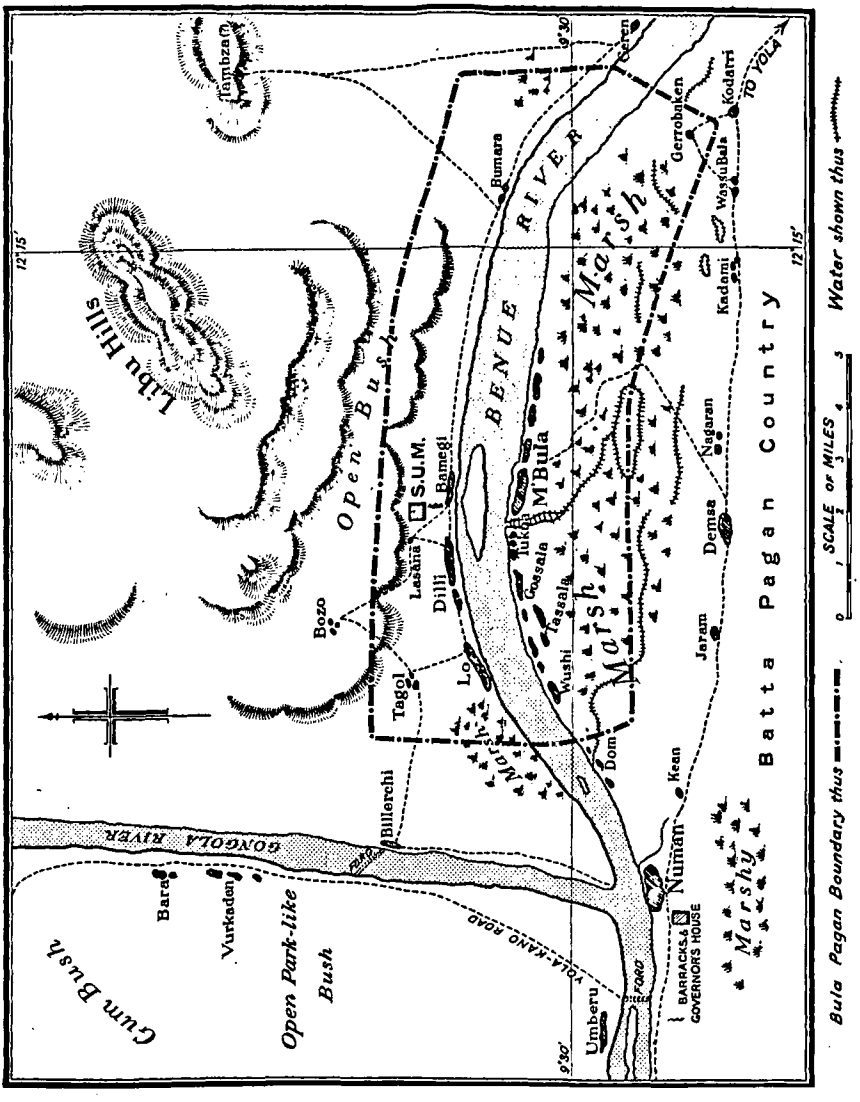
Besides these five headmen, I took Dangana my cook, steward and general factotum. To say that he was faithful, trustworthy and intelligent for an African is to say very little. He was far more than that. I could trust him with important messages to native chiefs, and he would unostentatiously secure their respect for himself and the caravan. I sent him from Fort Archambault to Milfi in Bagirmi, some eight days' journey, to purchase 25 pack-oxen and several horses, and he executed his commission in a speedy and very creditable way. He was a good shot, and I took him with me repeatedly when hunting dangerous game. If anything was stolen he was the man to ferret out the thief in no time. He could beat everybody in wrestling except the headman, was a good rider, and a splendid cook, whose pancakes and *mayonnaise* one remembers even here in Europe.

And last, but by no means least of my seven stalwarts, was Peter, the small boy, but latterly the big boy, whose smiling, ugly face and cheerful sing-song as we travelled along the road, with occasional pokes of fun at the carriers who lagged behind, was as useful as it was cheerful. I had taken Peter over from the C.M.S.

Having this set of men to fall back upon, it is easily understood that many difficulties vanished that might otherwise

have interrupted my journey or brought it to an untimely end.

Two districts which were of special interest to me were the Djen district and the M'bula district. At both of these places



the pagan population is massed together, and especially in the M'bula district the villages on the bank followed one another without any open space between, thus forming a continuous

town of from five to six miles in length. This is the most densely populated part of the Benué valley.

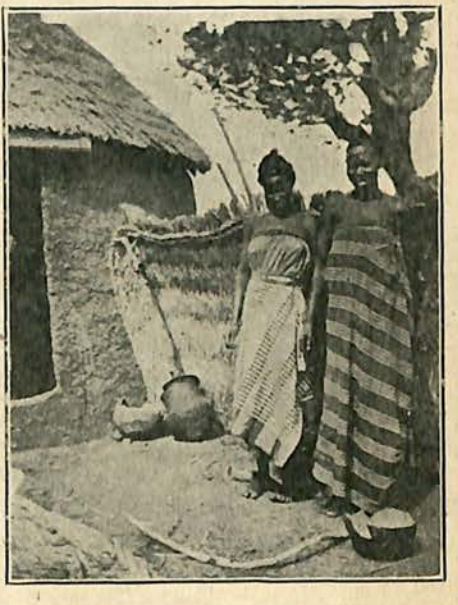
Shortly after, on Saturday, March 13th, we arrived at Yola. The reception afforded to me by the representatives of the Government there, as well as by the officials of the Niger Company, was of the friendliest. The Resident of the Yola Province expressed his sincerest hope that I might not be eaten by the cannibals, especially as I did not intend to take an armed escort with me.

COOKING LUNCHEON FOR THE MEN ON THE BANKS OF THE BENUÉ.

On Monday afternoon, March 15th, Mr. Hosking and I attempted to penetrate further up the Benué, and get, if possible, to Garua. But after spending the better part of Tuesday morning in pulling the boat over sand banks, and digging out channels for it, we found it an impossible task, and I therefore decided to run back to Yola in the afternoon, engage carriers, and begin my overland march. With the assistance of the Niger Company some 55 carriers were engaged, and an exceptionally strong horse secured, which I thought would have carried me right across Africa; but we had to bury it at Fort Archambault.

Two other horses which I had ridden through Northern Nigeria I had left behind in the Muri Province, and on Wednesday, March 17th, at 6.30 a.m., my caravan started from the north bank of the Benué, opposite Yola, into the hills of Adamawa.

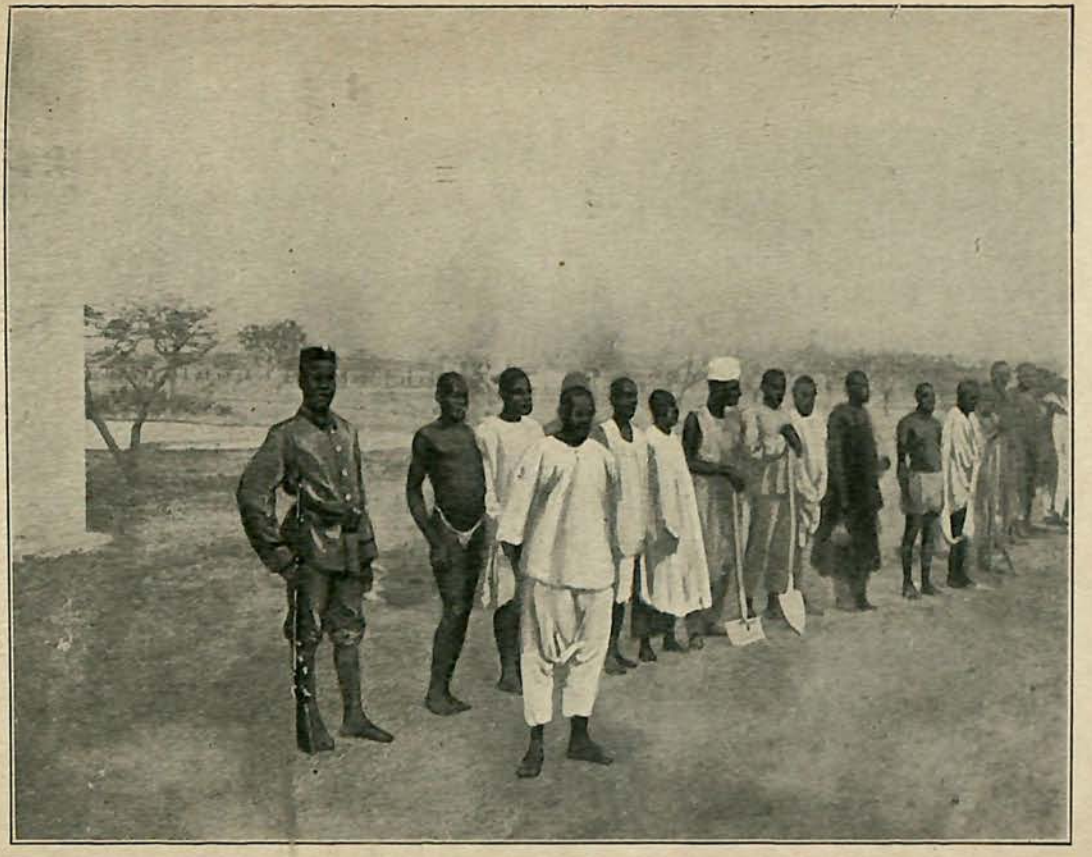
A clear, bright, sunny morning augured success for the expedition; the carriers went at a half-trot; the horse I rode was in excellent condition. My heart went out in gratitude to God for being allowed to make so favourable a start, remembering how, 50 years ago, Dr. Barth (the first white man to visit Yola) had crept out of the town sick in body and sick at heart, driven from the gates by the order of the Sultan; and as I thought of the difficulties Mizon, Von Vechtritz, Passarge, and the early representatives of the Niger Company had encountered at Yola, I could not but be gratified with the wonderful change which had been effected.



HAUSA BEAUTIES.

Our first day's march was a short one of 12 miles. Certain loads had to be re-arranged, and the men got into the way of marching together.

I had 55 carriers divided into sections of 10, each under a kind of sub-headman. With the headmen, Dangana, Peter, and one or two women belonging to the carriers, my caravan amounted to 70 souls. As this is not a diary I will not repeat



LABOURERS AT GARUA.

various incidents as they happened day by day, but just give you, if I can, a short "aperçu" of my journey through Adamawa.

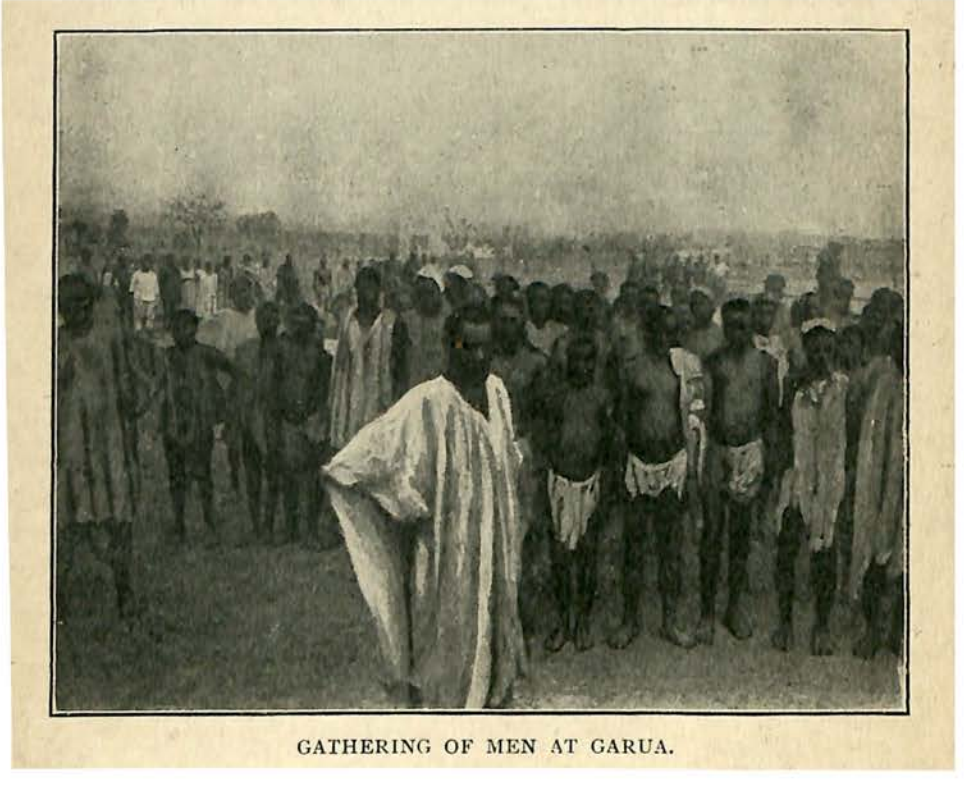
At mid-day on the third day after leaving Yola, I crossed the frontier and entered German territory. A native clerk who acts as Customs official reminded me of the crisp militarism of the Fatherland. He was very respectful, spoke English, German and Fulatanchi, provided us with good housing and good native food, and was generally useful. Two days later I entered Garua, the Government centre of German Adamawa. Both the captain in command and the lieutenant were absent on patrol, and the medical man acted as Resident. He, with a secretary to the Administration and two non-commissioned officers, occupied the fort. A hundred native soldiers act as a garrison; they are drilled after the German fashion, but in pigeon English I was told that my German friends do not desire their "boys" to know German, so that these may be unable to follow their conversation. The only word I found well known amongst the boys at Garua was "Jawohl," a glorified "yes." To hear this word flung at you at the end of a conversation in pigeon English, in the most military German fashion, is at first somewhat startling.

The one thing at Garua which astonished me greatly was the successful way in which vegetables, flowers, shrubs and trees were grown at the Government station on the most modern, scientific lines, and yet one might have expected it. Several ploughs are in continual use. A European gardener has laid out magnificent flower-beds and shrubberies in front of the fort, and a large number of valuable forest trees are raised in a nursery.

There are roads 10 yards wide from Garua to the coast (600 miles), and to the Logone (250 miles), well graded roads with bridges across the smaller rivers, and "drifts" through

the larger ones. A wagon traffic has been commenced on these roads, and there is no reason why motor cars should not run on them.

There is a Government school, a hospital and a dispensary at Garua, all free for the natives. These are very good and useful paternal institutions. The school, primarily a Freed Slaves' Home, is supported, wonderful to relate, by the Mohammedan Fulani chiefs (the Lamidoes). All this is most



GATHERING OF MEN AT GARUA.

excellent and satisfactory, but there are two points in which the German Government of Adamawa is making serious mistakes. The first is the general employment of forced labour. There are hundreds of natives who get neither pay nor rations employed in strengthening the fort at Garua, and there are thousands of natives working on the roads. All these labourers are slaves sent by the various chiefs to

work off the taxes the tribes should pay. The half-starved skin-and-bone bodies of these workmen are a lamentable sight. The roads running through the country are splendid, but the forced labour employed in making them has depopulated both sides of them. The people have run away into the bush. For five days on the road from Garua to Marua I have counted a dozen villages in ruins. This is not good policy.

The second point is the extension of the Mohammedan faith through the action of the Government. In the Freed Slaves' Home school in Garua, the children, all of them originally pagan, are led every Friday to the mosque, but Christian missionaries have thus far been discouraged from settling at Garua.

These criticisms are not made in a cavilling spirit, but it is the duty of every pioneer of civilisation to point out any direction in which he may believe improvement possible, so as to "uphold the integrity and humanity of ideals of which the Christian civilised nations of Europe are so justly proud."

CHAPTER VI.

March through the Mountains of Adamawa.

The Caravan—Malam Gidar—Lombel—Tribes—Lam Pagans—The Chief City in the Chad Region—Welcome—The Chief of Marua—Diminutive Mutiny—Presents from Chiefs—Musgun Pagans—Musgun—Disfigured Women—Morno—Last German Outpost—The White Man's Rule—Coins.

After a few days of careful preparation I left Garua on March 26th at dawn. The carriers, practically all of them Hausas, with just a few Fulanis, were early on the spot. My caravan consisted at this time of

1 chief.
5 head carriers.
50 carriers.
3 boys.
3 soldiers.
2 women.
5 camp followers.

69 people.

After a six miles' march we rested where the road ran through a ditch. Kilometre stones, painted white with black figures on them, marked the distances along this splendid highway. The road runs from the coast to Garua, and from Garua to the Logone, with a regular boat service down to Kusseri and Lake Chad. We arrived in camp at 10 a.m. Some half-a-dozen huts and a large sun-shelter formed the rest-house which the German Government had built. These things are all well arranged, and the only regret is that the carriers do

PLATE 7.

8. (CAMEL)
GREEK CHORIAMBI

7. (HORSE)
TRYCOLIS VARIOUS ♀

6. (FISH)
HALICHŒRUS WALLENGRENI ♂

5. (FISH)
HALICHŒRUS WALLENGRENI ♀

4. (CRAB)
TELPHUSA BELGRAVEI

3. (FISH)
HALICHŒRUS VARIOUS ♂

2. (HORSE)
TRYCOLIS VARIOUS ♀

1. (CAMEL)
GREEK CHORIAMBI

PLATE 2.

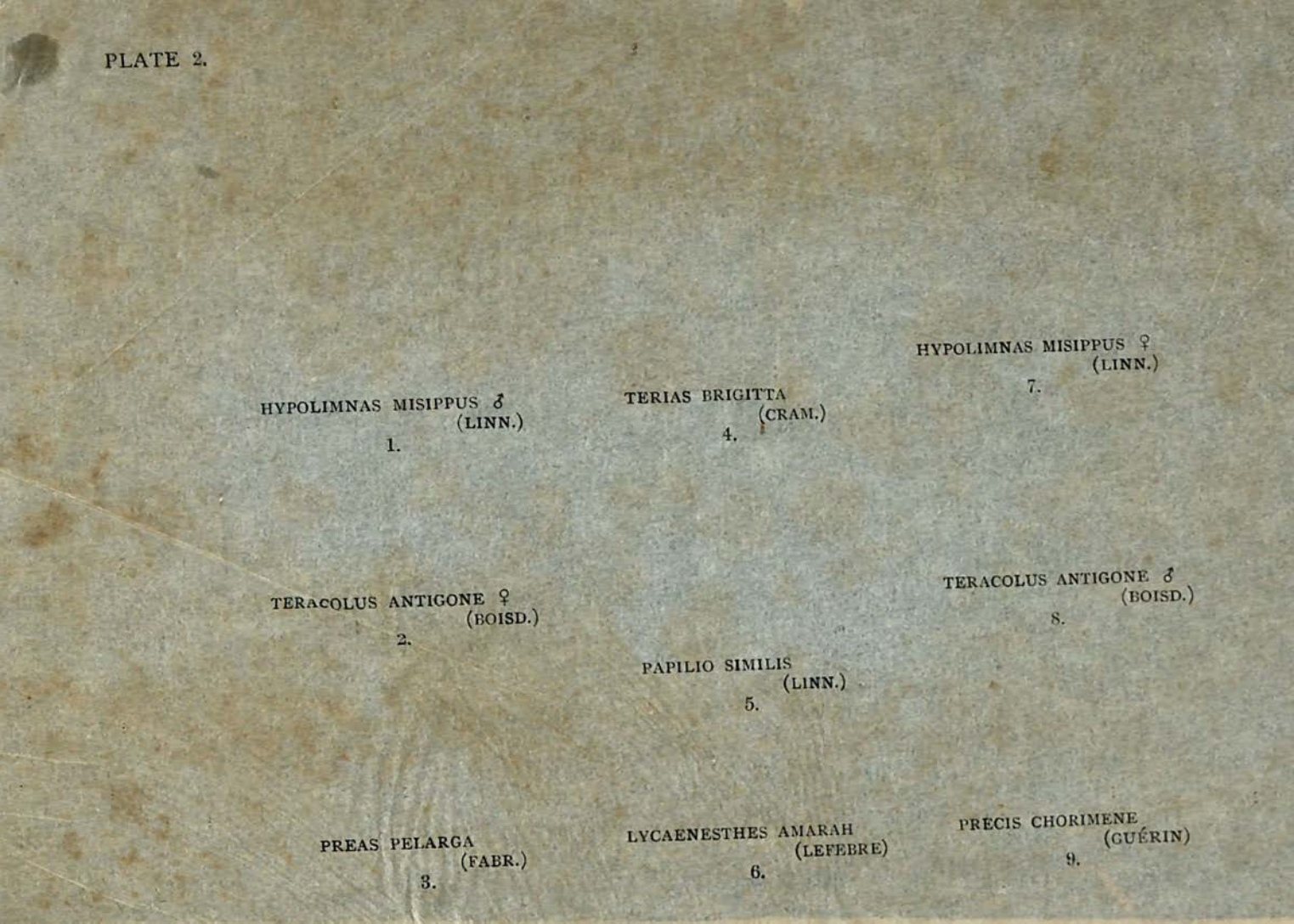

HYPOLIMNAS MISIPPUS ♂
(LINN.)
1.
TERIAS BRIGITTA
(CRAM.)
4.
HYPOLIMNAS MISIPPUS ♀
(LINN.)
7.
TERACOLUS ANTIGONE ♀
(BOISD.)
2.
TERACOLUS ANTIGONE ♂
(BOISD.)
8.
PAPILIO SIMILIS
(LINN.)
5.
PREAS PELARGA
(FABR.)
3.
LYCAENESTHES AMARAH
(LEFEBRE)
6.
PRECIS CHORIMENE
(GUÉRIN)
9.

Plate. 2.

1

4

7

2

5

8

3

6

9

MUSTERING OF THE CARRIERS AT GARUA.

not seem to be sufficiently considered. Everything is simply for the convenience of the white man.

The first camp is some two or three miles from a village called Tshebagge. The spot is known as Pitoa Camp. Next day we went another 9 kilometres to a camp called Malam Gidar. I found serious difficulties in securing food for the men, as no people live near the road. There are a number of ruined villages, and practically all the people have run away into the bush. They had been impressed to build a road, and were then depended upon to supply food to caravans that might come along, sometimes for payment, sometimes without. We spent Sunday at Malam Gidar, the men lying about asleep for most of the time. Then on Monday we went on to the next rest-houses at Baletun. A number of streams which we crossed all ran from north-west to south-east in the direction of Benué. There was no water in these streams at this time of the year. A certain amount of valuable mineral deposit I found in two of the brooks. It had, of course, been known that the Benué carried valuable metal, but none was aware whence it came.

In the afternoon I managed to pick up a gazelle, and this gave us a change of diet. On Tuesday, March 30th, we camped at Lombel, just beyond a large village going under the name of Golombe. The village is a little way off the road. There is a toll clerk stationed at Golombe, as a considerable trade is carried on between the French Shari-Chad Protectorate and German Adamawa. Lombel had been a Fulani village in former years, but after the road was built the Fulanis had gone away, and we found it a Hausa colony. About a dozen men with their families had settled down, built their huts, cultivated the ground a little, and were carrying on a flourishing trade at the cross roads. They showed themselves most friendly, and provided a good deal of food. The first town through which the high road goes is the Fulani

town of Gidar, which we reached on the following day. Its chief is an independent gentleman who seems to have been somewhat spoiled. Here we left the main road, which continues to Binder-Bongo on the Logone. I intended to go *viâ* Matafal to Marua, but for some reason or other we lost our way and arrived about 2 p.m. the next day amongst the Lam pagans in the hills. These people were at first very much frightened, as a German punitive expedition had been sent against them a little while before, and all white men looking alike might be enemies; but after I had distributed a few handfuls of beads they became more friendly, and in the end brought us food, for which I gave them cloth and beads.

European Government Officials stationed in Adamawa, April, 1909.

GARUA	...	One Captain, one Lieutenant, one Doctor, one Secretary and two N.C.O's.
BONGO	...	One Non-commissioned Officer.
MANILING	...	One ditto ditto.
DIKOA	...	One ditto ditto.
KUSSERI	...	One Captain, one Lieutenant, one Doctor, two N.C.O's.

Altogether 14 white men.

Besides these there are two German traders and the representative of the Niger Company at Garua, a total of 17 white men.

The most important pagan tribes of Adamawa are the following:—

1. REI-BUBA people, probably numbering 200,000 or 300,000 souls. These people fought Dr. Passarge and turned him back. They were brought into subjection by 15 German native soldiers, who, after they had fired all their rifle cartridges, succeeded in frightening the people with their signalling pistols by throwing rockets.

2. The LAM PAGANS, the people we were now amongst.
3. The TANGELE, inhabiting the Mandara Mountains north of Garua.
4. The MUSGUN, a most important tribe living on both banks of the Logone, and between that river and the Shari. Amongst these Musguns I noticed for the first time the central African throwing-iron, which is called by them "shue," and by the Bagirmi people "njiga." This throwing-iron has the shape of an Australian boomerang, and I have been told by the Musgun that they know how to throw it, so that it returns to the hand of the thrower if it misses its mark.

The Lam pagans are absolutely naked except for a weird loin-cloth of plaited grass. They are shy but friendly. Their villages are situated at the foot of little rocky hills distributed over the plain. The compounds are not built together, but are placed here and there and anywhere amongst the rocks. Their country is divided into 17 districts, as follows :—

VILLAGES OF THE LAM PAGANS.

1. Pillem.
2. Gilfi.
3. Lelang.
4. Gurmui.
5. Jibu.
6. Mambaja.
7. Garnaha.
8. Bajaba.
9. Lap.
10. Mussurutuk.
11. Muda.
12. Lullu.
13. Wussol.
14. Barama.
15. Gollom.
16. Ndukla.
17. Mulwa.

Each district has its own chief, and over all they have their head chief.

We camped on Thursday, April 1st, under a large shade tree close to the compound of the great chief of the Lam

pagans. I had taken the precaution of keeping all my men close together, and had appointed two of my headmen to act as policemen and see that none of the carriers visited the native compounds, as I did not want to have any trouble with the inhabitants.

All the next day we travelled through the land of the heathen. The mid-day rest we spent in a place called Mut (the Arabic for death). The district chief waited for me half an hour from his hut and accompanied me to our resting-place, having provided 30 pots of water and a large amount of food. His people seemed most anxious to please, and were in their turn greatly delighted with some pieces of Indian coloured cloth which I handed to the chief. Just before sunset we arrived at a village called Laff. This was only a little place ruled over by a boy as chief.

We had the last Lam village on our left next morning after a two hours' march from Laff. At 10 a.m. we were at Jagan, one of the outlying villages of Marua, where we rested for the middle of the day, and left late in the afternoon. Travelling that evening was accompanied by certain discomforts, as a heavy wind drove the pulverised earth in great dust-clouds into our faces.

My reception in Marua was very different from what I expected. The reports I had heard of Marua from residents in Northern Nigeria, as well as the information gathered at Garua, led me to think that I might find in Marua an end to the expedition. I was told that Marua was a very large town (and what I saw of it exceeded the reports), that all the restless, fanatical spirits of the surrounding colonies had sought and found a refuge with its chief; that the white man was hated in the town; that a captain in the German army had been shot and killed by a poisoned arrow some time ago at Marua, as he sat in his deck chair after his evening tub, reading his newspaper, and that there was no

German Government official in that town; in fact, I was not quite sure what I might experience there on my arrival.

I was in a very doubtful frame of mind when I approached the lights of Marua on Saturday evening, April 3rd. It was 9 p.m. when we entered the dry river bed of a branch of the Marua River. The moon was not very bright; the sand under foot was dry and loose, and the men and horses were tired after an eight hours' march. Along the line of carriers I saw two men on horseback gallop towards me, as I rode at the end of the caravan to keep the men together, followed only by my personal boys. The two mounted men were guides sent by the brother of the chief of Marua to lead me into the town.

The messenger I had despatched beforehand to announce my arrival had not found the chief at home, but his brother had prepared me a welcome. We were approaching the first compounds of Marua when I rode to the head of my convoy, led by the two guides, and followed by Dangana and a German soldier. The five of us trotted into the town. The streets were narrow lanes fenced in by the high mud-walls of the compounds. All seem deserted and silent. Once or twice I noticed men resting round their fires within sight of our path, when a call from the first guide sent them scurrying away. The question naturally arose, Why this precaution? Does the chief of Marua want to make sure of us first in the heart of the city before he and his men show themselves? Or, does he, by driving all the people away from my road, try to prevent any lurking mischief?

We rode on through the streets 10 minutes, 20 minutes, half an hour, when suddenly before us lay spread out a large sheet of water with many men, women and children splashing about in it, enjoying their evening bath. Some approached

timidly, but were warned back by our guides. Certainly this looked more peaceful. Just at that moment, through the quiet of the evening, came thundering towards us a considerable body of horsemen, turbaned men in white flowing robes and haiks, but I saw no swords, no spears nor guns. There was to be peace then. The cloud of Fulanis surrounded us, and a powerfully-built man clad in garments of grey and white silk, mounted on a magnificent stallion, approached me. We shook hands. He rode in front of me to lead me to a compound that had been prepared for Europeans. We crossed the market-place covered with multitudes of sheds, where the next day I saw about 10,000 people exchanging their produce.

We had been riding for over an hour through the streets of Marua, and were approaching two small hills, when our leader led us through the open gate of a large compound and halted under a wide-spreading shady tree. We dismounted, and once more our host extended his hand to me. The German Fulani soldier interprets :—

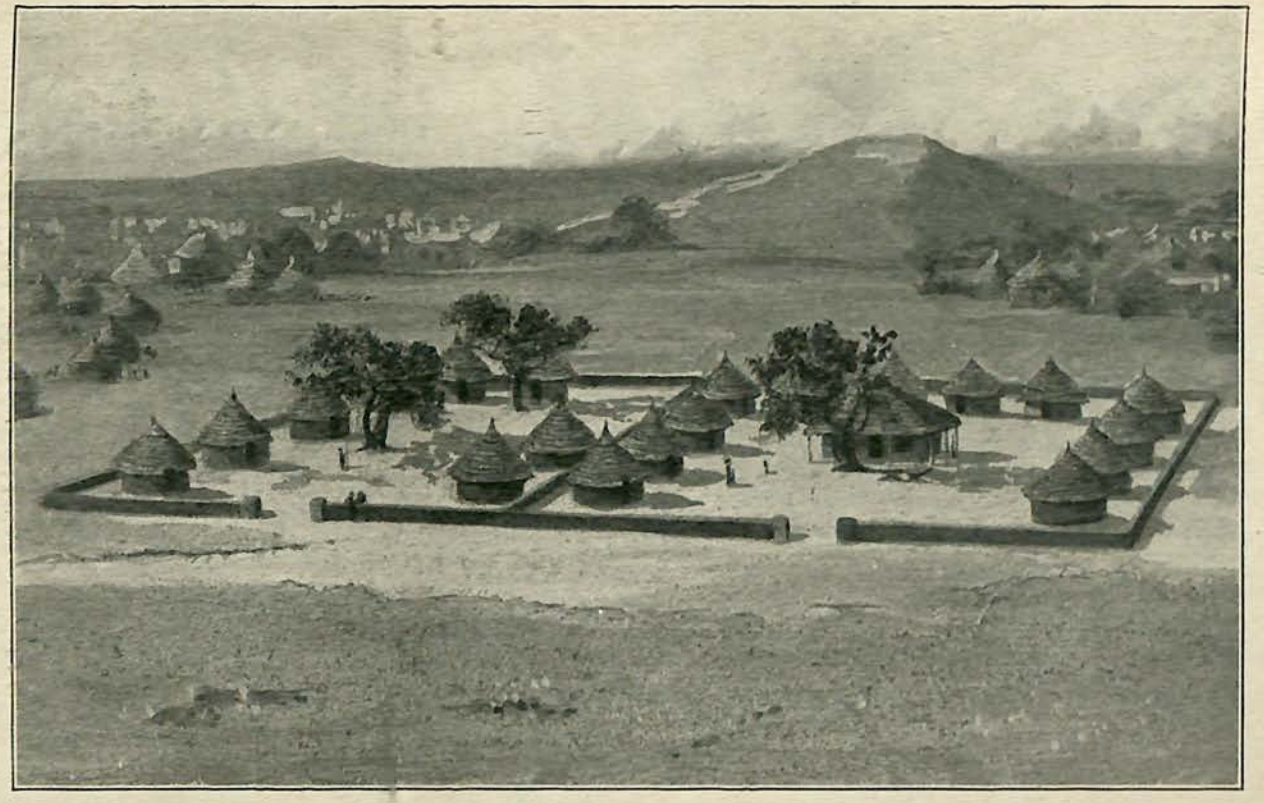
"Christian, you are most heartily welcome. The chief is out of town, but has been sent for immediately on the arrival of your messenger ; if the chief rides all night he may be back to-morrow. What can we do for you in the meantime ? Wood and water have been provided already."

I thanked him and told him I was tired.

"Come and see me to-morrow morning"—*a salaam*, and he departed.

The white man's home in Marua consists of two compounds opening into each other—one for the man, and one for the horses and cattle.

In the first compound there were twelve huts, and a central square house for the European ; in the second some eight huts and several shady trees. The whole looked something like this :—



CAMP AT MARUA.

A few minutes after our arrival, all of us being very tired, we were soon asleep. Let me continue from my diary :—

6 a.m., Sunday morning.—Some 20 or 30 people have just arrived with food for the men, and an ox for me. Men and horses are stiff after yesterday's hard march. During nine hours the men had water only once.

7 a.m.—The brother of the chief comes to ask whether he can serve me in anything. I have sent a present of cloth —value £5—to the deputy chief.

8 to 11 a.m.—Have my quiet time.

11 a.m.—A messenger comes from the chief. The chief has returned. "When can I see him?" I send my compliments to the chief and tell him to come at sunset.

The day is very hot. The men are toasting themselves in the sun. I wish I could enjoy the sun as they do.

5 p.m.—Reading with the men.

6 p.m.—The chief comes, preceded by a man to announce him. He comes alone into my room. At the door are two German sentinels, whom I have ordered to present arms. I have Dangana and an interpreter with me.

When the chief takes off the cloth with which he had previously covered his face I see before me the features of a strong, just and noble man. They bear the imprint and the marks of a manly man such as one rarely sees. His speech is slow and steady. There is no self-assertion nor hesitation about him. The first signs of good breeding—stillness of person and feature—one notices immediately. He is a gentleman, a black gentleman. He tells me he has been asked by the German Government to take charge of Marua since the murder of the last white man, and that he means to be friends with the Europeans. Half an hour's conversation ends all too soon, and he takes his departure, shaking hands with me repeatedly. Next morning a good

fast horse was sent to me as his present, for which I returned him £3 worth of Indian cloth and a few pounds of beads.

I had promised the chief to call on him on Monday evening, but a terrific tornado made any visit impossible. During our stay at Marua the men lived in a land of plenty; they were never able to eat all the food supplied to them, and were somewhat loth to leave on Tuesday morning. I had asked the chief to let me have a guide to Musgun and Mandjafa; but instead of one man, he sent a guard of seven armed men, four of them on horseback. These men proved most useful to me, as they spoke the various languages of the country. Thus, far from Marua having proved dangerous and troublesome, I had been welcomed there more respectfully than in any other town or village in Adamawa.

It was on Tuesday, April 6th, that we continued our march from Marua towards Mandjafa. As a result of the rain of the previous day, the paths were exceedingly muddy, making travelling difficult. The country was well-populated. Many Fulani villages could be seen on both sides. There were any number of sheep, goats, and cattle grazing. A flock of white guinea-fowl looked most curious as they fluttered away from the road.

The men marched very badly and kept on dawdling, trying my patience sorely. One of the carriers, whose foot had the guinea-worm in it, was left behind by me at Marua, and some of his companions were unhappy about it. They did not know themselves what they wanted. The man was a Fulani, and therefore at home amongst his Fulani people.

During the afternoon we had a diminutive mutiny. This is the first and only time when things looked as if I might have trouble. The men had become lazy in Marua. They had done nothing but eat all day and had double indigestion. It took me only a few minutes to find out who was their ringleader, and next morning when the caravan was ready to start

I gave him his *congé*, and had him escorted by one of my German soldiers back to Marua.

Balassa, where we slept the night, was a small town whose chief had been absent but had come back post-haste to greet us. His dash (present) consisted of 10 fowls, guinea-corn for the horses, eggs, and flour for the men. A great boon while travelling through the Fulani country was the quantity of milk obtainable.

Next day we went from Balassa to Bogo, a walled town of about 5,000 people on the east bank of the Marua River. The presents which the good chief brought me were quite considerable for a chief of a little place like Bogo. He offered 24 chickens and large quantities of food. He also brought me a cow ; but I sent her back, as it would have been a pity to kill her, and I could not take her with me.

The following day we only travelled three hours, to the village of Tshabawol, a place which consisted of a number of scattered Fulani compounds. We found it difficult to house our men, as my caravan now numbered about 100 people.

Gingile, where we had intended to spend the night, lies a few miles to the south.

We had left the last Fulani country and the Marua River and entered the Musgun territory. On Friday, April 9th, after we had gone for a few hours from Tshabawol in the direction of Gilbidi, the chief of the latter place, with a considerable number of horsemen, came to meet me an hour from the town. We had a great reception. All things had been carefully prepared. The chief had cleared and cleaned out his compound, which he asked me to occupy for the night. He performed feats of horsemanship for our amusement, and provided a superabundance of food. Next to Marua this was the best reception we had thus far enjoyed.

Between the Fulani country and this first Musgun centre

there are nine miles of acacia bush. The Musgun houses are curious fortlike structures, each house or compound consisting of five or six round huts built close together, usually in a circle, each hut being connected with the other hut, but only the first and last have a door into the open. These latter are usually the largest, and their conically-shaped surfaces are covered with regular protuberances which are used as ladders in the construction of the building. Some of them are 20 feet in height. Both walls and roofs are made of mud. The Musgun country is absolutely flat. The natives draw their water at this time of the year out of wells, some of them 30 feet or more in depth.

All next day we saw Musgun hamlets on both sides of our line of march, the most prominent places being the village of Muga; and the largest town of the Musgun—Ngilming—consisting of a great number of splendid mud giddas (compounds). At this place the ground became swampy. A number of cob antelope were disporting themselves in the open plain. A breeze begun to blow from the south and the sky became overcast. It was an excellent day for marching, as a few drops of rain had cooled the atmosphere.

At mid-day we reached the banks of the Logone opposite the town of Musgun. The chief came across to meet us, and we forded the western branch to an island. The depth of the water was 2½ feet and the width 150 yards. The other branch of the Logone was much deeper, though its width was about the same as the western branch. A number of small dug-outs, each carrying one man and one load, soon ferried us across, and at 2.30 we reached the well-built (but now ruined) former Government station. Musgun is a walled town of about 500 people. Fifteen miles south of Logone is the village Pis on the eastern bank, and 15 miles south-west of that the village of Vullum. Gowei, another large Musgun village, is about 60 miles south-west of Musgun.

MUSGUN VILLAGE—THE BEST BUILT NATIVE HUTS IN AFRICA.

North of Ngilming lies Gamjem, and between Pis and Vullum are the three small villages of Mariafi, Tegele and Vaje.

MUSGUN VILLAGES.

1. Morno.
2. Musgun.
3. Pisgedi (Pis).
4. Tegele.
5. Ngulmung (Ngilming).
6. Manda.
7. Matha.
8. Mirvidi (Gilbidi).
9. Bogo.
10. Kelef.
11. Baria.
12. Muhna.
13. Gaja.
14. Dugi.
15. Gowei.
16. Marakei (the old capital of Musgun).
17. Sulet.
18. Marmai.
19. Karkai.
20. Mugu (Muga).
21. Katawa.
22. Mala.
23. Mariafi.
24. Balamataba.
25. Milam.
26. Bedem.
27. Luthu.
28. Gian.
29. Gamjem.
30. Vaje.
31. Maniling.
32. Vullum.

The Musgun men are magnificent specimens of humanity, but the women are exceedingly ugly. Their upper and lower lips are pierced and have large discs of tin, looking-glasses, or Maria Theresa dollars inserted in them. I rested at this place on Sunday, April 11th, and as the nearest Musgun village through which we would have to pass—Morno—was a considerable distance away, I decided to use a part of the night for our march. We left Musgun, therefore, on Monday morning at 2.30 a.m., and travelled for two hours north-east through bushless prairie till 4.45 a.m., when we rested for half-an-hour by the side of a large pool, inhabited in the rainy season by hippos. A small jungle growing on the west bank of this pool looked very gloomy, as clouds had covered the moon. We continued our journey at 5.15 a.m., and when it dawned we came upon a herd of Senegambian harte-

beest. I shot a young buck, the colouring of whose skin was very light.

At half-past seven the country changed from prairie to park land, but was absolutely flat. Here and there swampy pools remained as remnants of the floods of the last rainy season.

IRON BOOMERANG OF MUSGUN (SEE PAGE 71).

At mid-day we reached Morno, after having crossed the dry bed of a small river running north-east. Morno is a poor place. The huts are built without any architectural pre-

tensions of mud and grass, and are scattered about through the bush. A number of people from Maniling, who had heard of our arrival, came out in the afternoon to visit us.

Two hours' marching the next morning saw us at the latter place, where a German sergeant had drawn up his little body of police for our reception. The path that morning lay through a forest of deleb palm with a good deal of water covering the ground. The sergeant told me that in the rainy season the path I had come by would be covered by 2 or 3 feet of water, and as this breeds mosquitoes and disease, nothing much can be done with the land.

Maniling Station looks tidy and clean, but seems a very poor sort of a place, hidden away, as it is, in the bush surrounded by swamps. It was here that I said good-bye to German territory, and looking forward to unexplored regions ahead, hoped for as successful a march through the French sphere as that through German Adamawa had proved itself to be.

Comparisons are odious, but in passing through territories administered by British, German and French officials, one could not but notice the differences of administration.

In this all three agree, though the British and German administrators lay, perhaps, more emphasis upon it than the French, namely, that the autocratic form of Government is the most suitable for primitive races. Forced labour has been largely abolished in the British and French spheres, but is recognised and employed freely in German Adamawa. The payments made to natives are high in the British territory, lower in German, and lowest in the French regions. In roads and river connections the Germans far excel; then come the British, and lastly the French. The French are most anxious to retain the pagans as pagans, and not let them become Mohammedan. As a consequence the pagans in the Shari-Chad Protectorate have the greatest confidence

in their white administrators. This is not so in German Adamawa nor in Northern Nigeria, where the intelligent and half-civilised Moslem has secured considerable prestige, and is in many cases preferred by the Government official to the naked bush pagan. As a consequence the French have had more trouble with the Moslems, and the Germans and British more trouble with the pagans in their respective territories.

English coinage is now commonly used in Nigeria, and Egyptian coinage in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan; while in Adamawa and the Shari-Chad Protectorate the Maria Theresa dollar is still the favourite coin of the native trader.

Road Distances from Garua to Mandjafa.

1. Garua		
2. Dolere	4 hours	
3. Uro-Malam-Gida	3 hours	
4. Lominge	4 hours	
5. Lombel	5 hours	
6. Gidar	5 hours	
7. Lam	8 hours	(Actual route taken.)
8. Midjifin	4 hours	Mutu-Rua
9. Kilgin	4 hours	Laff 3 hours
10. Mindif	5 hours	Jagan 5 hours
11. Marua	4 hours	Marua 3 hours
12. Balassa	3 hours	
13. Bogo	3 hours	
14. Gigile	3 hours	
15. Gilbidi	2 hours	
16. Musgun	5 hours	
17. Morno	6 hours	
18. Maniling	2 hours	
19. Mandjafa	2 hours	

CHAPTER VII.

On the Shari.

Half-Castes—Crossing the Shari—The Bagirmi Country—My Interpreter a Failure — Canoeing — Even the Women Pray ! — Hippos — Busso —A French Native Official—Chad—The Borderland—Modern Vandalism—Dumraou—Mouth of Bahr-es-Salamat.

Adamawa lay behind us with its growing number of *café-au-lait* children, half-castes of Arab and negro, European and native.

A few years ago I was staying in Germantown, Philadelphia, U.S.A., in a house where a lady of dusky complexion waited at table. She was referred to by a member of the household as "our black servant," when, without warning, she suddenly flared up, maintaining most stoutly that she was not black. In this she certainly was right, for her colour was *café-au-lait*. To smooth matters out the master of the house corrected the mistake and called her "coloured." But this was worse than ever. "Coloured ! " she exclaimed, highly displeased, "Coloured ! I am not coloured. I was born so." Poor thing, she was neither black nor white.

Children of whom the father is white and the mother a negress are always denationalised. They are not Africans, but neither do they belong to the white race, and so cannot enjoy the white man's prestige. They have often the vices of both and the virtues of neither. There are an exceptional number of these half-castes in Adamawa, more than in the Shari-Chad Protectorate or in Northern Nigeria. For Europeans to keep a native woman is deprecated in Northern

Nigeria; it is not the usual thing in the Shari-Chad Protectorate, but it is the rule in Adamawa.

The inter-marriage of the Arab and the negro also produces unsatisfactory results. Their offspring combine the drunkenness of the negro and the immorality and fanaticism of the Arab, without the saving qualities of either, viz., the confidence and childlikeness of the negro and the nobility and hospitality of the Arab. The half-caste Eurasian problem

FISHERBOATS ON THE SHARI.

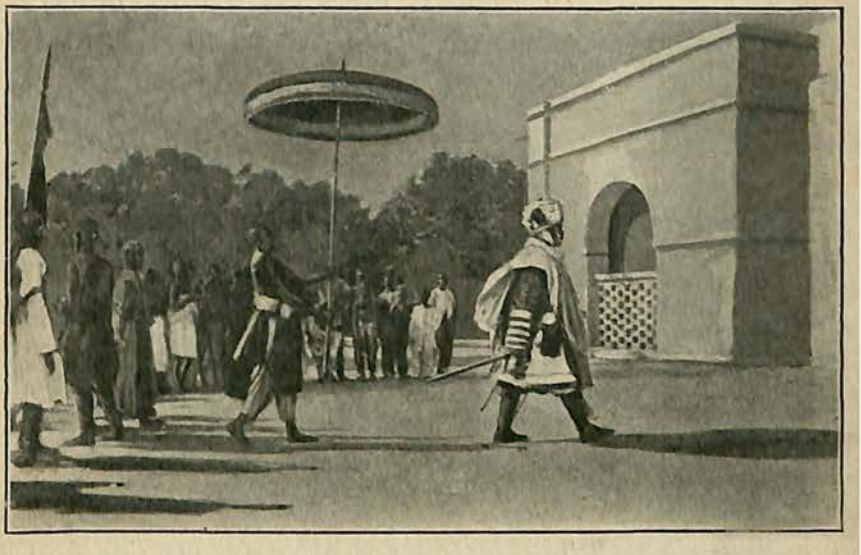
in India is a serious one; the half-caste *Eurafrican* problem in Africa, I am afraid, will be even more serious in the future.

On Wednesday, April 14th, we reached the bank of the Shari. After leaving Maniling, the last Musgun town, our way lay for 20 minutes through a mimosa wood, then for an hour through a splendid gallery-forest full of animal life, and the last 10 minutes through tall swamp grass. The path at this time of the year was dry, but must be almost

impassable during the rains. The main road from Marua to Bagirmi does not lead through the Musgun territory, as this whole country is one vast swamp in the summer months.

We surmounted the last ridge, where a few royal palms stood as lonely sentinels on the right; and then the wide, limpid, clear stream of the Shari lay before our eyes.

Several revolver shots called a large boat to our side of the river, and the crossing began. At 8 a.m. we were all



SULTAN GAURANG OF BAGIRMI.

on the other side. The chief of Mandjafa had come down with his people to the edge of the water to welcome us. Shouts of rejoicing and luluing of women greeted us from the compounds built on the edge of a high bank of the river. Our reception was like a triumphal entry; the whole town had turned out.

So far so good; but now the transport problem appeared once more. In Central African travelling transport is a

thing that lives on patience. It always generates worry, and worry is not good for one's nerves. I knew that there was a fleet of some 25 steel canoes on the Shari, but of their whereabouts I was ignorant. In Mandjafa only one large, leaky, wooden boat could be found, but I was told we might obtain another from a neighbouring town. By sending my horses and carriers to march along the bank I thought two

SULTAN GAURANG CALLING ON THE FRENCH GOVERNOR.

canoes might be sufficient to carry us to the mouth of the Auka-Debbe or to Fort Archambault.

During my stay in Mandjafa I lived in a very good compound containing a number of huts for the men, and room enough to pitch the tent and build a sun shelter. I sent the chief his presents, and having paid off a number of my carriers who wanted to return from here to the Benué, I "sat down," in local parlance, to wait for the arrival of my second boat.

Mandjafa belongs to the Sultan Gaurang of Bagirmi, and Bagirmi is fanatically Mohammedan. The respectful attention of the pagans is conspicuous by its absence. The banks of the Shari in this region form an example of what has taken place, and is taking place in other parts of the Sudan. The pagans have been harassed by the Moslem slave raiders and have withdrawn themselves out of reach into the swamps, so

OFFICER COMMANDING TROOPS OF SULTAN OF BAGIRMI.

that the east bank of the Shari inhabited by the Mohammedans is alive with people; while the west bank, where formerly the pagans lived, is an unpeopled wilderness, a home for large herds of game. The Shari River has at this time of the year as much, if not more, water than the Benué; but the deep, stagnant pools of the lower Benué are not found in the Shari. During my time of waiting at Mandjafa I went over to the German side of the river for meat, and brought home five water-buck and a harnessed antelope.

Two days and a-half we had to spend at Mandjafa until our canoes were ready, caulked, floored with dry sticks and grass mats, and provided with a sun shelter over the central part. This sun shelter was some 5 feet in height, made of thin sticks, covered first with grass mats and then with my waterproof sheets.

On Saturday, April 17th, we began our up-river journey. The horses and most of my men went along the river bank, and only my personal boys and a couple of headmen accom-

A POWOW ON THE SHARI.

panied me in the boats. A new acquisition, "Osman, the interpreter," sat in front of me. Osman had hanging around him some 30 or 40 layas (charms). He had behind him a very chequered career. Having run away from Northern Nigeria, where he belonged to the Northern Nigerian Regiment, he had enlisted as a French Guard in the Shari-Chad Protectorate, got his dismissal, and then entered the services of the chief of Mandjafa as interpreter.

He had come to ask whether he might accompany me to

the Nile on his way to Mecca, and after some hesitation I had agreed. He informed me that he knew English, French, Arabic, Hausa, Fulatanchi and Bagirmi, and was altogether a very learned man. Alas for his pretensions! I soon found to my disgust that he could speak not one solitary language properly. True, he knew a few words in each of them, but when I wanted to have things translated correctly he was an utter failure, and the confusion he made can be better imagined than described. When he translated for me in Ndele I had to pull him up at every second word, so that the Chief Sinussi at last suggested that I had better speak to him in my Arabic, as he understood that better than the Arabic of Osman.

My two canoes were propelled by nine polers each—five in front and four behind. The men kept up a continuous chatter, but worked well. Five hours' hard poling brought us to a small Bagirmi village called Andja, where we spent the night. All along the bank flowering acacias with bright yellow clusters of bloom gave the forest a park-like appearance. There were clouds and wind during the evening and the night, but no rain. I slept in the village under a grass shelter that had been prepared for me by the people. Next morning my men were slow in starting, but once they got on the move they worked well. They poled for seven hours and only rested twice during that time to take their food.

The lack of vegetables in the Shari valley makes itself much felt to the European traveller. There seems no reason why sweet potatoes, yams, manioc, paw-paws, onions, beans and other native vegetables should not be grown largely by the people. Milk is plentiful, and of eggs there are a few.

To follow my progress from village to village would be tedious to the reader, so I will limit myself to giving the names of the most important villages on the east bank where we spent the nights or rested at noon-day. These were Onko, a small village; Tideng, a large village; Balingeri, about

seven miles from Tideng, Gole, Mondo, Baingana, Woi, Mabaling, and Labana, a large village.

Our welcome in the villages usually left nothing to be desired. The Bagirmi people, dressed in their blue Bornu tobes, are a very religious people; even the women pray. Many of them go on pilgrimage to Mecca.

It had become known on the Shari that I intended to go across country to the Nile, and not a few religious enthusiasts came to ask whether they might accompany me on their way to Mecca as far as Egypt. They are a mixture of the Hamitic and Bantu races. They had flat noses and fairly thick lips like the Bantus, but the women wear their hair in the style of the Sphinx like the Fulani.

The sandbanks which appeared everywhere in the river were alive with teal, duck and spur-winged geese. Reedbuck and duiker afforded now and then a welcome change of diet. Some six or eight shoals of hippos we noticed during these days, one or two of them of, at least, 20 head. Three distinct species of crocodiles lived in the deeper pools in perfect amity with the hippos.*

The quiet days on the Shari were perhaps the easiest and happiest of my whole trans-African journey. The much-needed exercise I used to get in providing my larder with meat through the chase produced a thoroughly healthy appetite; the shady, wild fig-trees on the banks or the roof shelter of the canoes shielded me from the sun. Frequent showers cooled the atmosphere without spoiling my property, which was safely protected by waterproof sheeting. And should I be caught in the rain while hunting, well, a rain bath had also its delights. The natives were friendly, my boys were content, everything looked bright.

On Saturday, April 24th, we ran ashore at Busso. This is a considerable town with a market and a Government

* *Vide* Appendix C.

Station. The latter is well laid out, a number of fruit trees having been planted; and a flourishing vegetable garden is a great boon to the traveller. I had salad for the first time since leaving England six months before. Five Senegalese tirailleurs under a native Commandant represented the Government and controlled the river and the cross roads which meet here.

A DUG-OUT CANOE ON THE SHARI.

I had intended to change my polers at this place, but I found the greatest difficulty in getting the native sergeant to move. I knew the chief of the town was friendly, so that the sergeant would have no difficulty in securing the men. On the evening of the first day I asked whether men had been found. I was told they had all been in the fields during the day, and that therefore none had been procured yet, but would be on the morrow.

The second day came, but no polers! They had "all run away into the bush"—a flagrant untruth, as I had seen all the people in the village. I insisted that there must be 18 men willing to work for me two or three days for "heavy" pay, such as silver dollars, silver bangles, beads, knives, cloth, looking-glasses, etc. But my arguments made no difference.

The third day came. Mons. le Sergeant informed me pompously that he had now sent two soldiers to a large town in the neighbourhood to secure 30 men, so that I might choose 18 out of them. "When would these polers arrive?" "Oh, the next day, or, if not then, the day following."

On the fourth day I went out shooting to secure meat. No polers came. By the fifth day my stock of patience was getting exhausted, and my conversation with the commandant, which had been warm and friendly, fell to freezing point. On the sixth day I was obliged to draw upon my reserve stock of patience, for still no polers arrived. The seventh day—I will desist from describing, but I can assure the reader that no bad language escaped my lips.

On the tenth day he at last condescended to secure me polers, but then he made me pay for them in advance twice as much as any trader or Government official would pay; and when I offered him French money, which is the coin of the realm in the Shari-Chad Protectorate, he refused it and wanted Maria Theresa dollars, of which I did not happen to have a supply at that time. He had received valuable presents from me on my arrival, and his behaviour could go under no other classification than "sponging." In the end my patience gave out, and I told him that I would report him. This I did, and I afterwards learnt that he had been removed from his position and degraded to the ranks.

It was at Busso that I gathered a good deal of information from the natives about the river connections in the Bagirmi country and around Lake Chad. Native tradition says

that Lake Chad rises and falls every 70 years, that 1906 was the lowest fall, and that the lake has begun to rise again.

The difference in pay given to the natives between the British, German and French Governments is very considerable. Roughly speaking it amounts to the following :—

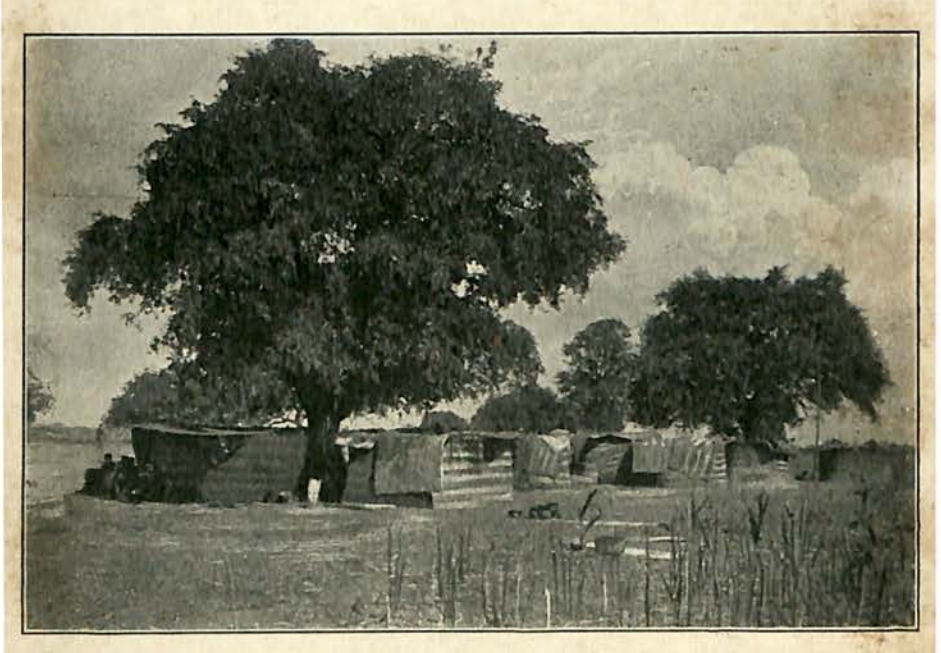
	Traders' pay.	Government pay.
English (per day, Nigeria)	1s.	9d.
German („ Adamawa)	50 pfgs. = 6d.	35 pfgs. = 4½d.
French („ Shari-Chad Protectorate)	50 centimes = 5d.	40 centimes = 4d.

May had come, and with it the rainy season, and I became more and more anxious to press on. On May 4th I left Busso, and camped that night on a sandbank near a Fulani village. The Fulanis come down with their large herds of cattle to the river in the dry season, whilst in the rains they return to the upland.

A village called Mirte is marked on most maps as an important place, but actually counts only three huts. At 4 p.m. a heavy thunderstorm gave me a sound drenching while I was out in the vain hope of securing ducks for supper. Large numbers of hippo disported themselves in the deeper pools. I had given up shooting at them, as even in case one was killed the stream would carry the carcase away before it could rise to the surface. At 3.30 we halted for the day at a Kribi village called Medjem. Busso had been the last Bagirmi town, and we were now entering the borderland between the pagans and the Moslems. The Kribi are half-pagan and half-Mohammedan, and live interspersed with cattle Fulanis.

The Shari River, unlike the Benué, is not fordable at this time of the year. It is at least as wide and much deeper than the latter.

In the afternoon we again made our camp with Fulanis on a sandbank, and were glad to find these, as we were always sure of securing fresh milk and usually chickens and sheep at their encampments. The Fulanis are commonly known in the country as Arabs, and indeed most of them in the Shari Valley speak Arabic. They are probably of a similar origin as the Bedauje, Bishareen and Hadendowa of the Nile Valley, and belong to the Hamitic branch of the human family.



FULANI VILLAGE ON THE SHARI.

On Friday, May 7th, we came to Miltu, a French Government post, formerly German, handed over by the Boundary Commission to the French. A number of Kribi villages which go here under the name of Miltu villages—the Miltu and the Kribi languages are almost the same—are situated around the military Government post.

The sergeant in charge of Miltu was a Frenchman from

Corsica. He had a good deal of patience with my French, which was desperately rusty, not having been used for years. The good Corse was, at the time of my arrival, busily engaged in rebuilding the station, which had been burned by the German N.C.O. before he left. There seemed to be no justification for such an action, as the buildings had been constructed by native forced labour, and it simply meant that the natives would have to construct the same buildings twice over. It looked too much as if the Africans were there for the Administrators, and not the Administrators for the Africans. What was the sense in burning down a supposed centre of civilisation, before handing it over to another civilised Power ? It seemed to me that only two reasons could account for it, either vandalism or malice, or was it thoughtlessness ?

On May 10th I left Miltu, and arrived on the same day at another French Government post on the east bank of the Shari called Dumraou. Dumraou is a well-appointed station with good houses, but very unhealthy. It has a sergeant in charge. Two other sergeants—or, as they are called here, adjutants—arrived during the evening from Fort Lamy on their way home. The sergeant at Dumraou is married to a native young lady, who seems to have the rule in the house, and for the first time I saw a white man turned out of his easy chair by a coloured girl, who appropriated it with the greatest nonchalance, and Mons. le Sergeant seemed quite satisfied with the footstool.

We left Dumraou again the next morning, Tuesday, May 11th, and poling all day arrived at the village of Kuno in the Nilim hills. We camped on a sandbank in the middle of the river, and while there noticed two distinct kinds of crocodiles lying close together, the grey kind, and another of lighter colour with six or seven dark rings around its body. I endeavoured to shoot one of them, but they decamped before I got near.

The Nilim Hills, which we passed the next morning, were some 700 feet in height, and the whole range, about five miles long, runs parallel with the stream. These were the first hills I had seen since leaving the Lam country.

During the evening we came to a village called Melum on the east bank, where I killed four Cobus cob—three in the evening and one in the morning before starting—so that the boys had plenty of good food, and rejoiced in their abundance of meat. As long as Africans are well fed they are good-tempered and willing.

On Thursday, May 13th, at mid-day, we passed the mouth of the Bahr-es-Salamaat. Just beyond it the Shari breaks its way through heavy barricades of granite (syenite) rocks, similar to those of the first cataract on the Nile, which are called by Prof. Link "woolsacks." For 2½ hours we poled in and out among these barriers, while a heavy thunderstorm passed over us, and a dark forest of exceptionally tall trees hedged us in.

During the day I suffered a good deal from headache, which I attributed to a moonstroke. The unusual brightness of the moon woke me up several times during the night.

We had now gone beyond the border of Islam, and come to the uninhabited country which the ogre of Africa, the slave raider, has drawn around his domains. Two days through this country, and on Saturday, May 15th, we were at Fort Archambault.

Plate.3.

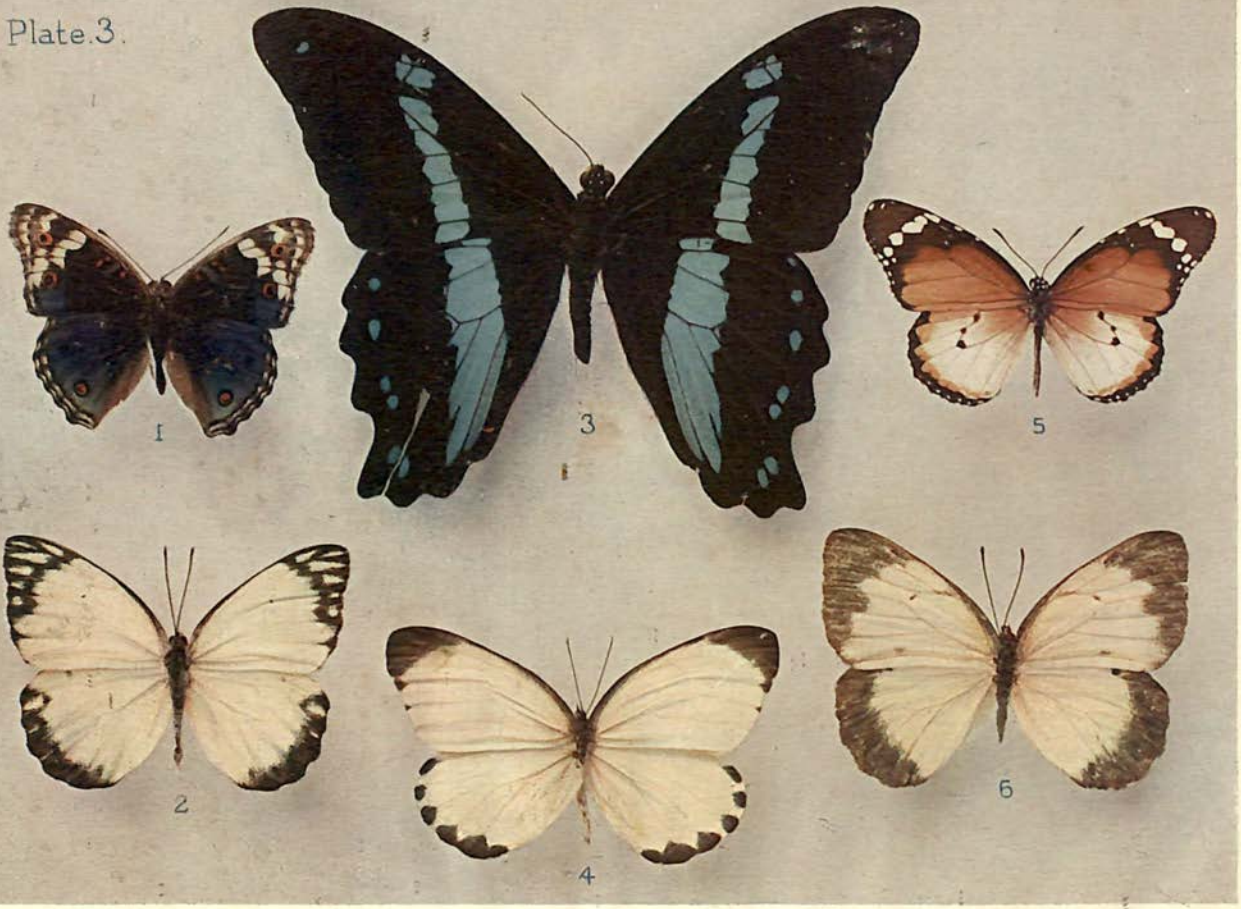
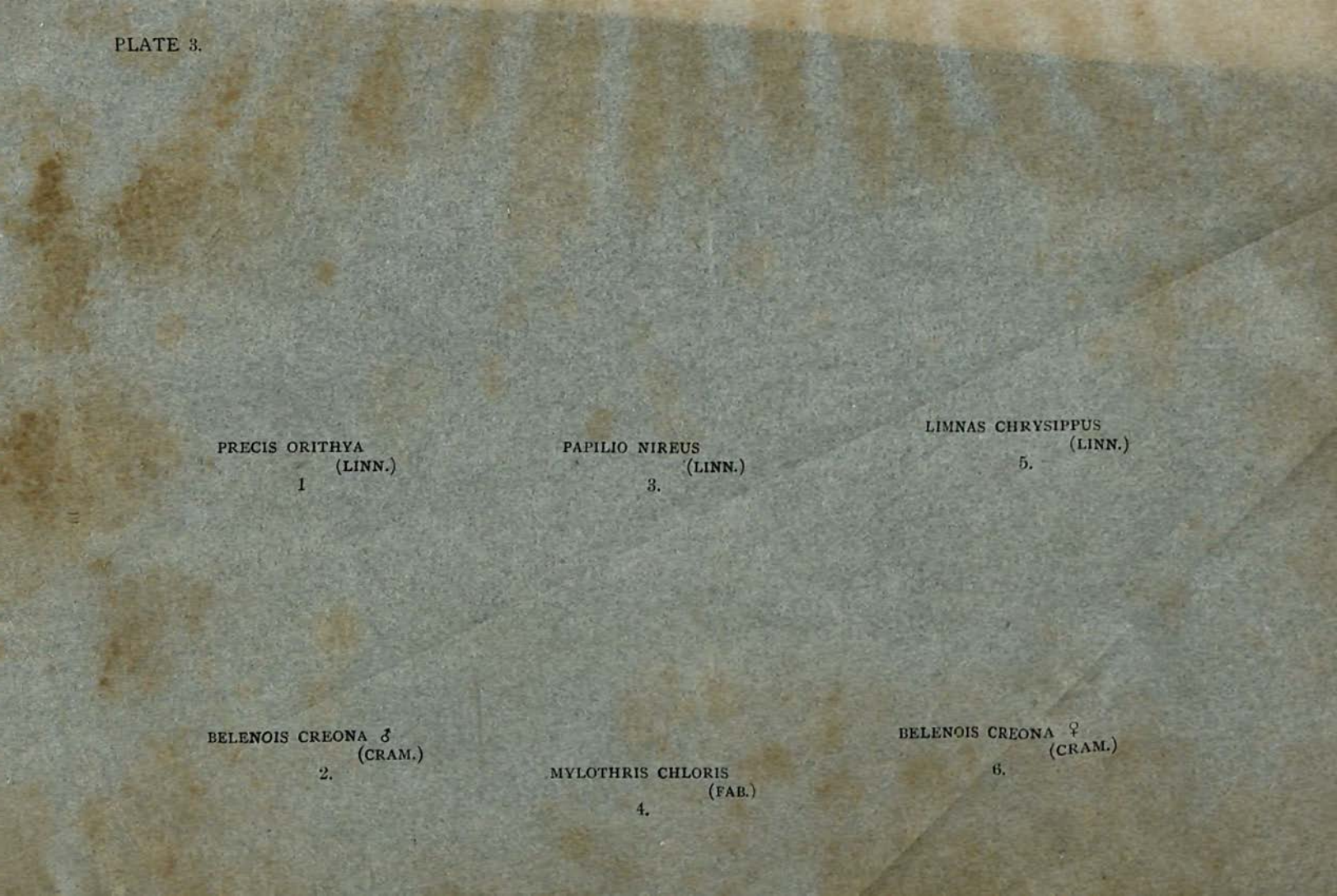


PLATE 3.



PRECIS ORITHYA (LINN.)
1

PAPILIO NIREUS (LINN.)
3.

LIMNAS CHRYSIPPUS (LINN.)
5.

BELENOIS CREONA ♂ (CRAM.)
2.

MYLOTHRIS CHLORIS (FAB.)
4.

BELENOIS CREONA ♀ (CRAM.)
6.

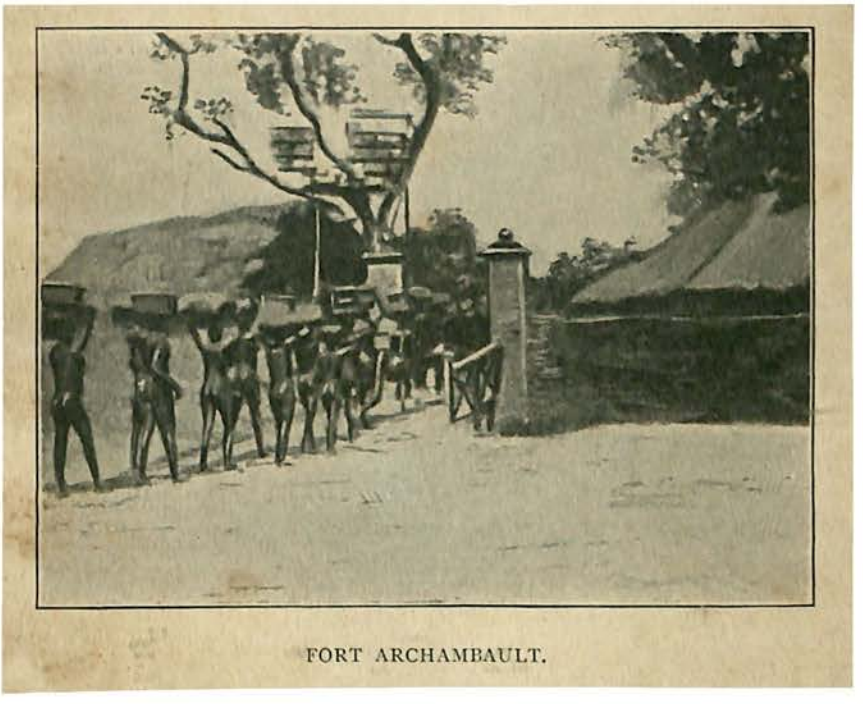
PLATE 3

CHAPTER VIII.

The Ultima Thule of European Civilisation in Africa.

Fort Archambault—The Heart of the Continent—Agricultural Implements—Naked Pagans—Burial—Two Months at a French Fort—Problems Ahead!

Two sergeants and the French store-keeper, Mons. W. Esterlin, were waiting for me on the beach as my canoes arrived at Fort Archambault. This place will be in the future for the



FORT ARCHAMBAULT.

Shari what Ibi is for the Benué, just as Fort Lamy is for the Shari-Chad Protectorate, what Lokoja is for Nigeria. Fort Archambault has a wall, a moat and enfiladed gates.

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A lieutenant, two non-commissioned officers, and a Government agent, besides 30 or 40 tirailleurs, are in charge. They have laid out three well-kept gardens, have built three magnificent rest-houses—each of them a three-roomed bungalow made of burnt brick with a large verandah around it—and have established a place of refuge for freed slaves.

Half-a-dozen freed slaves' villages, occupied by former slaves of Rabba (named by the natives "Rabe"), have grown up round Fort Archambault. Then there is also a considerable Bornu village inhabited by fugitives and undesirable elements that have escaped from British and German Bornu, and quite a Fulani colony. The Bornu traders have established a flourishing market opposite the Post, and some hundreds of people can usually be seen exchanging their wares about mid-day.

Fort Archambault is called by the natives "Fransambo," and is known as such from the Benué to the Nile. I had heard it spoken about, but had not been able to locate it. There is a remarkable mixed state of civilisation here from the absolutely nude to the most ridiculously highly-dressed specimens of African beauty.

The goods from Tripoli, from Nigeria and the Congo, here meet the Mecca pilgrims from Timbuctu, who arrive in crowds; and the single shy-eyed, wary Hadj who has been to Mecca, and, like the wandering Jew, seeks his way back to his native land. A babel of languages greets me as I approach the market sheds. Arabic and Sara dominate, that is to say, the language of the Moslem and the language of the pagan of these regions; but Hausa is also very common. Beri-beri is known to most of the Moslem traders. Fulatanchi is, of course, spoken by the cattle owners, and each of these languages has again many dialects. The Sara language includes Korbol, Sango, Nilim, Bagirmi and a number of other tongues spoken from Busso to Fort Crampel. The

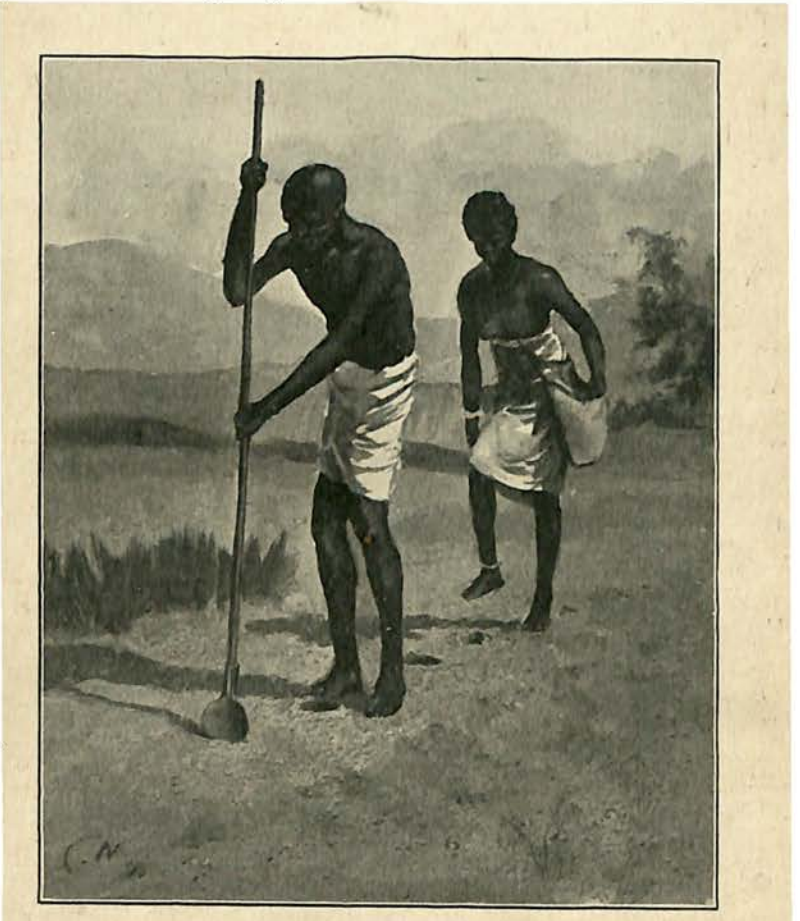
branches of the Sara language are more than dialects, and should perhaps be called sister languages.

All the pagans here belonging to the family of the Kirdi people are excellent agriculturists. They use three different kinds of agricultural implements. The first is a short spade a foot and a-half long with a wooden handle, and an iron shovel after this style :—

A CURIOUS AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT.

The natives kneel on the ground while using this spade. It is the tool for weeding. The second, a small shovel, of about 4 inches in diameter with a long handle some 7 feet long, is used to dig shallow holes for the planting of guinea-corn, maize, and millet. One man digs the hole, and the other drops the seed and treads the earth down. The third tool is more complicated. It is also a shovel but with a very long blade, only the end of which is strengthened with iron. The wooden part is perforated, and has two long cuts running the whole length so as to let some of the earth pass through. The instrument looks something like the illustration on page 105.

This third implement is used by men and women alike to dig the trenches between the rows of guinea-corn. It is worked kneeling. I suppose it might be described as a sort of primitive hand-plough.



SEED SOWING AMONG THE SARA.

Rice and cotton are not grown by the Kirdi, but of all other cereal farm products of the Central Sudan there is an abundance. They are strong, muscular people, with well-shaped bodies. The women go about absolutely naked. They are innocent of shame. Here and there is seen a string of blue

beads around the body or the neck, but very rarely; and only in places where the Kirdi come often into contact with the European do they wear a bunch of leaves. They are quite rich enough to buy clothes, but they despise them. Their black colour is their dress. "We are clean, we have nothing to hide," seems to be their thought. The men wear a goat or antelope skin around their loins,—doch ohne die geschlechtsorgane zu bedecken. Diese Organe verbergen sie in gewandter

A HAND PLOUGH.

weise hinter den Beinen, und sind doch im Stande schnell zu marschieren.

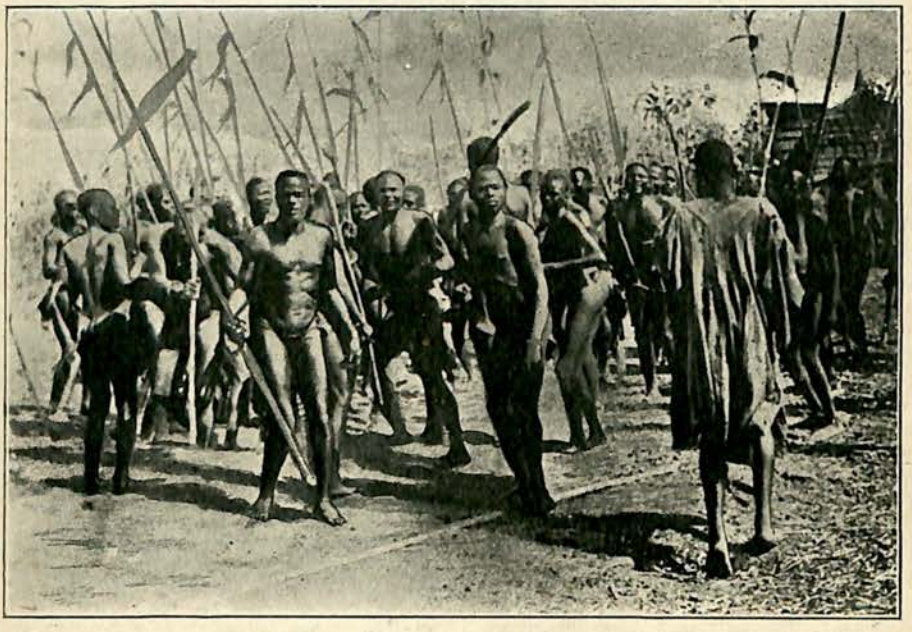
During my stay at Joko a murder took place. One brother killed another with his spear, and the

"Yai-ooh!"

"Yai-ooh!"

the wailing of the women continued all night. On the morrow a large crowd of men gathered under a shade tree in front

of the dead man's house, and with much beating of tom-toms and much drinking of pito (millet beer) commenced to dig the grave in the centre of the hut. Fowls were sacrificed, and in the afternoon the body, tied up into a sitting posture was lowered into the hole, which was then filled with earth and the hut deserted. It will remain deserted until it falls to pieces. Early next morning three natives went to Fort Archambault to call upon the white men for vengeance on



PAGANS OF THE SHARI-CHAD PROTECTORATE.

the murderer. A sergeant with 10 soldiers was sent, the murderer captured and condemned to one year's penal servitude. Life is cheap in these regions.

Shea-butter nut trees are very plentiful in the Shari valley. When the fruit is ripe, the fleshy part, tasting something like mellow pears, forms good food, and the nut itself yields a valuable fat. The two months at Fort Archambault were

a preparation for the more difficult part of the tour that lay yet ahead. My intercourse with the French Government officials, who kept passing in a continual stream from Fort Lamy to Fort Crampel and *vice versa*, was of the happiest. They usually stayed a day or two at Fort Archambault, and reciprocal hospitality, which is the rule amongst the white men in Central Africa, made time fly and gave me a considerable insight into the methods employed by the French Government in their very good work in the Shari-Chad Protectorate.

I wrote home about that time describing my surroundings in the following way :—

"I am here in the very centre of the Sudan. Representatives of 20 or 30 different tribes and nations of the Sudan are around me. Arabs and Hausas, Fulanis and Senegalese, natives from the Congo, from the Niger and the Nile, overdressed coast negroes, and absolutely naked savages mingle in the crowd under the market sheds not a hundred yards from my door. Twenty years ago Graham Wilmot Brooke stood at the northernmost point of the Mobangi and looked towards the Central Sudan, towards the Shari region, but he had to turn back. The nearest missionaries to me now are Mr. and Mrs. Burt, at Dempar on the Benué, 500 miles away. Before me stretches another 1,000 miles till I reach the Americans on the Sobat, or the C.M.S. at Bor ; and all this country is not a desert, but a densely-populated, fairly healthy region. I am glad to be able to say that since leaving England I have not had the slightest touch of fever. Africa seems to agree with my constitution. We are now in the rainy season and the evenings are deliciously cool, just fresh enough to make you feel that a white suit is not quite warm enough for evening wear.

"I have been compelled to remain at Fort Archambault for a month. On my arrival I expected to continue my

river journey up the Aukdebbe (known to the natives as Bahr-Auk) after two or three days of rest, but I found, on carefully investigating the amount of water carried by that river, that I should not find it navigable until the end of the rainy season. This meant staying for at least three months at Fort Archambault. Three months is a long time, and after due consideration, I reluctantly decided to continue my journey overland, following the Bahr-Auk as far as possible.

"Now the difficult problem of transport is once more before me. The land through which I shall have to pass is unexplored, and to take carriers from here and send them back is impracticable. The solution of my difficulty seems to lie in purchasing a number of oxen to carry my loads. If the tsetse fly does not kill them I shall, perhaps, get safely out of the wood. The oxen are expected here to-day or to-morrow, and after giving them a day of rest I hope to make a start.

"The next point I shall aim for will be the capital of Sinussi, 12 days from here. I shall stay there three or four days, and continue towards the Bahr-el-Ghazal to Raja, where I hope to meet the first English-Egyptian Government official. Raja is reported to be 22 days from Sinussi. I am looking forward to the unknown country ahead, wondering what it will bring me. I know there are plenty of people and vast herds of elephants in it, but this is about all the information I have."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW PROTECTORATE.

The French Conquest—Rabba, the Napoleon of the Sudan—Fight with Slave Raiders—Smuggled Arms—La Bataille—Third Engagement—The Great Fight—A Decisive Victory.

THE conquest of the Central Sudan by the French, the importance of which has hardly been realised in Great Britain, looks as one reads it, hardly real. In 1898 a French Expedition, under Captain Bretonet, accompanied by several white men and a number of Senegalese tirailleurs, had gone down the Shari River to explore those new territories and take possession of them in the name of France. Rabba, who had heard of this expedition, sent an army to meet it, and in the Nilim Hills the little French force was surrounded by thousands of fanatical Mohammedan savages and cut up. Only one or two escaped. This was a serious blow to French prestige, and it was therefore decided in Paris to punish Rabba.

In the autumn of 1898 three French expeditions were sent into the Central Sudan, the first starting from Algiers in the north across the Sahara. For over a year Captain Foureau, who led this party, was not heard of, but he succeeded in crossing the great desert and reached the shores of Lake Chad.

The second expedition, under Gentil, started from the mouth of the Congo, and, going by way of the French Congo, the Ubangi and Shari, fought its way through overwhelming obstacles down towards Lake Chad.

The third expedition which, under Voulet and Chanoine, had left St. Louis on the Senegal about the same time, pursued its way through Timbuctu and Zinder towards Lake Chad. The story of this third expedition is one of wild dreams, deplorable excesses and disaster. The two leaders seem to have gone out of their minds. When the doings of this expedition were reported home, a superior officer was despatched to take charge, but on his arrival he was foully murdered by Voulet and Chanoine, who ordered their troops to fire on the approaching superior. For some time massacres, rapine and outrages were of a daily occurrence, until the tirailleurs, satiated with vice, turned their rifles upon their miserable leaders and shot them. The remnants of this third party, under Joalland and Meynier, at last reached the neighbourhood of Lake Chad. Gentil had been attacked by Rabba, a very serious encounter had ensued, in which the small French force was compelled to retreat. Their weakened number seemed incapable of offering effectual resistance to the well-armed multitude of Rabba, and it looked as though Gentil's expedition would follow in the wake of Bretonet, and be annihilated, when suddenly, as it seemed out of nowhere, appeared Foureau from Algiers and Joalland and Meynier from the Senegal. They caught Rabba at Kusseri, defeated him, took Dikoa his capital, liberated between 200,000 and 300,000 slaves there, followed Rabba's son, who had escaped into Northern Nigeria, and slew him, and established peace in the lands of that now fallen Napoleon of the Central Sudan. This was the beginning of the French Shari-Chad Protectorate.

But there were several other powerful chiefs who had to be dealt with, and who endangered the French position. Fort Lamy, the capital of the Shari-Chad Protectorate, being some three month's journey from Europe, was, to all intents and purposes, cut off from adequate European support.

Bagirmi had carried on continual slave raids on the middle Logone. Mgaumdere, situated in the German sphere of influence, was also doing its best to depopulate the lands of the Middle Shari by slave raids. In the following we have the report of Captain Faure about his fight with these slave raiders on April 20th, 1904:—

"At 10 o'clock in the morning our little column arrived in sight of the camp of Bipia. This latter had the form of a square, the sides of which were about 500 metres long. Tree trunks, some 20 centimetres in diameter, formed the stockade around it. Happily, we could command from the high ground, from which we descended, a good view of the interior. We noticed the Fulanis washing themselves preparatory to their morning prayers. They were feeding their horses and cleaning their clothes in a little brook a few hundred metres from the camp.

"It was a complete surprise, and we were able to approach to within 50 metres of the camp, fire several volleys, and then charge. Our brave little column consisted of 42 National 'Guards' (raised in the country) and 200 auxiliaries. The resistance was feeble and the camp taken before the enemy had time to realise the numbers attacking. We took up the pursuit in various directions. Parties of four went together, and for two hours chased the slave-raiders. The Fulanis had 300 killed and we took 60 wounded, 172 horses, and a considerable number of saddles, blankets, kitchen utensils, spears, bows, axes, guns, &c., but the lack of transport compelled us to leave the larger part of this with the natives of the country. Our losses were four wounded guards. The prisoners told us that the slave raiders, whose chief was Baria, had come from Ngaumdere. They had only arrived a few days ago, and numbered about 3,000 men. Unhappily we were unable to catch the herd of cattle, for that morning the slave raiders had sent this herd in the easterly direction, and at the first

shots the herdsmen drove the cattle towards their own territory. My soldiers were too desperately tired to be able to undertake an adequate pursuit. We gave back to the villages half the horses that had been taken away from them, and the 180 slaves that had already been captured. A small party of men returned from the pursuit of the slave raiders a day or two later with 132 slaves and 45 horses. The total number of slaves we liberated as the result of this fight was 680. These were escorted back to their various villages. Some 25 village chiefs came to me, thanking me for delivering their country and promising obedience and tribute."

Besides Bagirmi and Ngaumdere, there were Wadai and Sinussi's territory, Dar Kuti, which were troublesome. During my stay at Fort Archambault, Wadai fell. The following I wrote at the time :—

"Wadai has fallen!

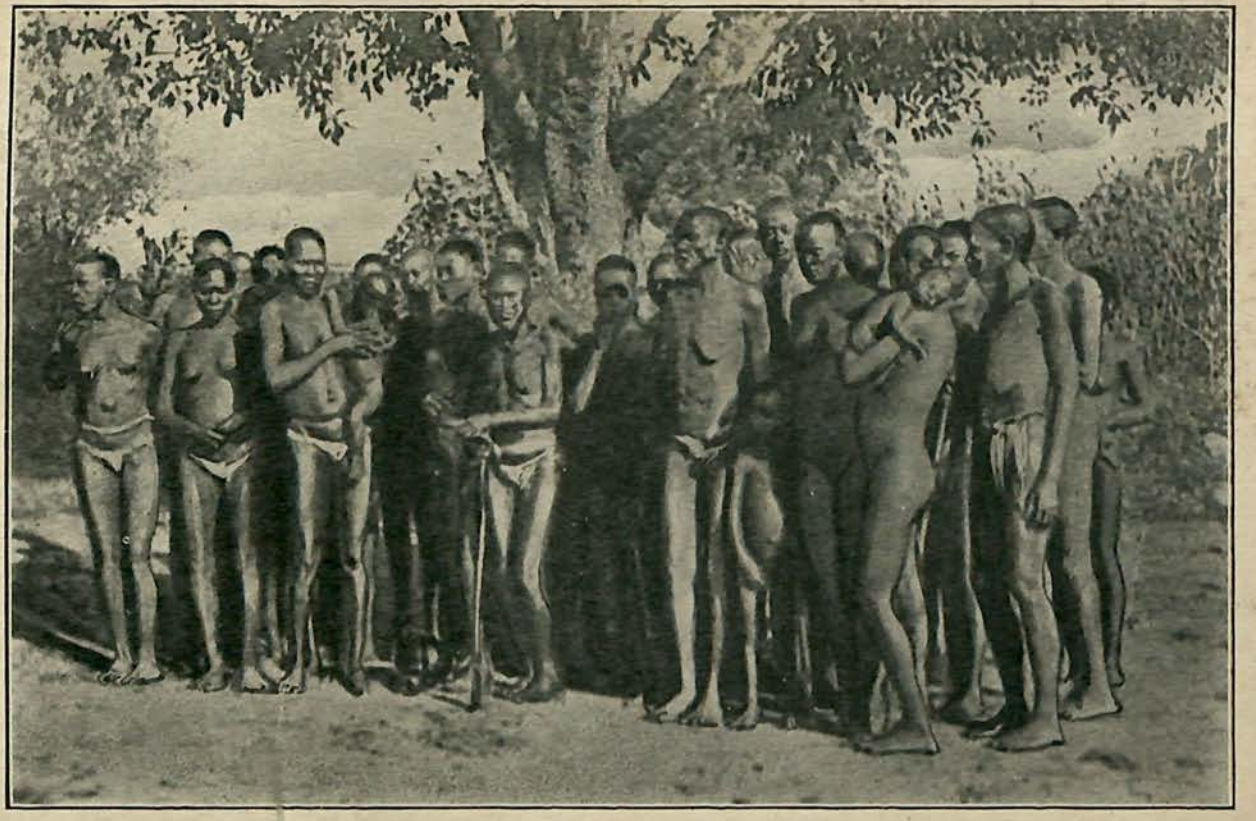
"Abesher captured!

"Une grande victoire—vous avez oui la nouvelle?"

With those words the agent of the French Trading Company here at Fort Archambault hastened just now up to my verandah.

"We have beaten Wadai" he exclaimed, smiling all over his face, greatly pleased with himself for being a Frenchman. The news astonished me not a little, and I felt, at first, incredulous. I knew, of course, of the concentration of French forces in the direction of Wadai. I knew an expedition was planned, but that the whole fight was over already, that was news indeed.

Wadai, about the size of Italy, was the last stronghold of the Mohammedan fanatics in the Central Sudan. Irreconcilable remnants of the Khalifa's forces of Omdurman, of Rabba of Dikoa, of Fadl-Allah, of the Emir of Sokoto, and others, had congregated at Wadai. El Sheich Sinussi, from his headquarters in Borku (acknowledged as the spiritual



LIBERATED SLAVES.

leader of the people of Wadai) had introduced into the country by way of Tripoli and Kufra large numbers of modern fire-arms, Winchesters and Lebels, as well as several cannons. The army of Wadai was reported to be armed with 8,000 new repeating rifles.

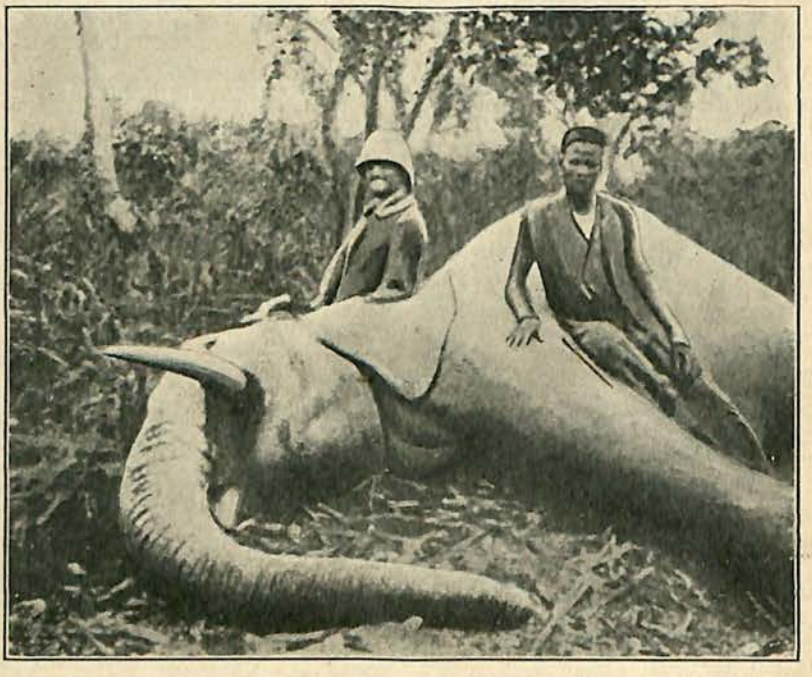
In 1905, when in Tripoli, while purchasing a gun from an Italian, I had seen large quantities of cartridges and Winchester rifles which had been smuggled into the country by Italians and sold to Sinussi. Everybody in Tripoli seemed to know about these smuggling operations.

No white man had ever crossed Wadai except Dr. Nachtigal, the famous German explorer, in 1872, and two Italians in 1881. No white man had ever travelled the desert high-road from Abesher (the capital of Wadai) to the Mediterranean. A number of explorers had tried their hands at Wadai, some had been killed, and others barely escaped with their lives, till Europeans began to be afraid to touch that hotbed of Moslem fanaticism. Fort Lamy on the Lower Shari, whence the Wadai Expedition was organised, is at "the end of all things" with regard to the white man's civilisation, more than three month's journey from Europe.

What could a few French officers and three or four hundred Senegalese soldiers attempt against the many thousands of desperate Mohammedan fanatics? But these were the same troups that had broken Rabba, that had fought for years their way into and through the robber tribes of the Sahara. They were all of them audacious and dangerously well-trained men, with a large share of the French "élan," so important a factor in the victories of Buonaparte 100 years ago. What they could do and have done will be seen from the following short *aperçu* of the Wadai war.

In April 1908, 3,000 Wadaiens started for a slave raid and plundering expedition in the direction of Attia. A thousand of them were armed with modern rifles. Captain Jerusalem,

Lieuts. Le Grand and Godard and Sergeant Au Rousseau with 80 Senegalese tirailleurs (sharpshooters) were sent against them. A fierce conflict took place at Dogotchi. The Wadaiens were beaten and retreated, but to pursue 3,000 men with only 80 soldiers seemed not advisable, and Captain Jerusalem returned to Attai. Cavalry-Sergeant (Maréchal de Logis) Au Rousseau was wounded in the neck during the



A MIGHTY HUNTER, LIEUT. TOURENCQ.

attack, five tirailleurs were killed on the field, and six were wounded. Of these five died, and only one, a native sergeant who had been shot through the leg, lived.

The next fight took place on June 14th, 1908, about halfway between Attai and Abesher in the waterless bush.

Lieut.-Colonel Julien, who has been in Central Africa on and off for 15 years and built Fort Archambault, commanded

on the French side. His little army consisted of Captain Jerusalem, Lieuts. de Tonquiéres, Blard, Tourencq (a mighty hunter, and a clever photographer who takes pictures of charging elephants and charging Wadaiens), four sergeants, one corporal, one canonnier, 120 tirailleurs, 18 artillerymen, 420 native levies, and two cannon.

Against him he had between 8,000 and 9,000 Wadaiens led by the chief general of Wadai, Agid Mamid.

A short but sharp fight took place in which the Wadaiens were utterly routed. Agid Mamid, two sons of the Sultan of Wadai, and 1,300 Wadaiens were killed, 14 flags were taken, and when the rifles were gathered in one heap, a French sergeant who was present said "the heap was as high as that hut," pointing to a hut 12 feet high. There were dozens of Winchester rifles, Martini Henry's, automatic rifles of different patterns, Colt revolvers, and many other modern arms.

On the French side, Sergeant Le Noan was wounded, four tirailleurs killed and 20 wounded, besides 40 or 50 of the friendly natives killed.

There was not sufficient water near the battlefield to permit the erection of a fortified camp, and so the Lieut.-Colonel marched back about 100 kilometres and built a fort.

The third engagement took place in Kanem in the beginning of December, 1908. A small French force, having heard that Wadaiens and a large number of Arabs belonging to Sinussi had erected a fortification at Ain Galaga, made a reconnaissance in the direction of this oasis. After reaching Ain Galaga, they were very unwisely led to attack the Arab Camp and met with a bad reverse. All their transport animals were lost, and had the Arabs pursued, none of them would have escaped. About the same time, in Dar-Kuti, south of Wadai, two white traders were killed, and matters looked somewhat black.

An important journey should be mentioned here. Lieut. Bourraud, accompanied only by four tirailleurs, went for a 30 days' march through Wadai territory, and secured much valuable information. He did not meet with any opposition.

And now we come to the last scene in the conflict. For six months there had been a suspension of hostilities, but as Wadai kept on strengthening its forces and fortifications, and as there seemed no hope of coming to a peaceful understanding, it was decided to make a determined attempt to take Abesher.

From the different military posts in the Shari-Chad Protectorate all troops that could be spared were ordered to assemble in the beginning of June on the Wadai border. The whole force would have consisted of some 400 tirailleurs with three or four cannons, led by about 15 white men, but before the various contingents of this important expedition had arrived at their destination, the die had been cast. Wadai had fallen.

Captain Fugenschuch, a German of the French Foreign Legion, had been asked to lead the *avant-garde*, which consisted of Lieut. Bourraud, Lieut. Rupier of the Artillerie, Lieut. Leandri, two sergeants, 180 tirailleurs and two cannon.

Captain Fugenschuch and Lieut. Bourraud, two men of the type which the Yankees of the West call "skeered o' nothings," marched against Abesher without waiting for the other troops.

Fifty miles from that town they encountered the army of Wadai consisting of 12,000 men. A fight ensued on June 1st, and the report which has just arrived here on its way from the Governor to the Minister in Paris, says: "Wadaiens soundly beaten; Captain wounded in jaw. Lieut. Bourraud left him and pursued enemy to Abesher, takes the City by storm, waits for fresh forces, and proposes to follow Sultan of Wadai, who has escaped in the direction of the Darfur border."

These are very few words, but they mean a great deal for the Central Sudan.

Other reports are arriving continually with the native traders which elaborate and confirm the news of this wonderful success."

Thus I wrote in July 1909 at Fort Archambault.

On my arrival in the Eastern Sudan, I enquired whether the Sultan of Wadai had been heard of in Darfur, but was informed that he had not gone in that direction, but into the Sahara. This news seemed to me contrary to the information I had gathered from the natives, and I expressed myself accordingly, but was told I was mistaken. Now the news has come of a serious French reverse on the Darfur border. Captain Fugenschuch, several officers, and practically the whole column of 120 men has been annihilated, only some five or six escaping. This is a very serious setback to the advance of peace and civilisation in the Central Sudan. Had Darfur been occupied before now by troops of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, this misfortune, which carried away some of the finest fighting men the French have had in the Shari-Chad Protectorate, would not have happened, as the Sultan of Wadai would not have fled towards the Darfur border. He was evidently assured of a welcome and support by the Sultan of Darfur. Colonel Moll, the Governor of the French Shari-Chad Protectorate, who is, according to the latest news, in Abesher, the capital of Wadai, has withdrawn the troops from Sinussi's country, and is concentrating all his efforts on Wadai at the present moment to safeguard his former successes. It is an open question whether this may not lead to trouble in Sinussi's country. As long as Islam is what it is, a Mohammedan fanatical outbreak may be expected at any time, and as these territories are very far removed from Europe, to cope with such an outbreak adequately would be exceedingly difficult.

CHAPTER X.

BIG GAME OF THE SHARI VALLEY.

An Elephant Hunt—Music Indescribable!—Forty Elephants—The Charge: and After!—My First Elephant—Native Hunting Methods—Rogues—Hippo Hunting—The Father of the Herd.

"Then I followed the chase by mere nature and inclination, but now I know I have a right to follow it, because it gives me endurance, promptness, courage, self-control, as well as health and cheerfulness."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ONE hundred years ago Africa must have been alive with wild game if in the now well-known parts game was as plentiful as in the lesser known, such as the Shari region, the Bhar-el-Ghazal and East Central Africa.

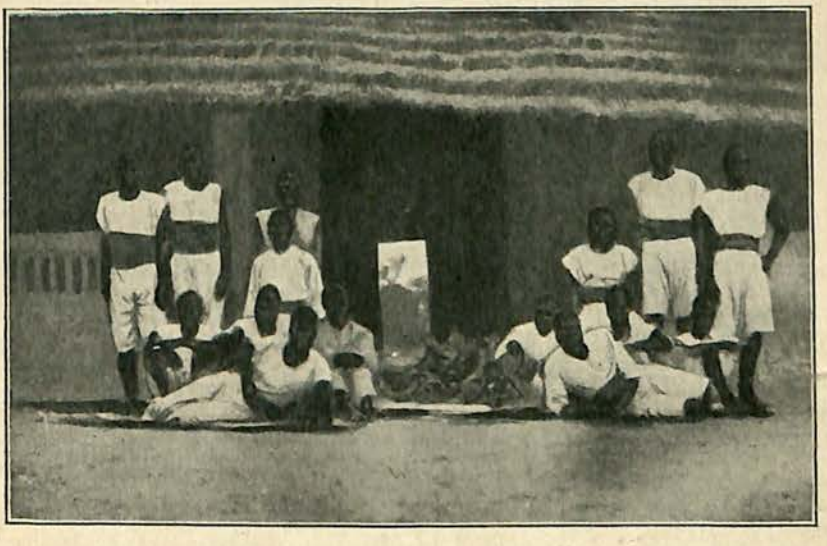
I subjoin a few episodes of the chase in the neighbourhood of Fort Archambault, where, within a day's journey, one was sure to find elephant, rhino, hippo, giraffe, buffalo, boar, and a dozen different kinds of antelope.

On Thursday, June 3rd, I left Fort Archambault with 30 men and two horses, carrying four rifles, a shot gun, and a revolver with me. I had heard so much about the vast herds of elephants in the neighbourhood, that I longed to get a sight of them, put my shooting powers to the test, and secure a few pounds' worth of ivory. I saw the elephants, shot at them, but as to securing the pounds' worth of ivory, I came off badly.

Six hours' march from Fort Archambault brought us to a little Kirdi village named Joko, in the bush on the western bank of the Shari. A very ancient chief bade us welcome, and

provided food, wood and water. The tent was pitched, and we retired early. The hunter who had been sent ahead on the previous day reported that the elephants were in the neighbourhood; they had been heard by the village people. In spite of their large size it is easier to hear than to see elephants.

For five days, each day for about six hours, I followed the traces of two herds, a herd of 60 on the west and one of



HEADMEN OF DR. KUMM AT FORT ARCHAMBAULT.

40 on the east bank of the Shari. On the first day, after hot and tiring tracking, all we got was a severe drenching through a heavy tornado. We never got near the elephants. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the spoor was at least four hours old. With considerable satisfaction I killed two hartebeests on our way back to the village, so that my tired men had meat to cheer them. The hartebeest in the Shari valley is similar to the East African and an entirely different species to that of Northern Nigeria. Its coat is a darker colour, and the

horns are smaller and somewhat differently shaped. The long head and the cow-gallop is the same.

The second day of my elephant hunt was a red-letter day. Starting at 6 oclock, 15 natives and myself went about three miles up the Shari, and crossed the river close to a little fishing village. The ground was very wet after yesterday's heavy shower. My horse kept slipping about continually, and once fell heavily on sloping ground. The travelling became so bad that I felt like giving up. Still there might be elephants close by, and if it was hard going for us, it must be considerably harder for the elephants, and there seemed a hope that they might curtail their morning constitutional, which usually takes them over 30 or 40 miles of ground. At 8.30 a.m. we came upon fresh spoor, only about two hours old. A herd of 40 or 50 had been slowly meandering through the forest and left behind them, wonderfully evident marks of their playfulness in the shape of pulled-down branches, rooted-up trees and holes two feet deep dug by their tusks. They had broken a new road through the bush, and we were not slow in availing ourselves of the inviting prospect of coming up with them. Once a swamp blocked our way which the elephants had passed, but which our horses could not ford, and we had to make a circuit of several miles, taking up the spoor again on the further side.

Mile after mile we followed, and it seemed to become no fresher. At 10.30 we had just passed a little *fadama* (meadow) in the forest when we caught the "once heard never forgotten" grumblings of the elephants. The wind was most favourable. In an instant we were off our horses, and sending the carriers, natives and animals back, the four of us—that is, a native hunter, my interpreter Osman, my head boy Dangana and myself (I had with me two ·405· Winchesters and two French Army rifles)—proceeded carefully to investigate the position of the game.

Nearer and nearer came the magnificent gurgling and grunting, sometimes sounding like low organ notes. There is no word in the English language describing the music the elephant indulges in. One might call it "organing," from the German "Orgeln," the red-deer's call in the mating season. Another 50 yards and through the bushes loomed the giant slaty-coloured bodies of the beasts. Unconsciously I stopped, but the hunter went on and motioned me to advance also. Where he could go, of course, I could go. We were 50 yards from the nearest animal. Quietly they continued munching the grass and leaves. Forty yards—we could see the little pig's eyes twinkling, see the ears flap, and the tails whisk. Thirty yards—how far was that hunter going? Was he to creep right amongst them? I noticed several large beasts coming towards us from the right. The hunter saw them too and stooped. Close by my side he kneeled behind a bush. There were no large trees that an elephant could not break or root up in an instant; nothing but scrub, brushwood, grass and a few small shea trees. If the elephants charged there was no running away from them, no tree to climb, no hole to hide in. But why think of running? I held in my hand a Winchester loaded with five hard-nosed bullets that would go through anything in the elephant—skin, flesh and bone.

Silently we watched the great beasts in front of us; they were evidently unconscious of our presence, and continued quietly feeding. The hunter touched my arm and pointed to the tusks of the mighty head on the left, another in front of us, and two or three on the right. There were before us altogether about 10 full-grown elephants, and 30 young ones ageing from one year to twenty years.

All these observations take some time to recount, but less than one minute had elapsed since we got the first glimpse of the elephants, when I fired my first shot just in front of

the ear of the largest animal. Another shot followed into the next beast's head, but no result. By this time the heads of all the younger animals were high in the air. The large ears spread out like sails of ships before the wind. The trunks stretched snake-like forward sniffing the air. This way and that way surged the living mass of bodies, not knowing in which direction to turn, crushing trees and bushes like matchwood. We lay flat on the ground hardly daring to breathe. Mothers anxious for their young roared, the little ones screeched and the older ones grunted and trumpeted. Now the leader had found a way to the left; he moved, and, closely pressed together, about 20 followed. A sigh of relief rose from our hearts. We were safely through. None had charged us.

Safe? No! the worst was to come. Suddenly before us on our right loomed up the heads of six of the largest elephants bearing straight down upon us. They were 30 yards away—20 yards! With feverish haste I raised my rifle and fired one, two, three shots. Still they were coming, and now my nerves gave way and I ran like a hare. My boys had already disappeared. The whole world seemed full of elephants. Before me rose a small anthill. If one were only an ant and could creep into it! In an instant I was flat on the ground behind it, and beside me thundered the charge of the behemoths. I had hardly reached the ground when I let fly at the neck of the nearest as he passed within a few yards, and then lay still for a minute. This was the first time that I have trembled before game in Africa, but the earth seemed to shake, and all around me to be filled with roaring, trumpeting giants. I know I ought to be ashamed of getting frightened, but I am afraid I am not. It was too much for my nerves. There was no protection in my rifle against six charging elephants. If there had only been one it might have been different; and there was no safety

anywhere else. During the following night I suffered from the after-effects of this charge. I woke up with a cry of alarm, soaked in perspiration, trembling as if the elephants were on top of me. I had been fighting about with my arms, and had pulled down my mosquito net.

But let us return to the chase—one might well be in doubt as to who was the chased. All became still. Osman and the hunter had gone after the herd, and Dangana lay about 20 yards behind in the middle of a thorn bush. He had been with me to hunt buffaloes, and had not been afraid. He had been several times within a few yards of lions, and had not shown the white feather. He had walked with me right up to the elephants and exhibited no fear; but now his pluck was gone, and when a few minutes afterwards he fell into an elephant-trap (a hole some 12 feet deep covered over with grass) he had had enough of elephant hunting, and begged to be excused from accompanying me the next day.

I am continually digressing from the consecutive course of events during the hunt. Our encounter with the elephants had only lasted above five minutes, but much had happened in that time. I rose to look for the dead elephants, and felt pretty sure that I had killed three or four, having hit four of them in the head at such short distance that it was absolutely impossible to miss. I walked all over the ground where the elephants had stood and found—nothing!

I looked at Dangana and he looked at me.

Where are all the elephants?

There was a certain amount of blood. One or two seemed to have fallen and got up again, but not one of them was dead on the spot. I knew not what to think or say.

A few yards further I came upon a full-grown bull. He stood sideways to us 40 yards off. I knelt down and gave him a bullet through the ear. He turned round and looked mischievously in our direction, but evidently did

not see us. I gave him another ball in the shoulder. He charged, but a third ball through the head brought him to the ground. With a roar and a crash he fell. One tusk was buried deeply into the damp earth, and his body firmly wedged between two small trees.

This was my first elephant.

Calling the men, I left them with the animal, and myself followed the herd for the greater part of that day and the next, but could not find any wounded. What was the reason they did not fall on the spot? All my shots were wrongly placed. I had been informed that a shot through the ear would kill on the spot, but neither a shot through the ear or the eye has brought down any elephant yet for me.

After the head of the beast had been cut off I had the skull placed against a tree, and fired at it from different directions, and I found that a bullet placed at the root of the trunk was the one that penetrated the brain every time, while all the other shots were unsafe, except a shot half way between the ear and the eye.

The natives of the village were greatly delighted with the mountain of meat, and became our fast friends.

The native elephant hunters have a sure and simple method of bringing their quarry to bay. They carry with them not modern Express rifles, but very old-fashioned 8-bore or 4-bore, fill these with a tremendous charge of powder, and put a heavy ball on to it. Then they choose their elephant out of the herd, and with the wind in the right direction walk carefully up to him. It is wonderful how little elephants seem to be able to recognise their chief enemy. The hunter goes up to within 20 yards and then crawls right up to the side of the feeding beast. He points his wonderful gaspipe at the fore leg of his prey and discharges the gun, breaking the knee if possible. Having done so, he turns tail and runs, to escape any other charging beast. Within a few minutes

ELEPHANT AND ELEPHANT TRAP.

the herd has moved on, but the wounded animal remains behind, as it is impossible for him to either walk or run. He may stand for a minute on three legs, but immediately he attempts to attack he is sure to come down, and at leisure the natives can appropriate the meat and the ivory by killing the elephant either with many shots or spear wounds.

Another method used in Northern Nigeria is for the hunter to arm himself with a similarly large weapon into which he loads a poisoned arrow, the barbed head of which is heavily covered with a most deadly mixture of animal and vegetable poison. Rarely the elephant runs for more than an hour if wounded by a poisoned arrow, when he succumbs. But on the whole the elephant, so far from being "poor, innocent hunted game," is very much the reverse. In many cases he is the hunter and man is the hunted.

Between Bor on the Nile and Gondokoro, a herd of 300 or 400 elephants is reported both by Government officials and the missionaries at Bor to be a most dangerous company of men-hunters. They are all said to be rogues charging not only on sight but on smell, and they can smell a long way off. The Dinka people who live in that part of the Sudan stand in constant terror of these animals. A native chief, while travelling through his country from village to village, is said to be in the habit of always sending an old lady some 50 or 100 yards ahead of himself and his people to investigate the dangers of the road. The white men of the White Nile have asked that the whole herd might be outlawed and shot down by anybody who likes. A few days before I passed one of the Government Posts, a native had been caught by an elephant on the bush path; the elephant put one foot on his body, twined his trunk around his chest and pulled him in two.

Previously to my having come into contact with elephants, it always seemed to me a pity to have these magnificent brutes shot down promiscuously by our modern rifles. I

pitied the poor animals, but I can assure the reader that pity for them has left me, and though I certainly do not advocate their being shot down—male, female and young—yet I am quite sure that the elephant is perfectly well able to take care of himself, and if the laws prevent the young and the females from being killed, the large bulls will give any successor of Nimrod as exciting a time as he will desire to have. The elephant does not need to be commiserated by anybody.

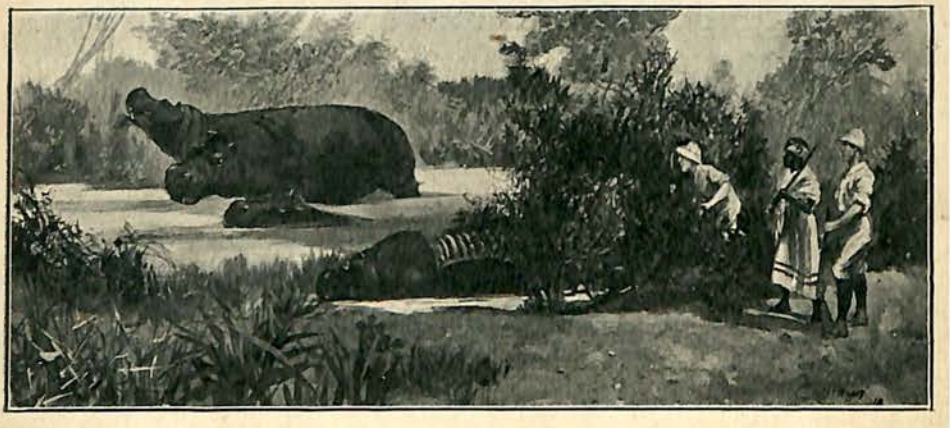
Miltu, May 9th, 1909.

The French non-commissioned officer—a Corse—had received me most hospitably and begged me to stay with him one day. He was rebuilding the station of Miltu, which on evacuation had been destroyed by the Germans. The harvest for the natives had been a poor one, and those that worked at the station had not very much to eat. He had promised them that if they worked well during the week he would shoot several hippos for them on Saturday, and he asked me if I would not join him in the hunt. I had to change my polers any way, and my men begged me to go and get them some meat, so I stayed. About 7 a.m. we left, going across the river in one of my boats, and then for a couple of miles through the bush aimed for a backwater of the Shari, which, at that time, had no connection with the river, was about a mile in length, some 50 to 100 yards wide and 15 to 20 feet in depth. A herd of eight hippos was reported to be living in this pool. The banks of the pool were high and covered with trees, and afforded a splendid sight of the water below. On our way to the pool we came upon a herd of cob, and, incited by the Corse, I fired at a large buck at about 250 yards. Four or five long leaps marked him as heavily wounded, and when we came up to him he was dead. I am very much against shooting at long distances in Africa, as usually wounded game cannot be found in the long grass, and dies uselessly.

On arrival at the hippo pool we found that the animals were at home, and soon the French non-commissioned officer had killed a young one with a shot through the head. Another one I wounded with a shot through the neck. Both disappeared, and we sat down for them to rise. It takes about an hour for the animals to come to the surface after they are dead. Whilst sitting there waiting, my boy Dangana, who had been investigating matters further down the pool, came to me and informed me that my wounded bull had gone down some distance walking along the bottom of the pool, and had come up to the surface 500 yards away from us blowing up streams of blood. I felt tired, but at the suggestion of the Frenchman handed Dán the rifle and told him to shoot it if he could. Not more than five minutes later I heard two shots in quick succession and then a triumphant shout. Dan had succeeded in bagging his first hippo. I went along to him and found him sitting down waiting for his animal to come to the surface. While waiting there I saw another large bull come towards us rising from time to time. So I waited for him and killed him with a shot through the brain. Then we kept on waiting and had lunch. After a while the natives began to talk in an excited way at the different places where the dead animals had disappeared, and we knew that they had come to the surface. Armed with spears the men swam out to the carcases, and, pushing them before them, landed on the bank. We tried to have the smallest dragged out of the water, and therefore turned 30 of the men on to it; but it was impossible to raise the mass of meat, and we had to give it up.

I was still giving directions about the way in which the animals might be taken out of the water, when the father of the herd came to see what was happening with all that noise and shouting, excited also by the blood of his companions. He raised himself half out of the water within 40 yards and roared. He had a pair of magnificent tusks

in his head, and I longed to have them. As we could well dispose of all the meat we might shoot, I felt justified in seeking to secure him. Waiting therefore for an opportunity, I fired at him when he next appeared, but only succeeded in wounding him. Mad with pain and fury, he ploughed up the channel, raising high waves that dashed against the banks. Right on he went to the end of the pool, and then came out of the water. At 150 yards I fired at him again, having raced after him, but missed, and he went slowly away into the bush. Here was a chance of a regular free fight on *terra firma* with this magnificent pachyderm. Followed



A FATHER WITH HIS FAMILY.

by Osman and Dangana, I went after him and espied him in the low jungle after following for about half a mile. His pinky skin looked very curious in the green grass. I fired at his shoulder, and grumbling, he went away. Another 100 yards and he stood again facing us. I aimed at his forehead, and he received a bullet through the skull. Vainly he tried to charge us, and with a great crash he tumbled sideways into the bushes. I brought his tusks home. They are an exceptional set, and have been admired by some of our African gentry.

CHAPTER XI.

Two Days' Hunting.

A Curious Giraffe—Buffaloes—A Black Demon—Promenading Rhinos—Lion Calling—Giraffes—Buck—Stalking Water-buck—Wart Hog.

"To quiet, steady-going people in England there is an idea of cruelty inseparable from the pursuit of large game. People talk of 'unoffending elephants,' 'poor buffaloes,' 'pretty deer,' and a variety of nonsense about things which they cannot possibly understand."

"There is no time when a man knows himself so thoroughly as when he depends upon himself, and this forms his excitement."

—Sir Samuel Baker.

The most successful day of shooting I had in the Shari Valley was May 20th, 1909. My interpreter, Osman, who had come with a number of my men and the horses along the eastern bank of the Shari from Manjaffa to Fort Archambault, had shot on the day previous to his arrival, a three-horned giraffe, two of the horns of which had a short branch to them making it a kind of five-horned giraffe. This seemed to me so extraordinary that I decided to return from Fort Archambault, and see whether I could not secure a good specimen of this seemingly new species. I took 12 men with me, my tent, shooting irons and a quantity of salt, packed all these things into

HORNS OF SHARI-CHAD GIRAFFE.

one of my two canoes, and went poling down the Shari at 1 p.m. on May 19th. We had started too late and did not arrive at our destination that evening. We therefore camped on a sandbank and I used the remaining 20 minutes of daylight to secure two antelopes for supper. Next morning we were away before daybreak, and at 11 o'clock we reached a pool inhabited by a herd of hippos. Here we left the canoe and started on a four hours' march overland in the direction of the Bahr-es-Salamaat, where my good man had shot his giraffe, and where he maintained there was a great deal of game. The afternoon was exceptionally hot, and by 3 o'clock I was pretty well fagged out and sat down under a shady tree. My men, carrying loads, had gone slowly ahead when my small boy, Peter, came rushing back with the news that a herd of buffalo was blocking the road. This news was so exciting that I was not long in gaining the head of my little caravan, and there, right enough, 150 yards ahead of me, a large herd of buffalo was moving about in the bush, without seeming to want to go anywhere specially.

Carefully I made up to them in full sight as they were watching us, and got to within about 80 yards. Now the whole herd took it into their heads to stampede, and off they went to the right, circling round us. In doing so they had to pass an open space of about 20 yards between two large trees some 80 yards away from me, and as they crossed this I picked out the oldest bull and a younger full-grown animal. The latter dropped at the shot which had been aimed at the neck, the safest shot for buffalo. I went up to it and finished it with another bullet through the nape of the neck. This young bull was in magnificent condition, and was covered with red hair, and his beef was most excellent eating. Within 200 yards of the place where I had shot him, we found a water hole, and I decided to camp there.

Some of the men were ordered off to pitch the tent, and

others went back to the buffalo to cut him up. I accompanied the latter, being followed by my interpreter, Osman, whom I had given my second rifle to carry. Later I intended to follow the badly wounded father of the herd. I had aimed at the neck, but was afraid that my bullet had struck a little too far back, and the blood marks showed that it was a lung shot. He had evidently gone away with the herd for a little distance, until the other animals, frightened by the smell of blood, had left him and careered away towards the east.

I missed the place where the herd had left him and went on after the former, but as there was no more blood spoor, I turned back and began searching for the wounded animal. I had only turned back for about 10 yards, when yells, and then a shot, gave me the direction where I might look for the wounded bull. I did not make haste slowly, as I knew my buffalo would probably be up to mischief and might do damage amongst my men. Soon I came upon my faithfuls sitting in the branches of the trees and a snorting black demon pawing the ground underneath. He saw me and came, and I let him come; protected by a fair sized tree, I let him charge right in, and then gave him a bullet in the neck. His legs gave way underneath him, and with a bellow he sank to the ground, his glassy eyes staring furiously at me. He was a very old bull, quite black, large patches of his hind quarters and legs being entirely denuded of hair. His horns were curiously flat, and as they were of considerable size, I decided to take them with me across Africa, thinking that their curious shape might mean a new species.

Back I strolled to the tent which had been pitched in the meantime to have my afternoon cup of tea, but it was not ready, and instead of sitting down to wait for it, I took a boy with me and went off in the opposite direction, towards the west, in the hope of coming across some more game. A number of beautiful butterflies sporting in an open glade attracted my

attention, and vainly I attempted to catch one or two for my collection. While I was still busily engaged in this pursuit my boy suddenly gave a low call and swarmed up a tree, pointing to two dark bodies some 30 yards away. A rhino pair, evidently out for their afternoon walk, seemed much disturbed at our invading their domain. Their mischievous little eyes looked in our direction. They gave several grunts, evidently concerting with each other whether it would be advisable to play with us. I had my rifle in my hand, but in the rifle there were only soft-nosed cartridges, not very safe missiles for the attack of those thick hides. I

CURIOUS FLAT HORNS OF A BUFFALO OF THE CHAD REGION.

jumped up to the tree on which my boy hung and hauled at his leg, explaining to him that I wanted a hard-nosed bullet. In a moment I had one, jammed it into the chamber of my rifle, and just when the two had decided to look at us more closely, I caught the first one with a front shot that penetrated his heart and killed him on the spot. Without a sound he subsided, sitting down on his haunches, his legs stretched out in front, and his head resting between his fore-legs. Two more grunts his companion gave and then came towards me. With frantic haste I hauled again at the leg of my boy, telephoning up to him that I wanted at least two

more cartridges. I got them, pushed them into my rifle, and just as the beast went at full tilt past the tree behind which I was hiding, I got him behind the shoulder. Round he spun and came for me again, and that time I put in a bullet close to the eye which evidently destroyed his thinking powers. His forepart trying to stop and his hind part coming on made him turn a complete somersault, and with a squeal he lay dead, the whole happening not more than 150 yards away from the tent. Within a couple of minutes my boys were all round me, and rejoiced in the feast ahead of them. It was 4 o'clock when I went back to the tent for my tea, having secured two buffaloes and two rhinos within less than an hour.

About that time rain commenced and a very heavy thunderstorm, with drenching downpour, which went on till about 6 o'clock, converted the flat land around us into a great swamp.

I had heard a good deal about the delicacy of cooked elephant's foot, and I thought I would have a try at cooked rhino. So I went over with two of my boys to cut off one of the legs of the rhinos. Peter and Audu were busily engaged with their hunting knives, and I was standing by; darkness had come, there was no moon, and as we were only a short distance from the tent, I had not thought it worth while to take a lamp with me.

Suddenly, within about 50 yards, the voice of the king of the forest announced his presence. A somewhat creepy feeling went down my back. If we had only been able to see—but hearing the growls close by, and expecting at any moment a charge without knowing exactly when or whence it come was, to say the least of it, uncomfortable. I told the boys to hurry up while I stood by with cocked rifle and my six-shooter loosened in my belt. The grunts of the lion went right round us, and as soon as the leg was off the three of us returned to the tent, and right warily we walked. We

got back safely and spent a quiet night, being tired out after the day's work. The growls of two lions continued till morning, and before daybreak I went out with my rifle expecting to find them by the carcases of the rhinos. Slowly I stalked up to these carcasses before the dawn of day, but they had not been touched. Perhaps they had not "*haut goût*" enough for the lions. Leaving therefore the rhinos, I continued in the same direction, and shortly after came upon a herd of nine giraffes. I shot one of them, quite a fair specimen, but not one of the nine was as good as I should have liked to have secured.

On my way back to the tent I shot a small bush-buck, and then had my loads packed to go back to Fort Archambault. Before we left our camp the inhabitants of three of the Sara-Kabba villages had appeared on the scene and begun to celebrate orgies among the hills of flesh.

In the afternoon of May 22nd I was back in Fort Archambault, exceedingly pleased with the success of my little trip.

Several more excursions from the same centre yielded a good deal of meat of various antelopes, wart-hog and other small animals.

* * * * *

It was at Busso, where we had been waiting for a week to procure polers to take our boats further up the river, that we became somewhat short of food, and I therefore took a day to go down the river a little distance in order to secure meat. I had shot several crocodiles on the previous days, but my men refused to eat croc. Under a number of large shady trees we made fast to the east bank of the river, and, followed by a few of my native hunters, I went into the bush. Some open *fadamas* (meadows) were reported to be a favourite haunting ground for water-buck, cob, hartebeest, boar and other game. Within 100 yards from the landing-place I came upon a herd of some 20 water-buck. I stalked them

BY-PRODUCTS OF MEAT SUPPLY AT FORT ARCHAMBAULT.

carefully, and thought I had at least two or three at my mercy, but, in spite of carefully placed shots in the shoulders of three of the largest, they all went away. Following, I came upon them again some half a mile further on. I had cut them off from the bush and they evidently wanted to get past me, so, hiding, I waited for them to come, and as they passed I dropped one I had previously wounded with a shot through the heart. The previous shot had been high through the lungs. Some half a dozen of the herd broke off to the right at the shot, but in vain I followed them. They escaped. On entering the bush where they had disappeared I met a cob with curiously shaped horns, one of them bent right back, having probably been broken in a fight. Two shots brought him down. Using my whistle, a number of my men were soon around me, and while they were skinning the animal, I went towards a little pool in the centre of an opening in the bush. Here I got three small reed-buck (two buck and a doe). Thus having secured an ample sufficiency of meat, I felt it time to return. The heat was becoming oppressive, and slowly we marched back towards the place where I had shot the first water-buck. I could hardly believe that the two other buck I had wounded could have got away, and told the men to search for them. For more than an hour they hunted high and low but failed to find them, when one of the men from the boat came up and told us that they had seen a water-buck heavily wounded close to the water's edge and had killed it with their spears. So only one more needed to be accounted for.

I was sitting under a tree desperately thirsty, deliberating whether to return and leave the buck, when one of my men pointed out that only about 500 yards away a good-sized cob was leisurely feeding in the *fadama* where I had first wounded the three water-buck. I got up, went within 150 yards and fired but missed. Just about the same time

I saw the long grass at the north end of the *fadama* open and three wart hogs came out grunting and began to tear up the ground in full sight of us. My men disappeared behind the bushes, while I endeavoured to use this opportunity of adding one or two porkers to my larder. Crawling on hands and knees, I reached the last bunch of trees at the edge of the grass. There was a boar and two sows, the boar being considerably heavier than the other two. Taking careful aim I let him have it slanting forward into the shoulder, and with the shot he came down. He was evidently safe, so with the next shot I took the larger sow, and with a squeal she subsided. As the sow went down the boar got up again, and turning round and round gazed, as if his geography had evidently come to grief. He kept looking for the cause of his trouble, evidently meaning mischief. Once more my rifle went up and—click!—no fire. I had used my last cartridge, and here was a wounded boar disporting himself not more than 60 yards away. True, I had my six-shooter with me, but I did not feel like going up to him and taking him on with that. Two of my hunters lay behind me looking anxiously now at me, now at the boar. I pointed at my rifle and gave them to understand that I wanted cartridges. There was another box of 20 in the boat. When I looked round again my men were gone, and I waited eagerly for their return. Now and then the beast in front of me stumbled, but he remained on his legs. He had not seen me, or he would probably have attacked me before now. To my disgust he walked slowly towards the long grass and crept into it, as it seemed to me, to lie down at the edge. I waited and waited what seemed to me hours, but which was in reality only a few minutes. At last one of my men came back, hot after a hasty run, with the cartridges. Placing five into the chamber, I rose and walked over to the place where the boar had disappeared. The men came stalking after me. There lay the sow dead

on the open ground, and here was the opening where the boar had crept into the grass. There was a good deal of blood but no boar. With spears the men poked into the long grass around, but nothing could be seen or heard; the boar had vanished. We now carefully followed the spoor, but little by little the blood marks disappeared, and then getting on to stony ground, the spoor disappeared also. We searched and and searched, but the beast was gone. The bullet must evidently have penetrated between the heart and the back-bone, and, touching the spine for a moment, paralysed the animal without doing him serious injury. This is a shot through which I have lost quite a number of animals. They fall on the spot, and then when one goes up to them to cut them up, they suddenly rise and disappear for good, being none the worse for their wound.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and time for us to return to Busso. We were slowly strolling down towards the boat, when the men, who still kept looking around in the long grass, came upon the third water-buck I had wounded in the morning lying dead in the middle of the scrub. With his heart shot through he had gone over 100 yards into the long grass and bush, and had then dropped dead.

The bag of the day was not at all a bad one, consisting of three water-buck, one cob, three reed-buck, one wart-hog.

Our canoe was filled with the meat and merrily we poled back up the river. Close to Busso I added two spur-winged geese to our game bag. I had fired 17 shots. The geese I had shot of course with the rifle. To hit an animal or a bird from a moving boat is one of the most difficult things. I have frequently fired from canoes, but seldom killed with the first shot.

CHAPTER XII.

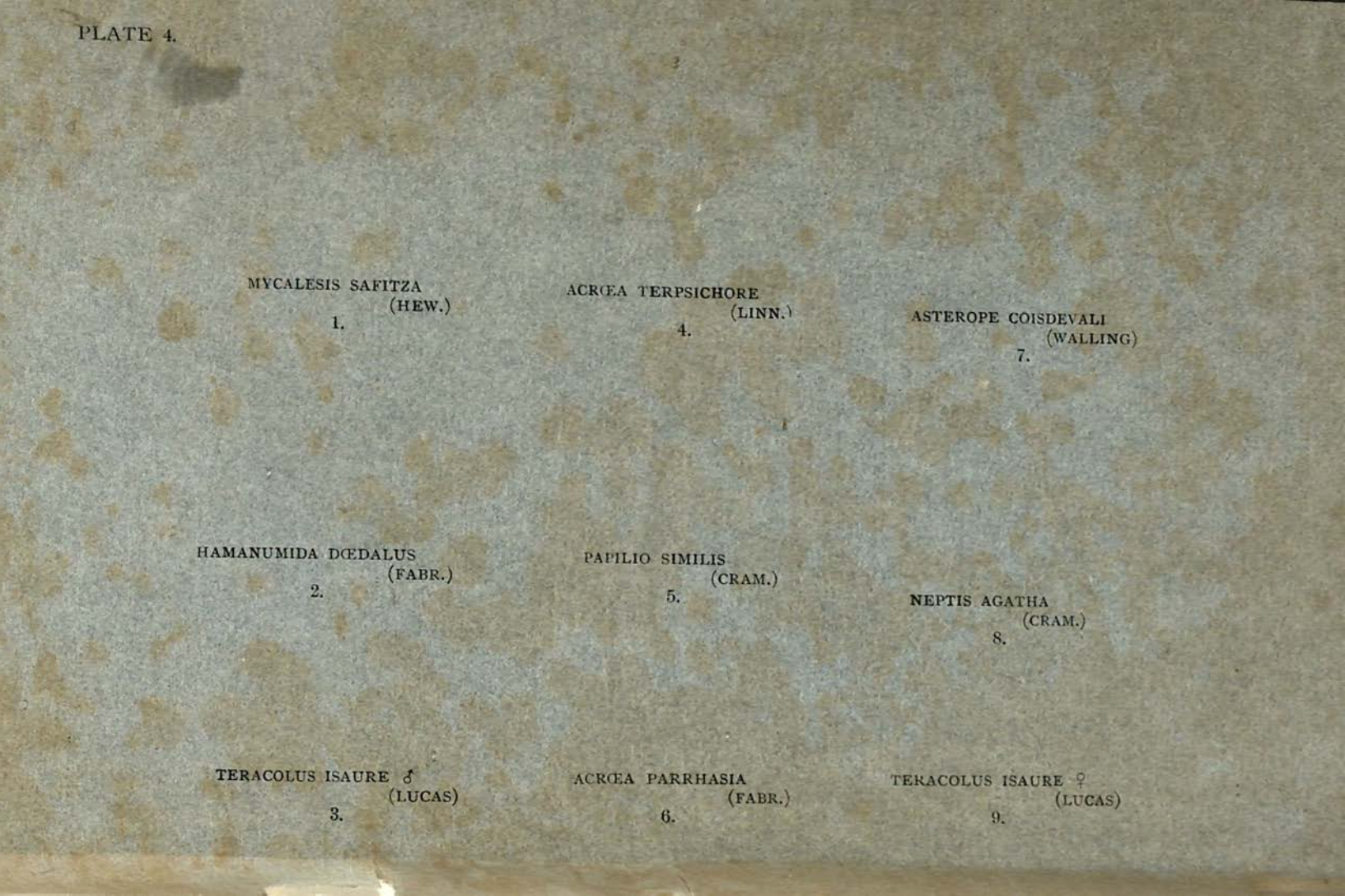
INTO THE UNKNOWN.

Losses—Pack-Oxen a Trial to the Flesh—Pilgrims on Trek—Hausa Pilgrims and Cannibal Chief: A Contrast—Pack-Oxen—My War-boys—Wet—Lions—More Trouble with My Guard of Honour—Game—Bush Camp—Ox Shams Dying—Lip Discs—A Hunted People—Disfigured Women—An Empty Village—The Golden Rule—Oxen Begin to Die—Gluttons—Sons of Anak—Tornado—Hungry Pilgrims—Taxing Pilgrims—One More Little Shower—Exciting Chase—Wet, Wetter, Wettest!—A Lazy Pilgrim—Game—The Ba River—Elephant Country—A Land of Contrasts—Moths and Butterflies—First Fever—Walking Off Fever—Game Preserves of the Slave-Raiders—Rain—Our Column.

WE left Fort Archambault at 6 a.m. on July 11th; crossed the Shari at the Fort in a ballinière, which is the French name for the steel boats used on the Shari. The boat was down to the gunwale and things looked very precarious, but somehow we managed to get across safely. I had sent the oxen to the other side on the previous day. The horses followed. I had four with me now, my two best having died at Fort Archambault from tsetse fly bites. The first one, a heavy cart horse, I had bought at Yola, and the second an exceptionally fleet runner, had been presented to me by the chief of Marua, that is, it had indirectly, of course, been paid for by return presents. I had now only two Bagirmi horses left, one of them a magnificent beast which I called "Flying Fox" and two "heathen" ponies, a white pony from Garua, and a large grey pony from Fort Archambault. The representative of the French Trading Company had come across to bid me God-speed, and the Government men had waved their farewell from the Fort when I began my journey

PLATE I

PLATE 4.



MYCALESIS SAFITZA (HEW.)
1.

ACRŒA TERPSICHORE (LINN.)
4.

ASTEROPE COISDEVALI (WALLING)
7.

HAMANUMIDA DŒDALUS (FABR.)
2.

PAPILIO SIMILIS (CRAM.)
5.

NEPTIS AGATHA (CRAM.)
8.

TERACOLUS ISAURE ♂ (LUCAS)
3.

ACRŒA PARRHASIA (FABR.)
6.

TERACOLUS ISAURE ♀ (LUCAS)
9.

Plate. 4.

1

4

7

2

5

8

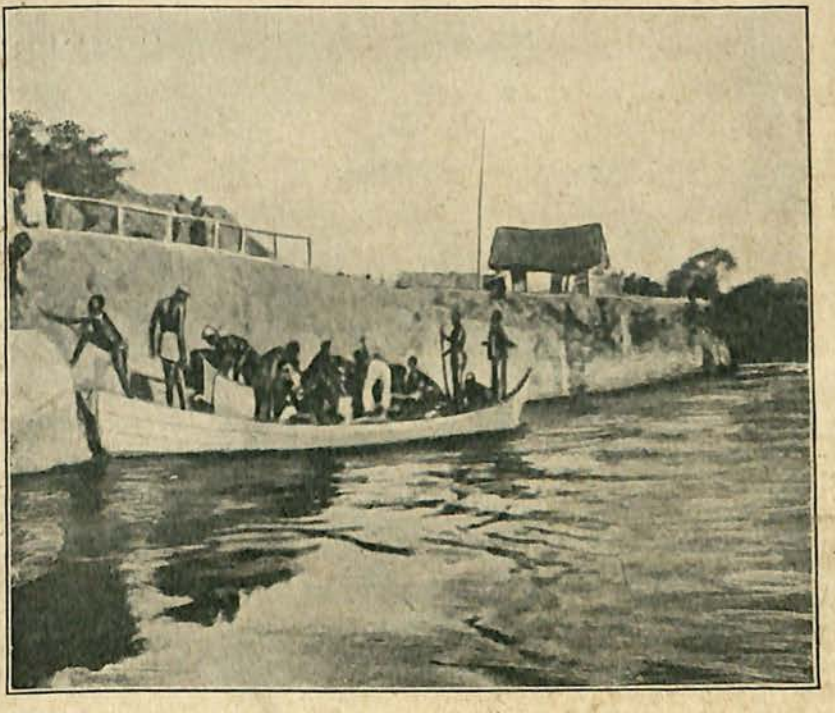
3

6

9

into the unknown. True, one or two French non-commissioned officers and a French Lieutenant had been over the ground, but there was no route report in existence.

Half a mile from the river bank the rain of the previous day had created another river breast deep. Up to this point I had all my belongings carried, and only began to load the oxen on the other side. A large box of breakfast food, being



CROSSING THE SHARI AT FORT ARCHAMBAULT.

liable to be spoiled by water, I had entrusted for special care to Audu Abuja. He marched into the river and disappeared, having stumbled over some rock or tree at the bottom, and my box went sailing away. Quickly the man swam after it and brought it back; but, in spite of our drying them, the contents were all spoiled.

Those who have had anything to do with loading fresh

animals need not be told that we had a most lively time. We commenced at 8 a.m. Carefully the pack saddles were placed and tied firmly, and then two cases of some 50 lbs. each secured over them. The animal had stood quite patiently until we invited him to move by pulling at the rope he had through his nose. He gave a side jump of about six feet, and bucking and kicking and rearing and roaring, he sent the cases flying. Was there ever such a heart-rending exhibition! I only intended to go nine kilometres that day. With four of the oxen we could do nothing, and the boys had to take the loads on their heads. Oh! those nine kilometres. And to improve matters at 1 p.m. we had a good drenching shower of rain. Like half-drowned rats we arrived in the Kirdi Village—Sello—at 1.30 p.m. Nine kilometres, equal to about six miles, took us seven hours' hard work, that is, only a little less than a mile an hour. If things went on like this, the unexplored region ahead would remain unexplored.

I had the tent pitched and thoroughly overhauled all the loads. They were in a bad state, and no wonder, after being thrown about in all directions. During the night it rained again, and thus it went on, rain, rain, rain, every day.

A look at the map of the country between the Shari and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan shows a considerable number of names of towns and villages. Practically all of them are non-existent. The plan followed in the middle ages, viz., to fill in the empty spaces on the maps with beasts and birds, might have been more justifiable in the case of the bush I was now traversing than to include from hearsay or imagination the names of places which were not, and are not.

"Geographers in Afric's maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

On Tuesday, July 12th, we left Sello at 7 a.m. After an hour's packing, only three loads were thrown, while as a result of my rearrangements, four oxen went empty. One of these four had the mats and the boys' food, &c., secured on his back, but he threw them off again. I left one of the Senegalese soldiers and two men to straighten out things and follow.

For two hours all went well, but then the bush became thicker, the trees grew closer together, and the loads knocked against them continually.

We passed a small Kirdi village, and later skirted a considerable swamp, going along the edge of a *fadama*, when we came up with a Hausa caravan. The leader of this caravan had three days previously asked my permission to accompany me from Fort Archambault to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. It consisted of some 60 people who became merged in my own following.

These good pilgrims had a special claim on me, as they came from our own territory of Northern Nigeria. Most of them were Kano people, one or two had their homes near Sokoto, and a few were from Kontagora and Zaria. With almost all their money gone, the provisions eaten, and only some half-a-dozen partly-starved donkeys left, they were in a pitiable plight.

It was most astonishing to watch their cheerfulness in spite of their misery, and when I was able to supply them with two hippopotami a few days later, and they could load themselves with dried meat, they were as happy as boys out on a holiday.

Their caravan included five old men, fifteen young men, twenty women, four or five young girls, a dozen boys and half-a-dozen infants.

During our march one of the old men died, and one baby was born, so that the same number of pilgrims arrived in the Nile region that left the Shari.

The donkeys went the way of all flesh after the first 300 miles; they were tired of life when I first saw them.

In dealing with one's people it is a great help to be able to speak their language, and as my men spoke Hausa, with the exception of two or three Bagirmis and a few Arabs, I had absolutely no difficulty with them.

There was a good deal of buffalo spoor on the edge of the *fadama*, and when one of my oxen disappeared into the bush, I was afraid we had seen the last of him. Three of my wise boys took the loads off two of the tamest of our oxen, and drove them into the bush, on the spoor of the escaped one, and within an hour came back with all three.

Later we reached Ngore, another Kirdi village. The chief was a smiling old cannibal. Many of the people had their front teeth filed to sharp points, a sign of cannibalism. The dash (present) of Monsieur le Roi consisted of a fowl, six eggs, three goats, a large calabash of guinea-corn for the horses, and 32 calabashes of food for the men.

A most distressing object came to see me in the person of an aged Hausa pilgrim in a half-starved condition. He had been left behind by a Hausa caravan, as his feet, swollen by guinea worm, did not allow him to keep up. When the chief came to see me and passed him, the poor fellow cringed on the ground before the naked cannibal like a dog, afraid for his life. The abject fear in this white-haired parchment-covered bundle of bones was a sad sight. I gave him a piece of cloth, and my men supplied him with plenty of food, which he devoured greedily. His ravenous hunger appeased, he crawled up to the tent, and in spite of my remonstrances prostrated himself repeatedly before me, and his sing-song "Na-gode, na-godia, Na-gode, na-godia" ("Thank you—thank you—thank you!") continued for quite half-an-hour, when at last I went into my tent to escape his attentions.

The backs of several of my oxen were beginning to get sore, in spite of all the care lavished upon them.

We left Ngore next morning after an hour's packing. Things were improving considerably. For 100 yards we got on well, then the headman Isa fell off his ox and his load fell after him. This was the third morning on which he had commenced the journey with such a performance. The ordinary way amongst the people in the Sudan using pack oxen is to place the load on the beast anyhow, and then mount on the top and balance it.

The sun was deliciously warm. Just in front of me an ox carried two loads carefully marked "Please do not drop" for his information. It looked most ludicrous to see the boxes, which had been packed in London, marked for the benefit of my unruly beasts.

On this day we only went a short distance to Komsenga, a Kirdi village. In the centre of the village we discovered an excellent camping-place on high ground, with seven large trees around it. The guinea-corn was almost full-grown—two months earlier than in Northern Nigeria. There were large fields of it. To the west an open *fadama*, two miles wide, ran parallel with the road for a long distance, inhabited by herds of Senegambian hartebeest, and here and there a reed-buck gazed at us with his large black eyes, and scampered away into the long grass.

I took out "Flying Fox" for a run in the afternoon, chased one of the hartebeest and ran it down—quite a creditable performance, as the ground was full of holes inhabited by some sort of guinea-pig.

On my return to camp I found that my Sengalese tirailleurs who were accompanying me had succeeded in raising trouble in the village. They had appropriated a young woman and tied her up in one of their huts. I had her immediately released, and warned the war-boys not to attempt anything like that again.

Next morning we left, and I began to write up my daily notes, when the rain commenced—a drenching downpour, which flooded the whole country and everything that was on it. My bedding in a waterproof sack imbibed the water like a sponge.

We arrived at our next halting-place, Konondobo, in a most deplorable state. Imagine a string of people marching along in pelting, pouring rain, the blades of grass driven by the wind slashing their faces, the narrow path a racing brook. The volleys and detonations of thunder threatened to shatter their ear-drums, the poor beasts were hardly able to keep on their legs and the ground became a slimy, greasy morass. Two hours of this, I can assure the reader, is an ample sufficiency to cool off all enthusiasm for African exploration.

The village only consisted of three or four huts, and the usual camping-place under three large shade trees was one sheet of water.

We were wet, we were cold, we were shivering, and just when we felt ourselves *in extremis* the sun came out, and within two hours everything was dry again.

During the afternoon I shot two cob. These, with two hartebeest of yesterday, formed a welcome addition to the food of my men. Lions kept up their concert all night, but we were tired and took no notice of them.

Friday brought us to Bongobolo after a three hours' march. These daily marches were very short; but then we were in the rainy season, and to attempt more would have meant killing both man and beast.

The people were exceedingly friendly. They prepared a considerable amount of food in advance, placed a number of huts at my disposal for the men, and, when the heavy rain came in the afternoon, we were able to find shelter from it. My tent was flooded, and the boxes and some of the furniture began to float about. I sat on the top of my bed fishing for my belongings.

At 4 p.m. I went out into the bush accompanied by several of the natives in the hope of finding fresh meat. I met a water-buck and followed, but did not succeed in securing him. Just after I had left my native hunters I went round a thick thorn bush on the spoor of the buck, my boys some 30 yards behind me. They told me afterwards that two lions had stepped out of the bush after I had passed it and sat down only about a dozen yards behind me, cutting me off from my men. I had, in the meantime, gone out of sight, and my men lay down expecting me to fire at the lions; but I never saw them, and only scored another drenching. Then back to the tent.

Here a great hullaballoo was going on. My tirailleurs, in spite of my orders of yesterday, had tied up this time a man in one of the huts. One of my sharpshooters had his newly-wedded wife with him, and told me he had received permission from the commandant of Fort Archambault to impress from village to village a native to carry the load for his spouse. Yesterday's doings he explained by saying that the woman's husband, whom he had instructed to carry his wife's load, had run away, and so he had kept her as hostage.

During the evening all the natives fled into the bush. I informed the soldier once more that if he wanted a carrier he was to come and ask for one. He came and asked, and I passed on his request to the chief, who, with smiling face, offered me two instead of one. Half-an-hour later I heard cries and shrieks, and on demanding silence was informed that my good soldier had tied up another man whom he had captured. He had roped him round the neck, the way they used to secure their slaves.

I was greatly incensed at the audacity of the fellow, and felt it was time to adopt drastic measures; so I had the rope cut away from the man's neck and thrown into the fire, and asked for my riding-whip. Thereupon I proceeded to inform

the independent soldier gentleman that this was the last time of warning. If I had another complaint he would get the soundest thrashing he had ever had in his life. The soldier dismissed, the chief came and thanked me in the name of the people for the admonition I had given to the soldier. He appointed two of his men to carry any load I desired. I had, of course, animals enough, but thought it advisable to act in accordance with the instruction the Officer Commanding at Fort Archambault had given to the tirailleurs.

Some of the men were beginning to take good care of their oxen, but the road was desperately bad, full of holes and covered with water, and the loads tumbled off every few yards. There was a good deal of swampy ground. As the sun got warmer the path became drier, and led through open glades; a fairly broad river running parallel with the track. The country was teeming with game—lions, hippos, rhinos, elephants and all kinds of antelope. I saw five herds of cob, two herds of water-buck, one herd of Senegambian harte-beest, besides reed-buck and duiker. I shot a water-buck, which proved very good eating.

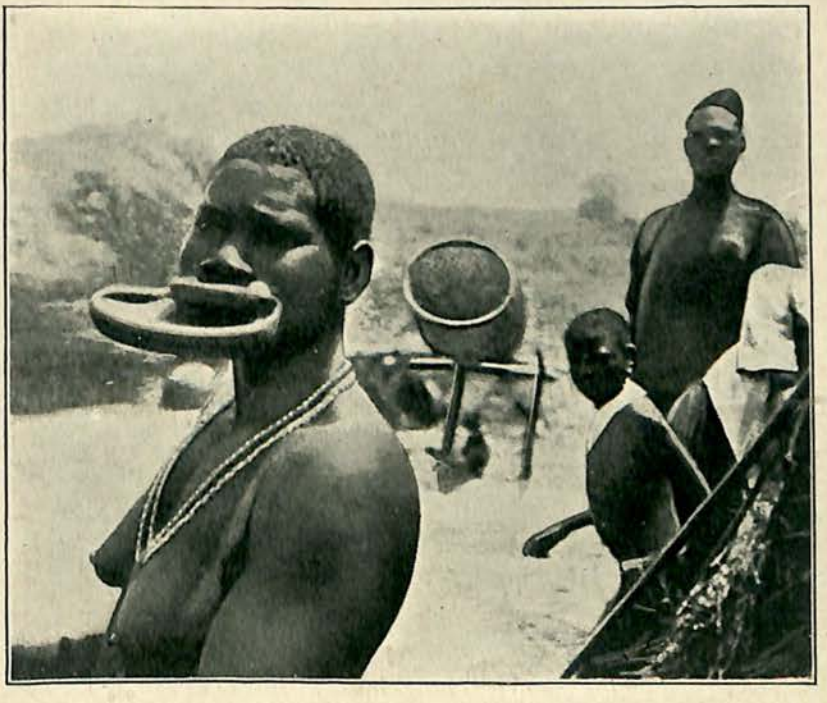
Just after mid-day we formed camp in the bush. I had a zareba prepared, as I did not wish to have my oxen stampeded by lions. The ground looked at first somewhat unpromising, but proved after all a very good camping-place, being dry, close to the water and enjoying a certain amount of shade from a few large trees.

The next day was Sunday, and one would have been glad not to travel, but to stay in the bush seemed inadvisable. We therefore went on to the next village (a short march) and made Monday our day of rest.

When starting off at 6.30 a.m. one of the oxen shammed dying, turned up his eyes, and, though he was lifted bodily from the ground, sank gracefully back. I thought he was gone; but my cattle Fulanis, who had seen him feed all night, knew

better. One of them closed the nostrils and mouth so that he could not breathe, and in less than 30 seconds the beast was on his legs. The path was good that morning, but there were still some swampy places.

One of these, of considerable size, stretching north to south, just before we reached the village of Ngodjo was 2 feet deep. Ngodjo, were it not for the multitude of mosquitoes and



CARRYING A PLATE IN HER LIPS.

bloodthirsty flies, would have been an ideal camping-place. Only 10 people were living there at the time, but their chief seemed most intelligent.

Two of the women here carried in their lips the wooden discs of the Sara-Kabba people. The disc in the upper lip was 3 inches in diameter, and that in the lower 6 inches. What appears to us most unspeakably ugly—can it be to

them beautiful? These ornaments restrain the wearers from prolonged conversation.

The Sara-Kabba people were the original inhabitants of the Shari Valley. They must have formed at one time one of the largest nations of Africa, for, after centuries of being harassed by Moslem slave-raiders, and after the wars of half a millennium, there are still a million or two left of them.

The Fulanis of Adamawa built the Hanyan Yaki (war road) into their land. The Bagirmi people used to have a regular hunting season, when the warriors of that Moslem kingdom used to invade the Sara-Kabba country, like the English invade the Scotch Highlands in August, only that in this case the hunted were not grouse and partridges, but human beings. And in the latter days Sinussi has played havoc with a number of their eastern districts.

One of the Sara-Kabba chiefs, when I enquired from him the reason why they disfigured their women, informed me that their forefathers had developed this habit in order that their women might exercise no attractions for the Moslem slave raiders.

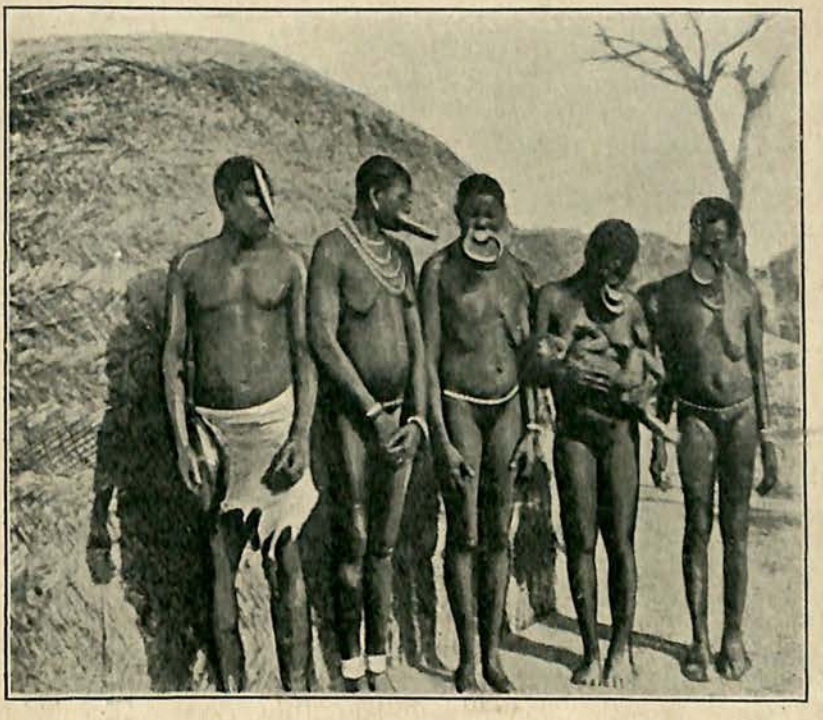
The Sara-Kabba have withdrawn themselves from the roads and the Shari river, and most of their villages are hidden away in the swamps and on the banks of the Aukadebbe. They are as shy as—nay, they are very much more shy than—the game in the bush.

When coming suddenly upon one of their villages one day I heard shrieks, a rush, a rustling in the grass, and there was silence; the population of the village had decamped.

I made myself at home, but informed my carriers and followers that they would "sha wohalla dayawa" (drink plenty of trouble) if they touched any of the things belonging to the natives; and with the exception of a water-pot or two that was broken, no harm was done.

The next morning we continued our march. I dispatched

the caravan with a guide in front and only held back two of the carriers, one with a bale of cloth, another with a box of beads. The loads were opened, I tore off a piece of blue cloth of some 20 yards, put a few handfuls of beads on it and deposited it as a present on a mat under the palaver tree of the village. My two carriers took up their loads, and I rode after them as the last man.



VILLAGERS OF THE SARA-KABBA.

I expected we were watched all the time, and turning round on my horse I saw black shadows flitting from tree to tree into the village.

The next Sara-Kabba settlement we arrived at on the same day we found inhabited by people, and not only so, but the chief came out to welcome the white man who had not tried

to catch the people, who had not burned the village in which he slept, but who had left cloth and beads behind as presents.

"Lu-lu-lu-lu!" "Welcome! white man. Welcome! white man"—at least I suppose that is what their noisy welcome meant. There was much clapping of hands, and broad smiles on the faces of the bush people. They brought food for which we paid; when we departed we were escorted by a crowd to the next village, and thus on till we left their land.

I had been warned that I might have to fight my way through this people, but I found that the Golden Rule worked with bushmen almost better than in the West End of London. "Do unto others as you would that others should do to you." The nearer to nature people live, the more they obey natural laws. What one calls into a wood one gets as the echo back, weaker sometimes, but still the same word. Peace and friendliness, other things being equal, will beget peace and friendliness.

The French Government is doing its level best to protect the pagan natives in the Shari Valley, and a better future lies ahead for the Sara-Kabba people.

At Ngodjo we found an empty camp of some 20 huts made by Mecca pilgrims. We had met with such camps—usually about 15 miles apart—every day since leaving Fort Archambault. One of the fattest of my oxen died at this place. There seemed to be no reason why he should. He was perfectly well until late in the afternoon; then he began to tremble, his temperature rose considerably, he foamed at the mouth, and within a comparatively short time was dead. My cattle people attributed the death of the beast to evil spirits. They knew of no disease that would kill an animal in so short a time in the manner in which it expired.

During the late afternoon I shot five antelope, thus securing plenty of food for all my men. It is wonderful

what the natives of Central Africa can demolish at a meal. Here was an ox and five large antelopes, and in a day or two not a scrap of meat was left.

The old chief in his French woollen sweater and blue knee-breeches, was a most obliging gentleman, who did all he could to please us. Two of his men were veritable giants, one being 6 feet 7 inches and the other 6 feet 8 inches. To watch those braves glide through the tall grass with their wonderful long strides, leaping over or through the bushes, was worth seeing. Without any exertion they ran down one of my wounded antelopes and brought it into camp. The people of the little village kept goats, sheep and chickens, and they grew millet, maize and pumpkins. Within a mile of the village there were giraffe, water hog, hartebeest, water-buck, hyena, and guinea-fowl, and an abundance of other animals.

All day Monday the sky was cloudy, but it did not rain until late in the afternoon, when a terrific tornado broke over us, which continued all night. Two more soldiers and several natives, who had been following us from Fort Archambault, joined our caravan the next day when we left the village. The path was becoming impassable, all the oxen fell with the exception of two, and threw their loads into the swamp. Beds, foodstuffs, everything wet again, with little chance of drying them. We were by turns soused with the rain and broiled by the sun.

The rainy season is certainly not the time in which I would advise people to cross the Sudan. What a difference the two months wasted at Fort Archambault would have made. Things were being ruined at a great rate now. Clothes, boots, tent, were getting into a very bad state. The oxen grew leaner, but my men were as merry as ever. Only the Mecca pilgrims were very thin, and in spite of the meat, still looked hungry. I shot two more hartebeest that morning and gave

them to the pilgrims. One of the latter I saw one evening go up to my horse when it was eating guinea-corn and look hungrily on, while it was munching. I would have liked to have given all the corn to the pilgrims, but then my horses would have died had they not been fed, and the men could manage with meat.

There must be some good in a devotion that will undertake such pilgrimages. Surely the All-Father rewards according as we live up to the knowledge He has given, or the lack of knowledge He has permitted. The piety of these good people stands a permanent monument. Many of them will never see their far-off homes again. They seemed so pleased when I agreed to their coming with us to the Nile. The white man is becoming a passport.

One thing that astonished me greatly was the information given to me that the German Government in Adamawa is levying taxes on pilgrims. That should not be. To avoid these taxes the caravan with me travelled from Nigeria right round the north end of Lake Chad, through Bornu, Kanem, Bagirmi, and then up the Shari. They had spent three months to reach a point which was within 20 days journey by the direct route.

To let the natives of Central Africa suffer on account of European political differences is surely a mistake. It would be a great advance if the European Protectorates of Central Africa could come to an understanding, and agree to have a common law and a common policy of administration, thus showing Europe the way,

> "Till the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled—
> In the Parliament of mankind, the Federation of the world."

Our next halt was a village of seven huts called Kobana.

The many days of rain were beginning to tell on my health. I felt tired and my head ached. The men lighted some

20 fires and lively chatter sounded all round. The oxen were still growing thinner and most of them had sore backs in spite of every precaution.

I rose before dawn and was ready to start at 6.30, next morning, when rain began. I decided to keep my loads as dry as I could, and therefore waited until the storm was over. All the fires were swamped by the rain. The land became a lake. My people managed to stow themselves away into the seven huts, and in spite of the roaring thunder and glaring lightning talked contentedly: I was told that the distance to be covered that day was only 10 kilometres, so there was no hurry; and I delayed my departure until the sun should come out again in the afternoon. When we arrived at the first farm belonging to this village the previous afternoon I had noticed that a herd of elephants had paid it a visit during the night. Would that another herd of elephants might come to visit me! More ivory would help to pay expenses and all the meat I could get would be most acceptable to my men. If only it had been possible to bring home all the heads and skins of the animals I had shot, what a wonderful collection I should have.

At mid-day the rain ceased, and we resumed our march. Silently we pushed our way through the guinea-corn and reached the edge of the grass, which was somewhat shorter than usual. I noticed an animal about 3 feet high galloping away from me, its tail high in the air. Here evidently was the first lion, and a splendid beast. I was off my horse in no time, my helmet dropped down on the other side, and, rifle in hand, I ran forward until I saw it standing 150 yards away in front of a clump of bush and long grass.

I could only see the form of the animal, and the black tuft of the tail swishing hither and thither. The position seemed all right to place a shot forward into the shoulder, and so I let him have it. Down he came without a sound or further

movement. Still, I hesitated somewhat to go right up to the lion, and went round the place in a large circle where I had seen him last, but could find no spoor that led away. There was no tree whence to survey the lie of the land, not even an ant-hill. The ground was so sterile, that nothing would grow, not even ants, and with the exception of the little patch of dense grass where my beast had disappeared all was open, stony ground. There seemed nothing to do but to walk up to the place where the lion had gone down. I had my rifle and revolver handy and went forward. 50 yards—30 yards—10 yards—hallo! there was the beast, lying still, but what a wonderful black lion! I hastened up to the animal and found it—a porker—an exceptionally large wart hog. In unutterable disgust I turned away from it. What a sell to take a wart hog for a lion!

The road was no road, but a swamp. At 4 p.m. we got to the village of Ganda, inhabited by one man and his family. Once more rain began. My poor boys had not been dry for days, and sleeping in wet cover cloths and wet blankets cannot surely be conducive to good health.

Another Mecca pilgrim came to join my caravan. He had been left behind at this place two months previously in a dying condition, but had recovered and now desired to continue his journey with us. He was a Fulah and offered to act as herdsman for the cattle when in camp. He proved a lazy individual. When food was given out, he was the first, but when it meant gathering grass fodder for the oxen or horses he was always the last. He was a man who believed in no work between meals.

Next day, with the road still as bad as bad could be, we went on towards the River Ba, the chief proprietor and inhabitant of the village acting as guide. The banks of the river were graced with gallery forest, behind which stretched a two-mile-wide *fadama*, and after that the bush. Once more

I was enabled to secure a fair supply of meat for my people. I shot in the morning a large water-buck, and a reed-buck, and later on while the people were crossing the river, I added two hippos to our stock.

Before us lay a stretch of uninhabited bush some 80 or 100 miles in width ere we could hope to reach the next village, and the men were glad to prepare the meat for the journey. We therefore camped on the east bank of the Ba River, and by mid-day some 50 fires were blazing up to dry the meat. The Ba River is 100 yards wide, 4 feet deep, and flows from west-north-west to south-south-east. Another ox died during the afternoon and five others had fever. It appeared that most of them had been bitten by tsetse fly on their way from Milfi, where they were bought, to Fort Archambault.

We came across many traces of elephants during the morning. There must be large herds of them still in the Shari basin. I myself had crossed the spoor of at least 500 of them in the neighbourhood of Fort Archambault and on my way to the Ba River. I cannot be far wrong in estimating that in the Shari Valley there are at least some 10,000 elephants, and this would make it one of the greatest elephant countries in the world.

In the evening I had a special confab with my men. I asked them whether they would be willing to carry my loads to Egypt should the cattle die. All volunteered without hesitation. They are often foolish and forgetful, still they are willing children.

At 7 o'clock the next morning we went on again. Another ox died and several were very sick. It looked as if my road was going to be a skeleton road too, but as long as I did not lose my men I did not mind. Four of my own Hausas took up loads again. Yesterday's bright sunshine had dried the road, and things looked more promising.

England is bad enough in the rains, but Central Africa in the rainy season is, I am tempted to say, beastly. It is killing all my animals as it has killed and is killing the slaves of Mecca pilgrim caravans.

Africa is a land of extremes. In some places there is too much water, and in others too little; it boasts the biggest swamp and the greatest desert. At one period of the year people seldom get dry, and at another they die of thirst. The inky blackness which sometimes covers the usually brilliant blue sky is such as one never sees in a temperate zone. Central Africa is very intemperate. It is alive with giant game and microscopic insects; it is filled with elephants, hippos, rhinos, lions—at least this part of Africa is—and also full of miasma, microbes, mosquitoes, tsetse and other little horrors. In Africa we have the smallest people, the pigmies, and in Africa there are also the tallest people, the Dinkas and Shilluks.

In this continent of sunshine, we have the proverbially darkest nights (Egyptian darkness). In Africa we have the oldest civilisation and the most uncivilised savages.

One more ox dropped on the road, and five were in a very poor state of health.

There were many hartebeest about and several small buck, and plenty of spoor of buffalo and giraffe. We camped that night in the bush. In the morning another ox remained behind, and so on until the bitter end. I had to carry food for my men and horses, otherwise we could have saved a good many loads and gone over the ground at a much quicker rate. Our way lay through bush and open forest. At 10 a.m. we came to a number of royal palms, and some very large trees inhabited by black and white monkeys (Colobus), parrots, and paroquets, the screams and screeches of which were quite a change from the usual silence of the bush. A number of large moths came round our camp

fires night after night and committed suicide in the flames. I therefore had a couple of butterfly nets prepared from spare mosquito netting, and we captured quite a few, adding them to the collection of Lepidoptera I had begun at Fort Archambault.

At mid-day we passed the first iron-stone rocks since leaving the barrier of the Nilim hills on the Shari. These rocks are of ancient formation, and usually appear in the form of flat shelves. We found here a large pool with a considerable amount of water, and a number of huts. Bornu traders, accompanied by several Sinussi soldiers, were camped at the place on their return journey from Ndele.

Half-an-hour later we came to a palm *kurmi*, a narrow valley of virgin forest containing a large number of magnificent palms, and just after noon we were at our camping place. Some 20 huts formed rough shelters, and these were soon improved by the men. All my oxen had fever, so had I. Africa was getting on my nerves. Several of my men had sore feet, and the boys were becoming very stupid and negligent. In spite of remonstrances my water bottles were regularly filled with unboiled and unfiltered water, my cooking pots were in a filthy condition, and whatever the boys laid their hands on was ruined in a few hours. I had my first dose of fever. This was probably the reason that things looked so black. True, my temperature only rose about one degree, but the realisation that I should have to look for regular attacks in the future made me sick. I continue to quote from my diary.

The bush was alive with tsetse fly, but otherwise we had reached a gameless country.

Left at 6.30 next morning; had still a little fever, but took six grains of quinine, a good dose of castor oil, and started on my journey.

The road was good at first, winding now towards the south,

now towards the east. At 9.30 we approached a considerable village, but before reaching it we turned to the east and took the shorter, and I was told, the easier road to Ndelë. The other path was said to be impassable for cattle. Our way, which was supposed to be easy, was difficult enough, leading through rocks up hill and down hill. We rested for a while on the bank of a beautiful clear stream, running from east to west, half-a-foot in depth, and 3 yards wide; and after that cut our way through dense forest.

(Here I left off writing for two days, as my temperature rose and I became somewhat lightheaded, but I filled events in afterwards.)

We had passed a dense palm *kurmi* at 11.30, and camped close to it on the other side, clearing the ground and building some 20 huts. I spent a sleepless night with fever, and there was rain from sunset to sunrise. Fever in the bush is no pleasure.

Next day I marched on in spite of fever. I tried to walk it off, and it seemed as if I succeeded, for after three hours' walk through the sun on my arrival at the first Sinussi village of Mungo, I found my temperature not higher than when I started. The chief of the village who, like all the Sinussis, is a fanatical Mohammedan, appeared at first most insolent, but as I took no notice of him, he found his manners after a while. Mungo is a village of 10 families. Water was at a long distance and food scarce. On Tuesday I took my day of rest. The village chief refused to supply us with provisions in spite of the presents of cloth I had given him. The white men, who are all known here as Christians, are hated by the people, whose great recreation consists in hunting slaves. Since the fall of Wadai they have become afraid of the white man, otherwise I think I should have encountered grave difficulties here.

I had now entered the last game preserve of the slave

raiders in Africa, for since Wadai has fallen, Sinussi's country is their last happy hunting ground.

On Wednesday, July 27th, we left Mungo. I had still some fever about me, but hoped that physical exertion would drive it away. We began our journey by losing our way, and found ourselves, after an hour's march, in the pathless bush. We had to return and then, going in a south-easterly direction, after a while found the right path. Two brooks, each some six feet wide and two feet deep, with steep banks, gave considerable difficulties to our oxen. All loads had to be taken off and carried across, and the animals reloaded on the other side. Just after mid-day we reached a rocky *chaur*. I had ridden ahead of my people and decided to wait here for them. I would have camped had there been water, but before we had been at the place for half an hour, we had water in abundance. It rained in torrents. A rushing river went roaring down through the iron-stone barriers of the *chaur* falling in large cascades into the gorge beneath. We pitched the tent in the rain, built several huts of bamboo sticks, bamboo being the only wood available, and then lit fires.

The next morning we were up and away again, passed several deep ravines, and then surmounted two hills, each about 300 feet high. At 8.30 we passed an old camp which we had intended to reach the previous day. At mid-day we halted by the side of a considerable swamp, but there was nothing much to eat as our food supply was finished. Another hour and a half and I could go no further. A terrible headache and rising temperature made me feel as if I were going out of my mind. I rallied during the morning and continued the march towards Ndele.

When the line of march had been formed and the cleanest clothes, though soaking wet, had been donned by my boys and braves, the caravan presented quite a respectable and picturesque appearance. First came Osman, the Corporal

of my soldiers, with the French tricolour, as we were then travelling through the French sphere of influence. This flag had been presented to me by the French Resident at Fort Archambault. After Osman came two French guards dressed in the garb of the troops of the Shari-Chad Protectorate. After that I followed on horse-back, and behind me Dan with the Union Jack, two more soldiers and my personal boys dressed in white and red, which showed off well against the blue-black of the soldiers. After the boys came one of the headmen in a broad-brimmed hat, long flowing robes and a Hausa cross-sword hanging from his sash; after him a line of carriers, then the oxen, then my chief headman, the Hausa pilgrims, and a couple of French soldiers closed the line.

What our reception might be in Sinussi's capital Ndele, I knew not, as I had been warned repeatedly by French Government men in the Shari Valley of the danger of entering Sinussi's realm. What our reception actually was, the next chapter will show.

MARCH TIMES.

Fort Archambault			
	2 hours		9 km.
Sello			
	5 hours		25 km.
Ngore			
	3 hours		15 km.
Komsenga			
	2½ hours		12½ km.
Konodobbo			
	3 hours		15 km.
Bongobolo			
	6 hours		30 km.
Bushcamp			
	2½ hours		12½ km.
Ngodjo			
	5½ hours		25 km.
Kobana			
	2½ hours		12½ km.
Ganda			
	3 hours		15 km.
1 Bush camp (Bar river)			
	5⅓ hours		27½ km.
2 Bush camp			
	5½ hours		27½ km.
3 Bush camp			
	5 hours		25 km.
4 Bush camp (Endoka) Chief Ndingi Mondo			
	3 hours		15 km.
	5 hours		25 km.
1 Bush camp			
	6 hours		30 km.
2 Bush camp			
	5 hours		25 km.
Ndele.			
Whole march	70 hours	or	346½ km.

The distance covered may be a little over-estimated.

Information was secured at Fort Archambault, June 2nd, 1909, from a Mecca pilgrim from Katagum Osman and verified several times.

From Ndele Sinussi, situated in mountains, it is

6 days to Duvas, passing 2 rivers, then
1 day to Gula,
5 days to Min Gella,
11½ days to Min Andal,
1 day to Keffi Genji (Mahmur).

24½

CHAPTER XIII.

In Terra Incognita.

Sinussi—Music Has Charms—Calling on Sinussi—The Sinussi Movement—Farewell—Lost on the Road to the Congo—Slave Villages—A Wet Camp—Lazy Hausas—Bush Camp—Elephants—Bad Luck—Mid-day Lightning—An Improvised Ferry—Tsetse—Donkey Submarines—Driver Ants at Play—The Wealth of Wadda—Wading through Swamps—Raymond Rock—Alfred Rocks.

Ndele at an altitude of 1,550 feet is a town of 8,000 to 10,000 people.* The houses are scattered through several small valleys, some hidden among the rocks, some on the slopes and some on the hilltops. The four important compounds of the Ndele are, the French Residency on Government Hill, a station of a French Trading Company, the large walled compound of the Sultan, and the smaller one of his son.

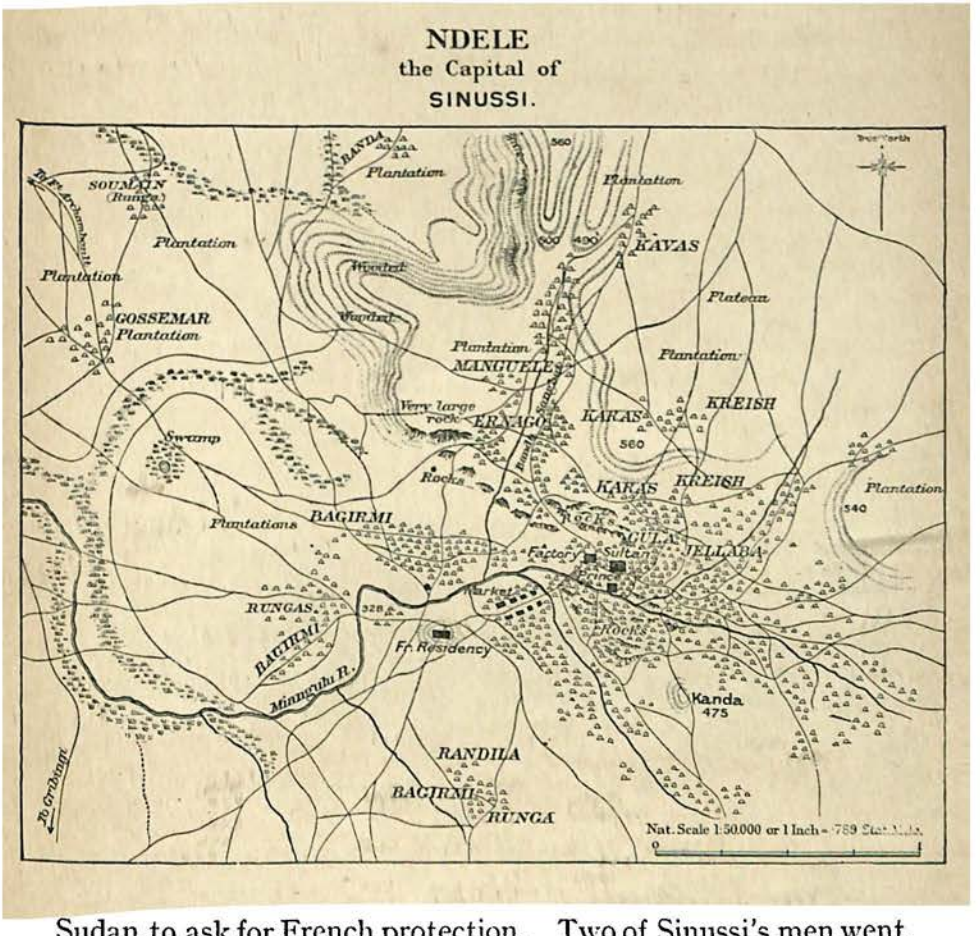
Fifteen years ago Sinussi and his people inhabited a district considerably north of Ndele. They were attacked by the Sultan of Wadai. The mother of Sinussi, two of his sisters, two of his sons, and many of his people were killed, while he himself, with the remnant of his followers, fled to the south and built Ndele.

He manœuvred his little State through the Bagirmi wars, through the Rabba fights, and the troubles in the Nile Valley, which terminated the existence of so many Sultanates of the Central Sudan. He grew rich in black and white ivory, and sedulously set himself to work to arm his people with modern rifles. He is now reported, according to information from the French Government representative at Ndele (Lieut. Raymond), to have some 5,000 fire-arms.

* Notes written at Ndele, the capital of Sinussi.

About 40 villages belong to Sinussi, mostly inhabited by slaves with a few armed Arabs to keep order. Razzias (*i.e.*, slave raids) into the surrounding cannibal country are of very common occurrence. Slaves are still traded into Darfur, and are taken by pilgrims to Mecca and sold there.

Sinussi, so I am told, was the first important chief of the Central



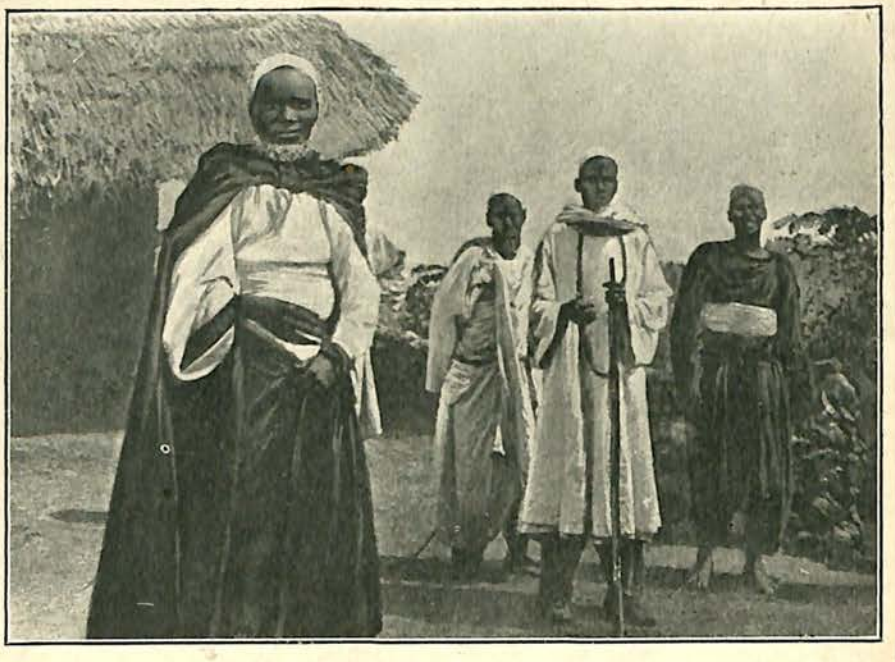
Sudan to ask for French protection. Two of Sinussi's men went in 1900 with Colonel Monteille on an embassy to France.

Three Treaties have been signed by the President of the French Republic and Sinussi. Through these Sinussi has secured all he could have asked for. He has been given a territory about the size of France, and pays a small tribute,

for which the French Government gives him annual equivalents. He has received presents of a cannon and a number of good French fire-arms, and is allowed to do practically what he likes.

He is wise, and seems willing to make friends with white men, especially since Wadai has fallen.

On Sunday, July 31st, Sinussi with a large number of his followers came to call on me. When he approached the



SULTAN SINUSSI OF NDELE.

French Government Post where we were encamped, the well-made road from his palace was crowded with people. With much drumming he rode up our little hill, dismounted, and with considerable agility walked up the verandah of the three-roomed mud hut. Three chairs had been placed for his reception; one for the representative of the French Government, one for Sinussi, and my own old green deck chair for myself. Lieut. Raymond, who was the proud possessor

of two gramophones, turned on the latest French Army marches, stirring military music. Our visitor asked to have them repeated several times, and a half-smile flitted over his features. The inky black eyes of the great Chief, when turned on some of my headmen and personal boys looked as if they might drill holes through them. A lord and leader of men, I could see, sat by my side, who during the last 12 years, in devastating the regions surrounding his territory, has shown that the lives of men and women are to him but as dust under the soles of his feet, to be trodden down or scattered at will. He is about 55 years old, and seems to be implicitly obeyed by his people.

On Saturday, August 5th, I paid him a return visit, well-mounted on my sprightly "Flying Fox," followed by an interpreter and my headman also on horseback, with Lieut. Raymond by my side also mounted, and a crowd of followers from our camp. We descended into the valley and passed the open market-place with its busy multitudes—women of many nations, men with their rifles slung over their backs, sheep and goats, chickens and babies in artistic profusion. We crossed a little brook by a newly-made bridge, where dozens of men were still employed in clearing the road for us, and climbed by a zig-zag path up the rocky slope. Leaving the French trading post to the left, and the house of the heir-apparent, the eldest son of the chief, to the right, we dismounted at the gate of the Sultan's palace.

Under a large wild fig tree the Court had assembled to welcome us, and after repeated hand-shakes the chief himself led us through a large open mud porch, guarded by a French field gun, to the audience chamber.

A number of magnificent Persian rugs covered the mud floor. We were installed in iron rocking chairs, and the rich wild smell of sandal wood and oriental scents filled the atmosphere. Sinussi appeared to possess considerable wealth for an African.

Half-an-hour's conversation about Gordon College in Khartum, of which he had heard, and to which he told me he wished to send his two youngest sons; about the railroad from Egypt to Khartum, and the new railway to Medina, as well as the steamer connections between Wau and Khartum, he seemed thoroughly to enjoy. The newest wonder in modern travelling—airships—he discussed with unexpected appreciation and intelligence. His house, built three-quarters up a steep gorge between rocks, is a flat-roofed building, part of it constructed of mud and part of it of stone. Surrounded by a high thick mud wall, it holds the large family of this powerful Central African Sultan.

On the advice of Sinussi, I changed my route, and instead of going by way of Duwas and Min-Andal, I went *viâ* Wadda and Katwaka.

Sinussi insisted that the other road was impassable on account of the swollen rivers.

VILLAGES BELONGING TO SINUSSI.

1. Bagga.
2. Dumga.
3. Gidda.
4. Dun-Jango.
5. Gos-Amer.
6. Kubu-Sabun.
7. Korja.
8. Soro.
9. Giri.
10. Mila.
11. Jekutu.
12. Kale.
13. Mashoko.
14. Kru-Sulba.
15. Boro.
16. Bul-Kinju.
17. Ngardjem.
18. Bala.
19. Mba.
20. Muka.
21. Mija.
22. Mija-Gudu.
23. Mija-Sundre.
24. Rindi.
25. Shidi.
26. Gilbidi.
27. Mbolo.
28. Wada.
29. Gula.
30. Zagga.
31. Wu.
32. Wawa.
33. Kerfele.
34. Serwa.
35. Kolgon.
36. Tulu.
37. Lubu.
38. Mongo.

The founder of the Mohammedan Brotherhood, "the Sinussia," was Mohammed Ben-Ali-Es-Sinussi. He was born in 1796 at Mostaganem, studied at Fez, and in 1830 went on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Here he founded his first school, "The Sauwija" of Djebel-Abu-Koubeis, close to the holy places. In 1850 Sidi Mohammed returned by way of Egypt to the interior of Barbary, and established himself in the Oasis of Jarbub, where his tomb may be found.

This was the signal for the Mohammedan attempt at proselytising in Central Africa. In 1856 Sinussi sent an Embassy to Constantinople and secured the abolition of Turkish taxes for the members of the Brotherhood.

After the death of Sidi Mohammed, his son, Sidi-el-Mahdi, who was born in 1844, succeeded him. In 1895 Sidi-el-Mahdi fell out with the Turkish Government in Constantinople, and to safeguard himself against any European influence, he left Jarbub and established himself in the Oasis of Kufra. A representative of the Brotherhood, Sidi Mohammed Sunni, was sent on a commercial mission to Kanem, and the trade between the Mediterranean and the Central African States, Bornu, Bagirmi, Wadai and Darfur, was taken away from the old route Murzuk-Tripoli, and directed to a new one which led by way of Borku and Kufra to Bengazi. The Tripolitan traders, who are nearly all members of the Sinussi Brotherhood, did not object to this decision of the Mahdi.

The mysteries of the Sinussi movement have excited much curiosity, and as the headquarters of this movement are situated in parts that have not been explored by the white man, many tales are told about the power and influence of the Sinussi sect. The principles of the movement might be stated briefly as follows:—

(*a*) Back to the Koran;

(*b*) Let all the children learn the Koran by heart;

(*c*) Propagate the faith of Mohammed;

(*d*) Counteract European influence, without fighting, if that may be.

One of the Sinussi Sheiks expressed himself some 10 years ago to me in Dachla, an Oasis in the Lybian Desert: "Let the Europeans leave us alone, and we will leave them alone."

There is no cohesion in Central Africa between the various Mohammedan sects at the present moment, and therefore a fanatical rising might easily be localised, but the hatred of the Rumis (Europeans) is common to nearly all the Moslems.

Sinussi-el-Mahdi died in Borku Tibesti in 1902, and as far as we can gather, the Sinussi movement is to-day controlled by a Sawija of Elders.

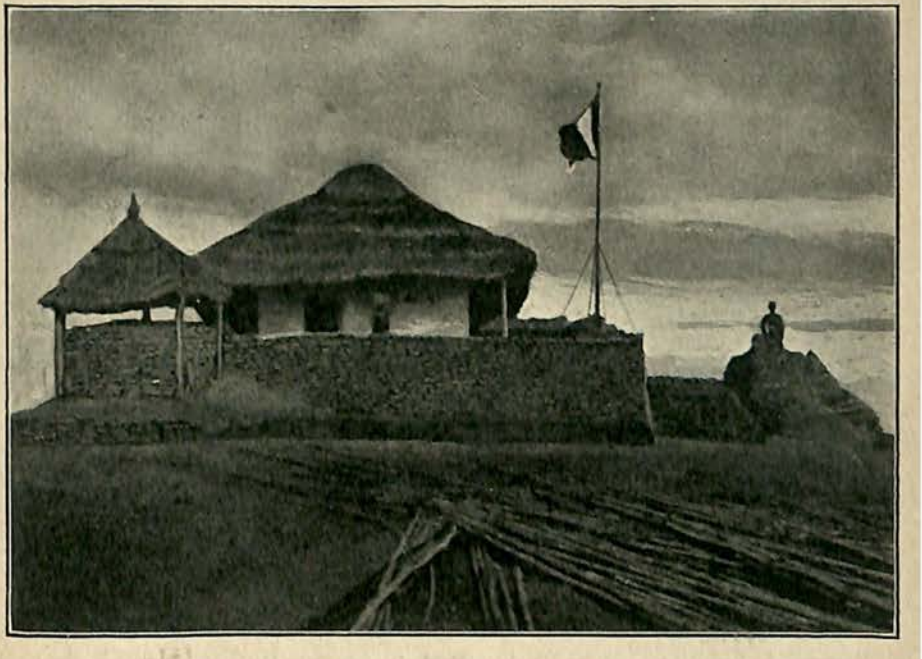
Sultan Sinussi of Ndele, who everywhere in the Sudan is spoken of as *the* Sinussi, was formerly a trader in Darfur, but he is no relation of the religious leader Sinussi. He simply bears the title "Sinussi" in the same way that every other follower of Sinussi, whether he is called Abdulla, Mohammed, Ali, or Suleiman, adds, after his professed adherence to the Sinussi movement, the word "Sinussi" to his name and calls himself Abdulla Sinussi, Mohammed Sinussi, Ali Sinussi, or Suleiman Sinussi, as the case may be.

On Monday, August 9th, my caravan got under way again. The remnants of my oxen I left in charge of the non-commissioned officer belonging to Lieut. Raymond's party who remained behind with a guard at Ndele.

The Sultan and all his people were out to say farewell. My following had assumed considerable proportions. Like a large snake about a mile long it wound its way from the Residency down into the valley below, and up through the town of Ndele towards the Sultan's palace. Lieut. Raymond and 20 of his guards were with me. These guards are levies of the Shari-Chad Protectorate, while the tirailleurs are Senegalese sharpshooters. The latter are exceedingly good

fighting men who have been brought from the French Western Sudan by way of the Congo and the Shari to this territory. There were some 20 or 30 carriers and camp followers with the Lieutenant.

A French trader with 20 carriers had also joined us, then came my carriers and people, the Mecca pilgrims, and a guard of Sinussi's men of some half-a-dozen armed with rifles. Twenty others had gone ahead three days before to prepare



FRENCH POST AT NDELE.

our camping grounds as far as the village of Wadda, making in all some 250 people.

The ascent into the bush plateau from the town was difficult, boulders and brooks giving a good deal of trouble to our horses. The road lay east-south-east.

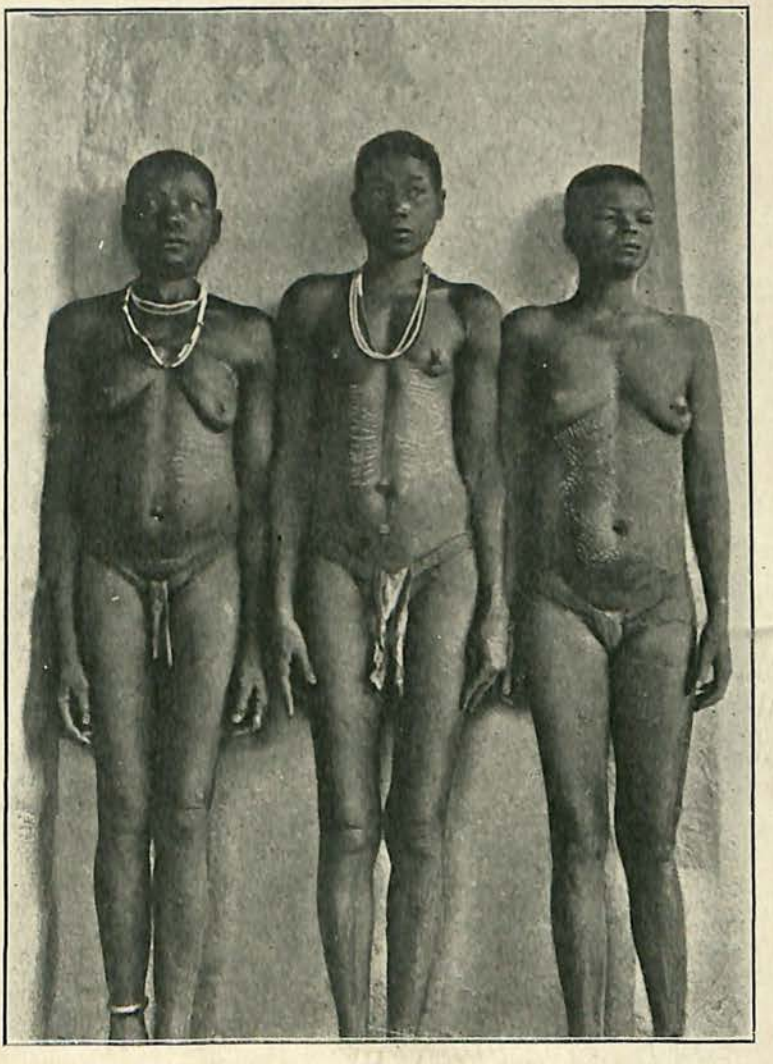
We called the first halt in an open glade where, in the rocky depressions, a good deal of clean water had accumulated,

and later on we three white men went ahead. Our good trader told us he had gone by way of Wadda to the Congo, and therefore knew the path. He promised to take us to the first village in two hours. After two hours we found ourselves lost in the bush on the road to the Congo. Just after leaving the place where we rested, I noticed a road branching off to the left and called the attention of some of my men to it, but our good merchant seemed so sure of himself that we followed him. The bush track was a new one that had evidently been used by some 50 to 100 people the previous day. Unfortunately these people were not our vanguard, but a party of elephant hunters who had gone southwards to kill game. At 3 o'clock we came to a considerable number of bush shelters where people had camped the previous night. Quite a number of fires were still burning, and immediately afterwards we came upon the last of the elephant hunters, who told us that we had gone out of our way and had passed the village. I engaged one of them as a guide and turned back. A thunder storm was threatening, and at 3.30 it came down in torrents just when we had the first huts of the small slave village in sight.

The inhabitants of Sinussi's villages are practically all slaves captured north, south, east and west of his territory, where Sinussi has destroyed all the villages and surrounded himself with a cordon of uninhabited bush some 100 or 200 miles in width.

At 4 o'clock we halted by the side of a little compound of three huts and decided to camp. I had ridden on ahead. Night fell before most of our people arrived. The rain ceased at 5.30, and the evening came, but neither my tent nor the loads with the food supply had reached us. At last the outer roof of the tent appeared, and with some poles and branches the men put this up. It was getting dark. Two of my loads of guinea-corn for the men and horses never arrived at all.

The men who carried them, cattle Fulanis, had evidently preferred to remain behind. This was most annoying, as we were not over well-supplied with food. Before our start



PAGAN WOMEN, SHOWING CICATRICES OF THE BODY.

from Ndele there had been trouble with one of these Fulanis who was on his way to Mecca, and who refused to take charge of a couple of milk goats, or rather was squabbling with one of

my Hausa men whom I had put in charge of our cow. I had told the Fulani to remain behind, and the other two with the guinea-corn had evidently joined him.

Our camp at this village was a wretched one as it rained most of the night. I was afraid that I was in for another dose of fever, but fought it with hot drinks and quinine and thus escaped. We were glad the next morning when the sun rose and we could pack up and go. Close to the village, within a couple of hundred yards from where we had camped, we had to cross a brook running north into the Bahr Auk. The water was only 4½ feet deep, but the banks were swampy, and the horses could not carry us across. Over half-an-hour we spent here before we had all the people, animals and loads, safely on the other side.

This day was the first on which I had to complain about my Hausas. They were lazy. The week's rest and plenty of food at Ndele had evidently not been conducive to a desire for fast marching. The strongest men were the last, and for the first and last time I had to ride behind and wake them up.

About midday we reached the first camping place prepared for us by our Sinussi vanguard. It was a fine place under a number of large shady trees on the banks of a little brook of crystal water. Lieut. Raymond had for the last two or three days been troubled with his digestive organs and fever, and he lay down immediately, but after a good dose of medicine and a few hours' sleep, felt better in the evening.

Before our arrival in camp, we had crossed the fresh tracks of a large herd of elephants that had been wandering about in the bush as it seemed aimlessly. The first men of the caravan had seen them, and I, therefore, decided to go back and discover whether they were still in the neighbourhood. I came up with them at half past two in the afternoon.

They were all around us but the grass was so tall we could

not see them. After much looking about, I noticed two little beasts each about 9 feet in height some 20 yards off, but their ivory was not worth having and I watched for a better chance. In the meantime the two little ones had seen or heard me and went off screaming. Several large animals that had been discovered meanwhile by my boys slunk off too without my being able to get a sight of them. The hunt seemed over, for elephants disturbed by human beings usually run a long way. I thought of going back to the tent, when close by we heard elephants grunting. Another half hour's chase, following the noise they were making through dense jungle and grass 15 feet high, through a brook and swamp where the trees up to a height of 20 feet were covered with mud, as the elephants had just had their mid-day dip, and we came up with two great giants ambling along a rocky ridge on somewhat more open ground about 50 yards off. One of them was a great black bull, and the other almost the same size, and mud-coloured after his bath. I thought I could make sure of the first, but at the moment when I was ready to fire, he turned away from me and went off at a run. I sent a bullet after him but missed. The tusks of the second showed some 4 feet, and were therefore practically 5½ feet in length. He went on in the same direction. I sent four bullets into his head, but he kept on flapping his ears and took no notice. Not once did I see his face, and therefore was unable to try my forehead shot. The hard-nosed bullets of a Winchester ·405 drill such small holes, that if they do not touch a vital spot so that the elephant falls immediately, he will be little the worse for holes that can hardly be seen. Much disgusted with myself I went back to camp.

A quiet, restful night made one feel fresh and contented with the bright new day that dawned the next morning. Yesterday's exhortation of my Hausas had evidently borne fruit. They were now taking the lead and I could hardly

keep up with them. Of the four brooks we passed in the morning, the first two ran north and the second two south, all flowing through deep *kurmis*. We were passing the watershed between the Shari and the Congo system. To my distress our trail lay much further south than I intended to go, south-east, east-south-east, south-east, and I was afraid that we would probably emerge somewhere in the southern parts of Bahr-el-Ghazal in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Just after mid-day a magnificent display of thunder and lightning threatened us with a drenching tornado, but we were able to reach camp before it burst. Rain continued till midnight. Next day, Thursday, the trail used by our advance guard was much overgrown and difficult to find. The rain of two days soon washes away the tracks and straightens out the grass that may have been trampled down. The first large bamboo jungle I had seen on this journey we came to that morning. There were spoors of elephants and many bush cows. In vain I pursued two of the latter and had to be satisfied with a guinea fowl. Before noon we crossed the Quira River and then another open *fadama* on which we camped. A couple of large silk-cotton trees gave grateful shade, and the newly-built huts looked quite cheerful by the side of a clear brook some 2 feet deep and 2 feet wide. In the *fadama* itself where the ground was swampy we found no game. Animal life, with the exception of elephants and buffalo, seemed scarce. I had not seen an antelope for many days, but then, of course, the grass was very high and formed an excellent shelter for the game.

Next day a dense fog covered the whole country and did not rise until 8 a.m. To get through the grass and swamp meant hard work.

At 8.30 a.m. we were at the Patta River, the banks of which are for several hundred yards covered by dense gallery forest.

The Patta belongs to the Mobangi-Congo System and runs

south-south-east. In May I was told it is 2½ feet deep and 20 yards wide, but to-day the water extended on the western side 50 yards into the forest and on the eastern bank for 200 yards, the river bed itself being 30 yards wide, and the water somewhat over 5 feet deep. For 2½ hours we ferried across, having stretched a couple of ropes over the deepest part, and using my Canadian canoe as a ferry.

I rested till 1 o'clock and after that marched for another two hours to our camp on the west bank of a ravine. There was little water at this time, and there would probably be none during the dry season. As there had been no rain during the day the ground was dry and the night deliciously warm. My grey pony died, and also the goats, maybe of tsetse fly, maybe of some unknown disease. Our experiences the next day were the same as on previous days. Multitudes of elephant spoor crossed our path in every direction.

Thus day followed day. Open bush varied with park land, and on the banks of the brooks were small *fadamas*. Here and there bamboo jungles had taken the place of other trees.

On Monday we came to the Bongu River. A French trader from Wadda had sent on a good deal of food to meet us at the Bongu Camp. As we approached the river, wide open *fadamas* lay before us, a country where one would expect large quantities of game. We only saw the spoor of a few elephants and a water-buck, and in spite of our spending three hours hunting for them, we found nothing. The Bongu River, runs from north-west to south-east, is 30 yards wide and 12 feet deep. Close to the banks there are 8 feet of water racing like a mill stream. Several rapids and cataracts makes the passage dangerous. The people ahead of us had built some sort of a bridge, not a very stable affair, but sufficient to get us across safely. The horses and donkeys were swum, or rather hauled, across with ropes. The horses

and the cow swam all right, but the donkeys disappeared in the water, and, as the Frenchman said, looked like submarines. We managed to get them all across alive. The ironstone had now changed to sandstone, basalt and grauwake. The country was hilly and traversed by many little brooks which made the scenery very picturesque. One was glad to get for a while out of the monotony of the eternal bush country and exchange it for meadows, open woods, and park land.

At the last camp I was awakened at 3 a.m. by a terrible uproar. It sounded as if the camp were attacked, but proved in the end to be only a charge of driver ants that sent the Lieutenant and the Trader into the bush in Adam's costume.

On Wednesday, August 15th, we arrived at Wadda. The chief and all his people had come out to meet us. They had been busily engaged for more than three days in building a high road for our entrance. The chief of Wadda is a brother-in-law of Sinussi, and acts as his deputy in that district. We were received with great friendliness, and though the food supply in the village was not as good as we had been led to expect, yet the four days of rest improved the health of my men and prepared them for the severer trials that were still lying before us.

Mohammedu, the chief of Wadda, had come to welcome us on our arrival, on that great treasure of any important African chief, a very fat horse. He was clothed in large blue woollen pants, and a blue woollen gown. He introduced us to his little army of some 50 or 60 men drawn up in front of his house in open square. The men were armed with rifles, but very few of them of modern pattern. While Lieut. Raymond camped in front of the chief's palace, I went out to the little French trading post outside the village.

Wadda has about 1,000 inhabitants and is built on the banks of the Peppi River flowing north-north-east to south-

south-west. Large sandstone boulders with frequent caves among them were close in the river, which at this time was some 30 yards wide and 3 feet deep.

The altitude of Wadda is a little over 2,000 feet above sea level. The people grow guinea-corn, maize, wheat, sweet potatoes, manioc, &c. They have horses and donkeys, cattle, sheep, ducks, chickens and pigeons, and seem, in fact, well supplied with everything. The exports from the country consist of ivory and rubber. Ivory is the most valuable asset of those far-off regions at the present moment, and will probably remain so for a number of years to come, as the herds of elephants roaming in the otherwise uninhabited bush are numerous, and their tusks exceptionally large. Two tusks which I saw in the Shari valley weighed 187 lbs. and 192 lbs. respectively, and were some 9 feet in length.

Sinussi has frequently sent caravans of 100 or 200 people loaded with ivory into the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to exchange this ivory for cloth and other European trade goods. All the ivory of this region is the private property of Sinussi, and as the punishment for any smuggling is death, there is very little of it.

We left Wadda on Monday, August 23rd, with a caravan of about 150 people, and six horses. Some 20 or 30 men had been sent on ahead to prepare our way and our camps as far as the Kotto River. The French trader was going from Wadda towards Mouka and the Mobangi; while the Lieutenant proposed to come with me and help to open this new road to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. We crossed the Peppi torrent which took about an hour, Mohammedu and all his people accompanying us to the other side, and soon we began our march eastward. Later we came to a little brook called Balla Keki and a village called Bango Bale. The ground was very rocky and of sandstone formation. Afterwards we continued through open forest interspersed with glades.

During the whole afternoon it rained heavily. We had to wade through a bad swamp out of which the Lieutenant's horse and himself had to be rescued with some difficulty. The Sinussi chief who accompanied us also measured his length in the reeds.

Next morning, as a result of more or less continual rain all night, we found the ground desperately wet. We passed a swamp, and had some difficulty in getting to the other side. An open *fadama* stretched towards the south-east. We followed it for a while and then turned north-east. The path was badly marked. We cut our own path, as the old one led into a swamp, and our animals could not get through it. Soon we found another *fadama* with another swamp in the centre, and a foot and a half of water. Here we struck the old path again. Large flat slabs of sandstone interchanged with swampy ground. The path was crossed in all directions by elephant spoor. The only marks we could go by now were the trees blazed by our guides. They were all elephant hunters and therefore at home in the bush. Coming to another swamp the horses almost disappeared in it, but after a quarter of an hour, we were across and found our camp prepared on the other side. The warm sunshine during the afternoon was most acceptable and all the things were turned out to dry. They dried all right, but were soaked again later on as it rained all night. We marched this day only four hours.

Next day we crossed a brook running north to south falling in cascades over sandstone boulders. For a little while we continued south-east amongst wild rock formations. Afterwards the bush became a jungle with multitudes of elephant paths. The blazed trail made by our forerunners was almost unrecognisable, but the 150 people with us made a difference.

Soon we reached the "Raymond" Rock, a mighty sandstone boulder some 400 feet high and covering two acres.

I named this sandstone rock after my companion Lieut. Raymond. Here we rested half-an-hour.

We were here face to face with sandstone formation which, like promontories, stretched from the Central African Iron-stone plateau towards the Sahara Desert. Similar peninsulas of iron-stone may be found in the Western Sudan as well as in the Eastern Sudan. They have probably formed the barrier of an ocean that once washed up to the heart of the continent.

To-day similar sandstone barriers hedge in the Mediterranean on the south. They are in evidence at the mouth of the Nile, in Tripoli, in Tunis and in Morocco. On one of my journeys into the oasis of the Libyan Desert about half way between the oases of Charga and Dachla I found coral deposits which, contrary to the view held by many of our geographers that the Sahara never formed part of an ocean, seems to point to the fact that at least the Libyan Desert must at one time have been covered by salt water. The corals found by me are salt water corals probably of the Tertiary period.

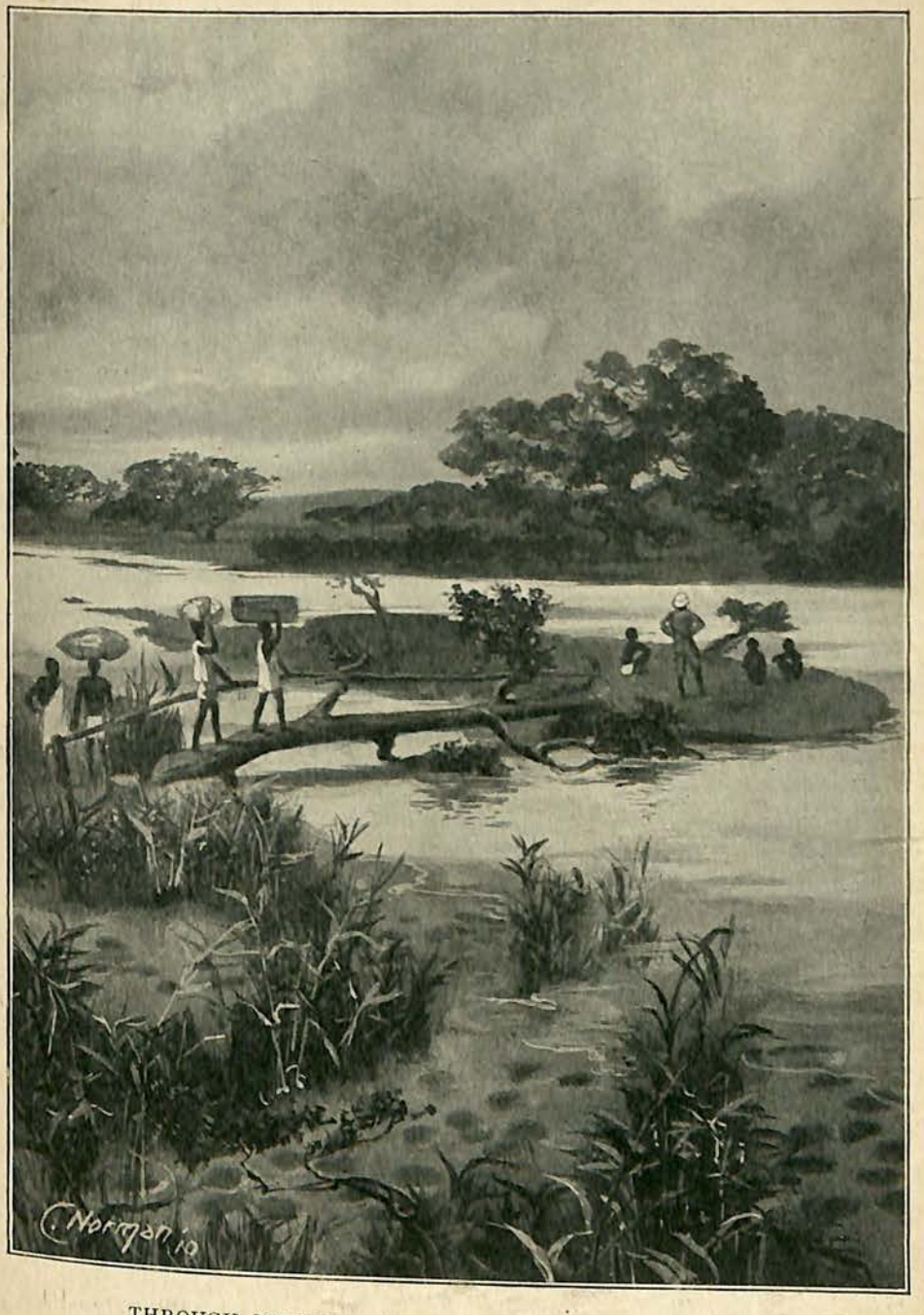
As we were resting on the Raymond Rock our view swept over a vast sea of tropical bush, unrelieved by mountains or human habitations. Like corn fields ripe unto harvest that show the wave motion in the autumn wind, thus the tree-tops of the almost endless forest fields bowed their heads in the rhythmic cadence of ocean billows.

The descent from this rock was difficult for our horses. Immediately afterwards we crossed a little brook, and then passed through bamboo jungle. Five days' journeyings like this, through bush and forest, past the Alfred rocks and a ruined village, through swamps and brooks and swollen rivers; and on Saturday, August 28th, we came to the Mera rock at a place where there was formerly a large village. One of our guides, a slave of Sinussi, pointed out the place where

his hut had stood, and the place where his father had lived who was killed in the slave raid.

In the early afternoon we crossed some half-a-dozen small brooks and swamps, all the water running north-east into the Kotto. Then we heard the roar of the Kotto River, and we camped on its banks where our vanguard had just begun to prepare the huts. Opposite to our camp lay "Patience" Island, and in front of my tent some eight or ten elephant high roads converged at a ford which was evidently the crossing place of the tuskers. There was no rain that day or the next day.

Here was a river before us, powerful, deep and rapid, which had never yet been crossed by any white man. We had trekked into the unknown, and were now face to face with the first serious obstacle.



THROUGH SWAMPS AND BROOKS AND SWOLLEN RIVERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BRIDGING OF THE KOTTO.

Bagirmi Raft—Patience Island—Tornado—Imprisoned on the Island—Second Bridge—A Creeper Bridge—Across—Meat—Still Eastward through the Rain—Soaked—Watershed between Nile and Congo—Lion Spoor—Rain, but No Food—First Footprint of Man—Chary Hunters—Almost a Fight.

"Hankali! Hankali!
Stand clear!"

THE headman yelled as the mighty 500 years' old king of the forest bowed his head to the east, as the branches whistled through the air, and with the last cut of the axes, the trunk gave way, crashing into the roaring torrent of the Kotto River.

For three days we had tried to bridge the river. At first Lieut. Raymond, with about 100 men, had cut down logs, carried them to the water's edge, and then endeavoured to form a connection between our bank and an island in the middle of the stream. He had failed. The river was too wide, and the flow of water too rapid. The second attempt by constructing a raft across did not succeed either, as the driest logs of wood we could find in the forest were all too heavy, and after a large and very weighty float had been constructed, it sank to the level of the water and could carry but one man. It would have taken weeks to get our caravan across with such a contrivance.

The third attempt, which was a private one of Sinussi's chief man who accompanied me, took the form of a Bagirmi float made of dry grass and bundles of thin, dry sticks. This was by far the best. Two ropes were stretched slanting

across the first branch of the river towards the island. The Bagirmi float was comparatively small and could carry three or four men. I tried to lead the way across, believing that by holding on to the ropes the current of the river would carry me towards the other side. I reached the middle of the stream where the water flowed with terrific force. My raft threatened to roll over, and it either meant parting with the ropes, or parting with my float; to keep both together was impossible. I therefore let go the ropes and went sailing down in the centre of the current towards some dangerous rocks below. Two of my boys who had swum across to the island, dived in and joined me on my float, and the three of us, paddling as hard as we could with our hands, landed after a while safely on the island.

Another attempt was made by the second in command of Sinussi's men, but both ropes broke, and the man had to swim ashore as the raft turned turtle. With difficulty the man was saved, but the raft lost.

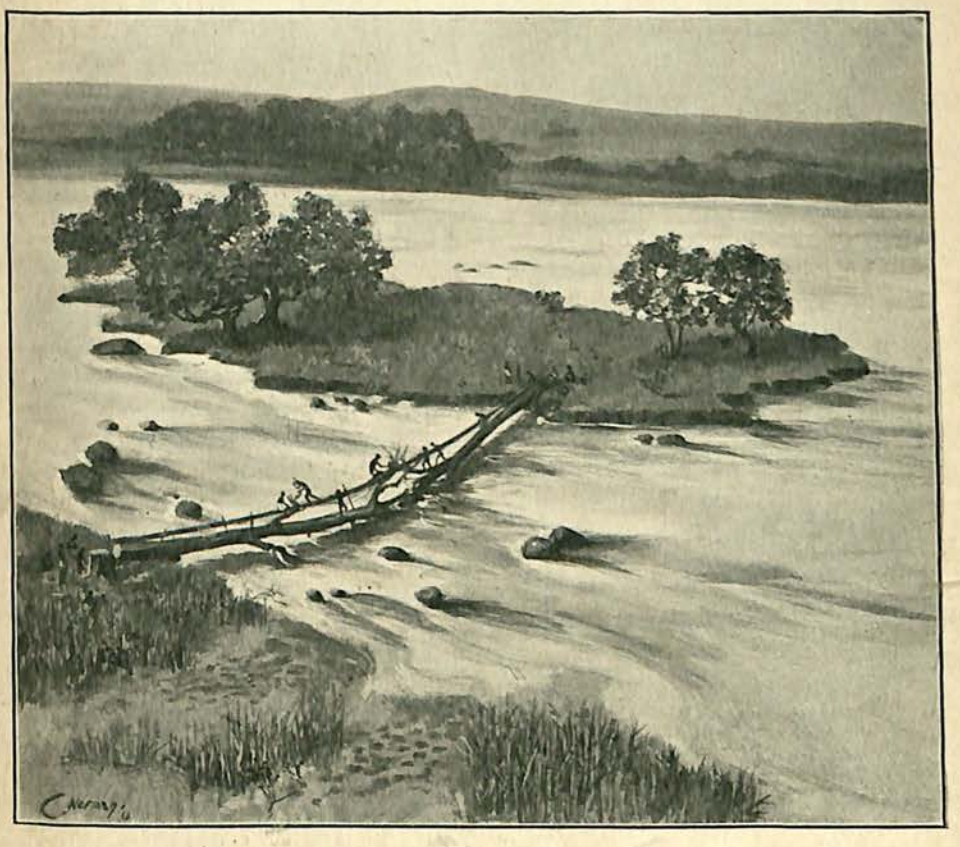
I had previously tried my small collapsible Canadian canoe, but this was altogether too frail an affair for the Kotto, and now we had come to our last hope, viz., to cut down the largest tree on the brink of the river, throw it across, and thus form a bridge. For a whole day the men had worked, and now it had fallen, and with anxious eyes we watched the last branches of the tree as they rose and fell with the wash of the waves.

They almost reached across to Patience Island. There seemed only a few inches of rushing white water between them and the bank.

Four of my best swimmers soon stripped, and climbed out on to the branches that rose from the river. Hand over hand, they hauled themselves like monkeys from bough to bough, until it seemed as if they could have stepped on to the sand-bank of the island.

But there was much water yet to be crossed. With a leap towards the shore the first man dived in, and swimming might and main landed 20 yards below on the island.

A rope was now thrown across, axes followed the rope, and the men followed the axes, and in a comparatively short time, another large tree, growing on the island fell, to be linked



BRIDGING THE KOTTO.

with the branches of the first. Saplings and small trees were now tied to the branches, and thus a temporary, though somewhat unstable, bridge was built over the first branch of the Kotto.

It was 6 o'clock in the evening. Rain was threatening

when we broke camp, and the whole of our caravan, men, women and children, passed safely to the island. Fires soon blazed up. The ground was cleared and a number of huts arose. My tent was pitched, and when the rain and storm came at 8 p.m., we were safe and dry, at least for the time being.

With a feeling of comfort and content I listened to the swish of the rain, and the whistling of the wind through the grass and creepers outside the tent.

Hour after hour passed, and the storm increased in violence. The electric discharges from streaks of lightning changed to blinding sheets of flame, and the continuous deafening roar of the thunder seemed to shake the ground beneath our feet.

The storm became a tornado, and the tornado a hurricane.

Thus the night passed, and when, with the grey grisly morning I ventured out, the water had risen several feet on both sides of the island. The bridge we had built the day before was gone, and not only was our way ahead blocked, but our retreat cut off, our food supply practically gone, and a number of our people sick.

The outlook was of the sorriest. The shivering men sat crouching round the remnants of the fires under their low grass shelters. It seemed cruelty to haul them out and make them work, but work was necessary if we did not want to starve in this No-man's land. Up and down I walked the bank of the second branch of the river, looking for another large tree that might form a bridge, and after careful deliberation decided on one, some 6 feet in diameter which stood half in the water and half out. A number of large branches had grown out of it on the side of the island. These I had lopped off to ensure it falling in the right direction, and then placed my men in ten relays of six each with hatchets and axes. Without a stop the chopping went on from dawn until mid-day when the tree began to give, and with a crash of splintering

wood, the great log sank into the water. It just reached about half-way across the second branch of the river. Four of my best swimmers were soon on the other side, and two hours later a smaller tree fell, but the river carried it away. A second tree, cut down on the island side, which was very long, disappeared entirely in the river, and a third on the eastern bank shared the fate of the first. There were no more trees left on the east side, and darkness began to fall.

The fifth day on the Kotto, and the food all eaten! Some 15 days of foodless bush and only the village of Wadda behind us since we left Ndele, and at Wadda we had bought practically all the food the people had.

Before us, unknown territory, which I estimated, if we did succeed in reaching the first large town of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, would require at least a seven days' journey. The outlook was cheerless indeed; about the most hopeless I had ever had to face.

I scanned every tree on the island, but either they were too heavy to move, or too small to reach across.

Under a large silk cotton tree on the north end of the island I watched a parrot fly screaming away, when my attention was attracted by some twelve strong strands of Liana creepers. The creeper seemed about 40 or 50 yards in length, just the length needed to connect the furthest branches of the tree we had thrown into the water with the first tree on the bank of the other side. In half-an-hour all the creepers had been cut, and one after the other were sent across with ropes. Bark strings secured the ends firmly, and by 7 o'clock in the evening a connection, though a somewhat precarious one, had been formed between the island and the eastern bank. The creeper bridge hung low on the water, and the ropes were toyed with by the higher waves. My men were tired out; they went to sleep whilst standing about. There was no moon; clouds covered the sky, and it was impossible to finish

the bridge during the night. With anxious eyes I watched our day's work. If it rained during the night and the water rose, the bridge would go. There were no more suitable trees, no more creepers, no more food for the men, and no more strength to work. If the water rose, the journey of life, for most of us, would be finished.

Twice during a sleepless night I went down from my tent to the water. The bridge still held, but storm clouds were threatening. Hour after hour passed, and with the first streak of dawn, all the men—there having been no need to call them—were down at the bridge. The bridge still held, was soon strengthened with ropes from the middle to the top of the trees on the other side, thus lifting the centre of the bridge out of the water. At 7 o'clock I went across, the women and children followed, and then the men. My last two horses were swum across with difficulty, but reached the bank after some exciting capers.

Now for food! where is food to be got? Accompanied by a Sinussi hunter, I went into the bush, where we had heard lions roar during the night, in the hope of finding meat, and I was not disappointed, for within a comparatively short time, I succeeded in killing two buck—a reed-buck and a cob.

When I came back I found the camp pitched, and there was rejoicing indeed, for the greatest barrier that we anticipated in our road had been surmounted.

Still there was trial ahead, and when, with the next morning, we set out again eastward, the continual rainfall of the night and morning had not improved our going.

Drip, drip, drip.
Rain, water, mud and mire,
Mire, mud, water and rain.

My helmet became shapeless pulp; not a thread of clothes was dry; all the boxes were clay coloured; the bush path

had turned into a brook; the blades of the 12 feet long grass, sharpened by the drenching water, cut like knives into one's hands and arms.

Slowly our poor animals toiled onwards, climbing in and out of elephant holes full of water. Every few steps my poor beasts fell, and I tumbled off alternately, first on the right and then on the left, into the ditch.

Now and then we came to places especially depressing, where *terra firma* seemed far away in the deep mire.

The continuous splash of pelting raindrops with periodical growls of thunder from a leaden sky, made one ask the question, as elasticity and spirits went down with the temperature of the outside man, "What in all the world did I come to Central Africa for? Why did I not stay at home in my dry, warm rooms, by my cheerful fire, in comfortable garments? Why, indeed?"

At first, we had some sort of elephant path, but latterly we pushed our way with compass observations through the unknown bush, over rocky hills, and mountains, and through swollen streams.

All the provisions had gone. All the flour was eaten, and we were yet some 200 miles from towns and posts that appeared on the maps as British.

The lean, starved bodies of the mothers, with their milkless breasts, and the hungry, protruding eyes of the famished babies, became a nightmare. I had given away all my food, beginning with breakfast food; then the rice went, then the flour, and then the rest, and there was nothing left.

Let me give a few notes as I jotted them down at the time:—

Friday, September 3rd.—Rise at 6 a.m. Rain still falling, Leave 6.30. The ground terribly swampy. Several small brooks have become racing streams. After having passed through a swamp that has taken all the *karifi* (iron)—the

Hausa expression for strength—out of my horse, he goes down with me in a stream. I get off with a sound soaking. Think of changing when the rain commences again. May as well go on in my wet things. Wading through several small rivers, all of them running west into the Kotto, I walk on till 11 o'clock. The country is very hilly. Hills 1,000 feet to 1,500 feet high. It rains all day. Rest in the rain from 11 to 12.30. Continue up hill and down hill till 1.30. Rain stops for a few minutes and we form camp. No sun; no glimpse of the blue sky all day. My boots are getting into a very bad state. Rain during the night. Thank God we are across the Kotto.

Thus day follows day. I have sent five men ahead in the direction of Katwaka and Keffi Genji to purchase food and come back on their own trail, which we intended to follow. I had given them a compass, with directions and instructions.

On the second day after leaving the Kotto we ascended through hill country to a plateau land, out of which single hills, between 1,000 and 2,000 feet in height, rise at frequent intervals. The height of these hills is probably some 3,000 or 4,000 feet above sea level. The ground was covered with bush, and here and there were thick jungle, high grass and stretches of bamboo forest. Traces of elephants, buffaloes and lions crossed our track repeatedly. On the third day we lost the spoor of the five men we had sent ahead, continual rain having obliterated them. Two hours we spent in hunting for it, and as the sun came out for a little while I improved the delay by getting some of my things dried. Time was precious, and so I decided to go straight on without troubling about the spoor of the men ahead of us. In spite of all attempts to secure fresh meat in following every spoor one met, I got nothing during the days between the Kotto River and Keffi Genji.

One morning we heard a large lion grumbling not more than 100 yards away to the right. Without much difficulty I found his spoor and followed it. It was the largest lion spoor I had ever seen, and looked almost like the spoor of an elephant, being deeply imprinted into the wet ground. He had gone towards the south and I followed him for almost two hours, but failed to come up with him. Another day I followed the spoor of roan antelope. The animals seemed to be playing with us and walking round us, but we could not see them in the long grass, and, tired out, had to return to the caravan.

The entry that repeats itself in my diary almost every day is the following :—

" Rain all day, and no food. Been out hunting twice and seen nothing. Horses almost finished; my boots are finished; I hope the journey will be finished soon. Could not rest to-day; the hungry children need food."

On the plateau rocks appear from time to time, and a good deal of metal-bearing quartz shows under foot. The higher hills and mountains lie to the north of us. We are now surmounting the water-shed between the Shari, Congo and Nile systems.

We had aimed for a town called Katwaka, marked on the maps in very large type, and with it appear the names of two explorers in print. We found the site and the ruins of some huts, but no people.

On our arrival there I sent out two search parties to look for traces of human beings up and down the Katwaka River.

They were away for three hours, and came back without having seen any traces. It was now several weeks since we had seen a human being not belonging to our caravan.

I shall not easily forget the wonder on the eyes of my followers as we came upon the first footprints of hunters. The native pathfinder who walked in front of me stooped to the ground and picked up two cobs of maize corn. How

wonderful these two empty corn cobs looked to us. The hungry, grey, ashy faces of my people turned to smiles as they gathered round these first earnests of approaching plenty. For were not these two corn cobs proof we were approaching the fields where these were grown, houses and homes, where one might dry one's self; and the land of corn and *dura*, of pumpkins and pea-nuts, of sheep and fowls, these wonderful luxuries that made life worth living?

During the last week the men had eaten nothing but roots from the bush or leaves from the trees, and had boiled and roasted antelope skins on which they had previously slept.

Now all that would be over, left behind and forgotten. The grave by the little brook we had dug two days before to bury the starved form of one of our Mecca pilgrims; the hungry eyes of the mothers and the famished cry of the babes —all that would lie behind.

Have we not found these two corn cobs, and seen the foot-prints of the hunters? It may only be an hour and we shall be in the village, or it may be to-night, or at the latest to-morrow. But we are near enough to inhabited country. Now we shall get through all right.

I laid six of my best Sinussi hunters on the spoor, and like hungry hounds they followed it at half trot. The spoor was two days old and the rain had in many places obliterated it. It was lost from time to time, but found again.

When it disappeared out spread the hunters—fan-like—from the centre. A minute's search and a shrill note called the caravan in the direction of the one who had found it.

On, on, soon we shall reach the village; soon we shall see the first heavy heads of the long-stalked guinea-corn; soon our hungry eyes shall be gladdened by the homes of human beings.

It is two in the afternoon. The heat of the sun overhead seems to make the tired feet heavier. The snake-like line

of the caravan becomes longer. Here and there men and women lie down, but we have no time to cheer them on and make them follow as we did yesterday. They are so tired and so weak, and some of them sick to death.

Three o'clock in the afternoon. I am walking behind my horse, that has reached the end of its strength. Thirty of my Sinussi men, with the Sinussi chief, are now ahead of me running on the spoor.

Listen! whatever is this? Angry voices shouting in Arabic. Voices that do not belong to my caravan. I get on my horse, and with some difficulty put him into a gallop. Fifty yards, a hundred yards, and I can see

—a camp. A strong zareba stockade with four huts inside and

—the smell of roasting meat!

My thirty Sinussi men have taken shelter behind trees, and have their rifles ready. Inside the zareba some ten or twelve men are pointing their rifles at us, and are calling out in Arabic,

"One step forward and we fire."

What a reception. Without taking notice of the threats of the Zareba people, and telling my Sinussi men not to move, and certainly not to shoot, I ride on towards the camp alone, my boy with the Union Jack following.

I call out to our opponents, "Salaam aleikum," "Peace with you," I point to the flag behind me and ask them whether they know that "bandera" (flag); I tell them that we are very many, but that we do not want to fight.

Are they British? So are we.

On I ramble in the best Arabic I can produce. Slowly their rifles are taken down. They see I am unarmed, and that therefore their fear that we might represent one of the Sinussi slave raids is unfounded.

Even here on the borders of the pathless forests, the white

man is respected as the powerful agent of peace and justice.

On my enquiry for their leader, a tall man of about 40 years of age steps forward, leaves his rifle in the hands of one of his men, and comes up to me.

"Where do you belong to?" I ask him.

The answer comes, "To Malagere and Keffi Genji."

"What are you doing here?"

"I am hunting and have shot a giraffe yesterday."

"Will you show me the way to Malagere? My people are starving and we come from the west, many days' journey. If you show us the way, I will give you much cloth, and handfuls of beads as well as silver. You need not be anxious about your meat, for though we are starving, and I am afraid some of the weaker are dying, yet we do not steal; but if you would sell us your meat, we will buy it from you."

Thus a bargain was struck. We formed our camp, bought most of the meat the hunters had; fed the starving; sent back the strongest to carry the faint-hearts into camp, not one of whom was lost; and—rested.

The fearful forest lay behind us, and the lands of Father Nile ahead.

Plate. 5.

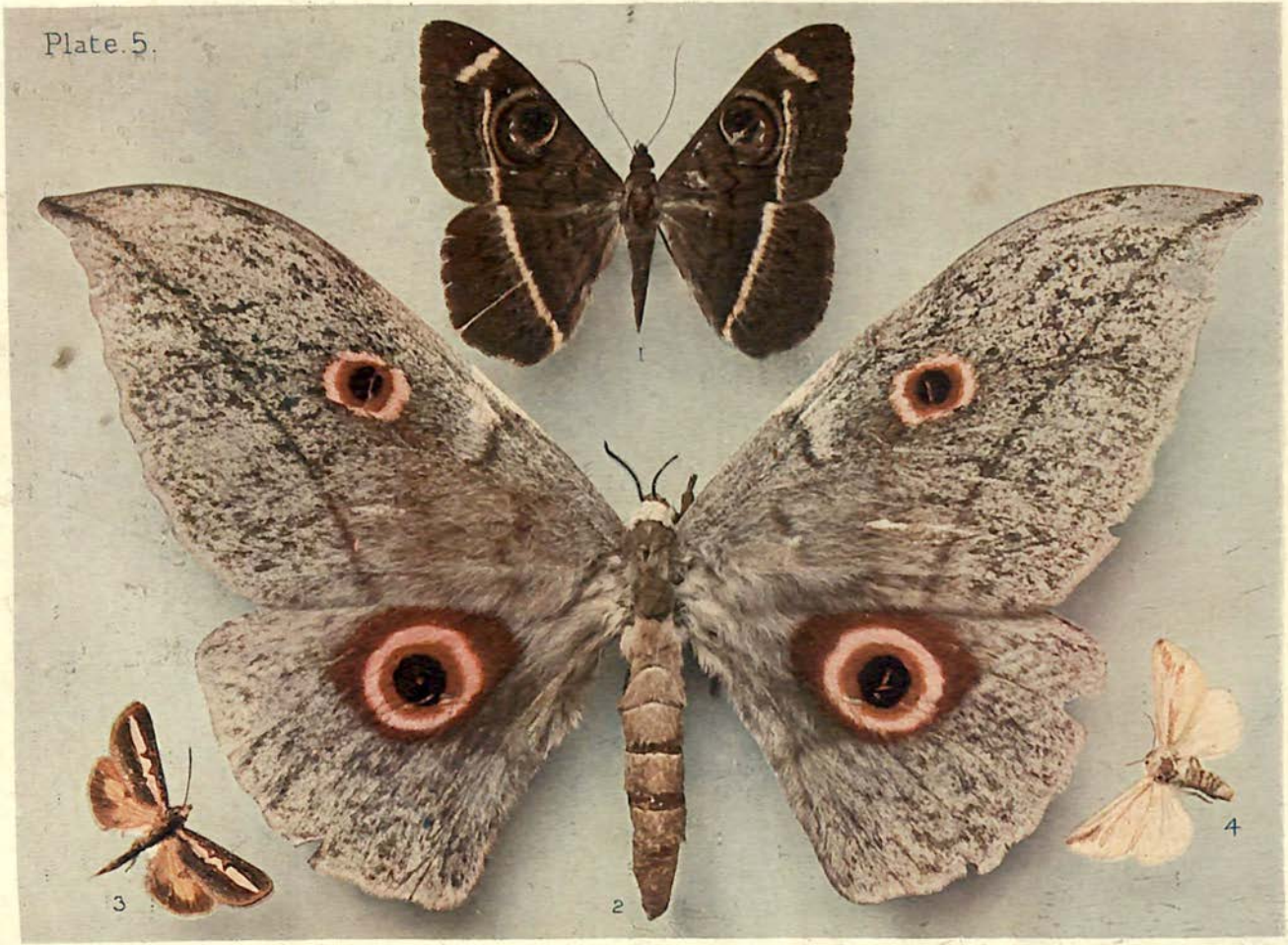
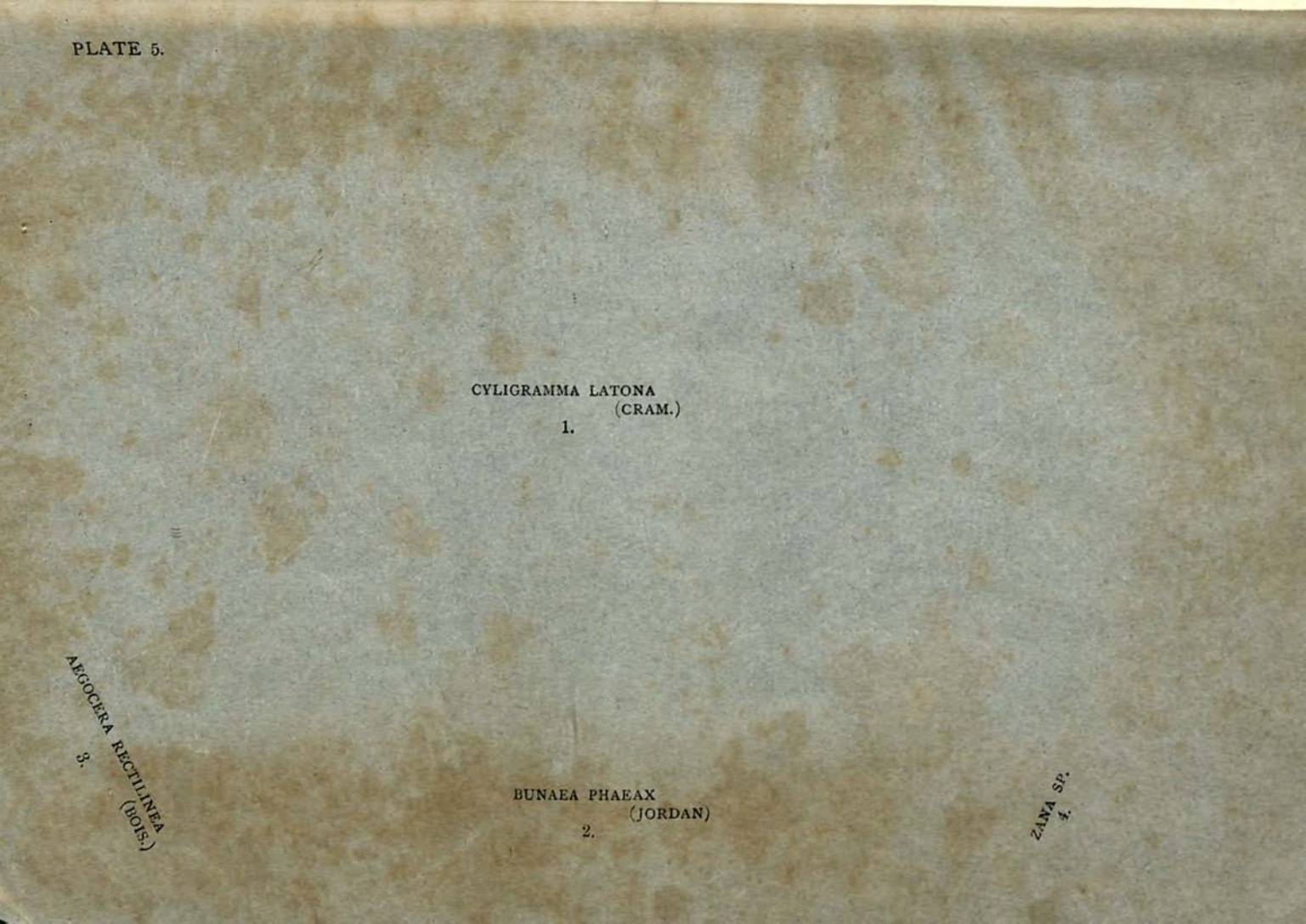


PLATE 5.


CYLIGRAMMA LATONA
(CRAM.)
1.
BUNAEA PHAEAX
(JORDAN)
2.
AEGOCERA RECTILINEA
(BOIS.)
3.
ZANA SP.
4.

БГАТЕ 0

CHAPTER XV.

INTO THE NILE REGION.

At Keffi Genji—The Mahmur's Prayer—The Caravan Diminished in Number—Isa's Breakdown—Honey-Hunting—A Bad Ford—A Deserted Town—The Arab River—The Kreish Pagans Converted to Islam—Tsetse—Rain—Road Making—Crossing the Raja River—The First White Man—Aulad Sheitan—Osman and the Mule—Dan and the Mule—Crossing Rivers—An African Night Scene—Dem Ziber—Rest-Houses—Nyam-Nyam Cannibals.

As an exception to the usual run of trans-African exploring expeditions I neither experienced heart-stirring excitement in traversing the unknown, nor can I refer to the proverbially cool, stoical meeting with the first civilised man, after coming out of the unexplored.

I had sent runners ahead to Keffi Genji to tell the Egyptian Mahmur who represented the Government there, of my arrival.

My Sinussi men, who had done such splendid work in the bush, gave me some difficulty after we had reached inhabited country. Some of the men who carried my loads, and the armed soldiers, were evidently slaves of Sinussi, and their chief was anxious to take them back with him, and not give them a chance to escape. It is exceedingly difficult to find out from the native whether he is a free man or a slave. All belong to their chief. While slave raiding as carried on by the Moslems from the north cannot be condemned in too severe terms, the household slavery of the Sudan is an institution which should be gradually removed in a similar way to that in which it has been abolished in Egypt. With the cessation of slave

raiding and traffic in slaves, the value of the slave disappears and he is practically free.

Another reason why the Sinussi chief may have been afraid to come with us as far as Keffi Genji, though he had strict injunctions from Sinussi himself to accompany me to that place, may have been that his conscience accused him of former misdeeds, and thus his intelligence warned him of a punishment that might be in store for him at the Government post. Be that as it may, I prevailed upon him and his people to come to Keffi Genji and stay with me two days. After I had supplied him with a considerable amount of food in the shape of millet, guinea-corn, sheep and chickens, he left again for the west, while I continued towards the east. Once we had broken a high road through the bush from Ndele to Keffi Genji, there was, of course, no difficulty in travelling with considerable speed back the road we had come. It was the opening of this road through the forest, swamp and grass, that had presented such difficulties. A number of men unencumbered by old people and children could, with comparative ease, get across the Kotto River again, making use of the bridges we had built.

The Mahmur of Keffi Genji received me hospitably. He came out to meet me mounted on a mule, and looking in his Egyptian uniform much like a British officer. His movements, his behaviour, his curt commands to his inferiors, his hospitality, bore the imprint of British civilisation, but after an hour or two with him, the native came to the surface. While we were sitting at the luncheon table, he suddenly ordered his boy to bring him a blanket and a wash-basin and without informing me what he proposed to do, he took off his boots and socks, washed his hands, face and feet, knelt down on his blanket, and went through his form of prayer right in front of me. Knowing the Egyptian well, and having lived in Alexandria and Cairo for several years, I saw, of course, that

this prayer was simply for show, and it appeared to me on that account most objectionable. Why could not the man, if his time for prayer had come, though it certainly was not the regulation hour just then, have gone into his private room and there prayed?

During the afternoon a thunderstorm commenced. I had invited Monsieur le Mahmur to take a cup of tea with me, when the lightning began. The poor man became much disturbed and seemed uncomfortable, as I could see by his movements and his face, and after a few moments of hesitation he begged me to excuse him, saying that he would like to retire. He always went to bed when it thundered, as he was much afraid of being struck by lightning. And yet this same man, I doubt not, would without quailing, have faced an enemy in open battle, but superstition and fear of the forces of nature marked him as a true African.

On Wednesday, September 15th, my caravan was formed again at Keffi Genji, though it had melted to much smaller proportions. The Sinussi people had gone back, the Mecca Pilgrim caravan desired to celebrate Ramadan (the month of fasting) at Keffi Genji, and a number of my own Hausas came to tell me that they were ill, sore-footed, and too tired to go on; so I added 18 new carriers to a number of my old men, and paid off the rest, giving them 12 dollars each for the last month's service. They had been paid at first every week-end, but latterly monthly. To leave them at Keffi Genji was against my wish, as I desired to take them to a larger town, such as Raja, Wau or Khartum, but they felt they could not go on. They wanted to go back with Sinussi's people to Ndele, from thence to Fort Archambault, and then to Yola in Northern Nigeria. Thus my caravan had melted down to about 35 people.

We went as far as Guku (four miles) during the afternoon, and stayed there the night, a good mud house and a large

shady tree in front making the camp comfortable. There was no rain during the night. My new headman had some difficulty in getting the caravan into order. He is called the "headman" of the caravan because he is always at the tail-end bringing up the stragglers. This is another of the multitudinous African contradictions.

My old headman Isa had also been left at Keffi Genji. For a number of days he had suffered from fever and sore feet. He wanted to come on with me, but at the last moment found that his strength was not sufficient. He came to me on the verandah, and sitting down in front of me said, "Father, I cannot go on," and as he said that he bowed his head to the ground and burst out crying. I was much affected myself for he had been honest and true, faithful and trustworthy, strong and helpful. I heard later on that he and a number of my Hausas had, after a few days rest at Keffi Genji, followed on our route, and would probably arrive at Wau a day or two after my departure, to enlist there with others of my Hausas who had already done so in the 11th Sudanese Battalion.

EGYPTIAN OFFICER OF THE 11TH SUDANESE BATTALION.

On September 16th, at 6.30, we left Guku. The new carriers took some time to get ready, but after they had started the change in the rate of marching was most gratifying. They went nearly all the time at half-trot, and the remnant of my Hausa boys and myself had considerable difficulty in

keeping up with them. The country was undulating, the road good. Two little brooks and a river called Geffo which we crossed, ran in a northerly direction. The weather was very hot in this low-lying country, and when we reached Mirsal Gabel, our destination for the day, a small village not far from the hills, we were steaming with perspiration.

Slowly the men toiled onwards through the afternoon. The level rays of the sun cast gigantic shadows of the trees on the leaf-covered ground, and played with scintillating light effects among the grotesque rocks on the right.

From time to time I heard the low whistling of my hunters. I had wondered at the same note being repeated again and again, when three of them turned uphill and scrambling through the rocks, chased each other up to a gnarled old trunk of a forest tree. Out came flint and steel, a few dry bits of grass were crushed and in a few seconds were ablaze.

Green leaves were added and dense clouds of smoke arose and enveloped the old tree. Whatever were the men doing ?

One chopped away at a hole in the tree to widen it, and then poked the handle of his tomahawk through the hole into the heart of the trunk. The men who had stood around me up to now left me quickly, dropped their loads and started to race for the smoking tree, chanting as they went along "Honey, sweet Honey! The birds have brought us honey."

Handfuls of waxen honey-combs were distributed, and maggots, eggs and honey disappeared between the grinning lips. Now and then one of the boys gave a yell, and flapping his hands ran as some of the stupified bees came to life again. If there had been half-a-dozen bees' nests instead of one, there would have been a little for all my people; as it was, the stronger got the sweets, and the weaker had to be satisfied with the smell of the smoke.

It was explained to me later that the low whistle that had drawn my attention, was the answer of my hunters to the note of the honey-bird, a bird which always advertises the presence of the bee-hives.

During the afternoon a thunderstorm threatened, but the wind was north and the storm passed.

Next morning we waded through another small river running north-east. The passage was very difficult for my horse, as a number of large rocks formed waterfalls, rapids, and cascades, but he got over at last to my great relief. Still our journey was very far from being easy, big boulders obstructed the path as we skirted several rocky hills on our right and on our left. At noon we were at the village of Niama, where a number of good rest-houses surrounded by guinea-corn fields were built on the slope of the little hill.

From going east, we turned the next day southward, with a little variation sometimes towards the east and sometimes towards the west. During the morning we passed two small rivers running east-north-east and several brooks running in the same direction. The weather was cool, the sky cloudy, the road good, and only in a few places swampy. There were rocky hills on both sides, but nothing over 1,000 feet above our level. The road had been much improved by the natives. At 10.45 we were at Faragalla where we camped. I was getting into country now that had been visited by one or two white men in Government service, the result—a distinct improvement in the road.

Next morning we passed the deserted town of Gaber, where about 30 dilapidated huts and an abundance of wild farm growth were lapsing into bush. The people have removed to a new place some six miles further south; a site which has evidently appealed to them as being more desirable than their former home. I camped with them there.

My old enemy, sleeplessness, had begun to trouble me again.

To be compelled to travel during the day, and then find no sleep at night makes considerable inroads into one's strength.

When we re-commenced our march at 6 a.m. rain was still falling and continued until about 9 o'clock. The grass was high and soaking wet; our road lay practically south with a few degrees to the east. Later in the morning we reached the Boro River, which, with the Bahr-Ada coming from the Jellaba country, forms the Bahr-el-Arab.

The Bahr-el-Arab is the longest unexplored navigable waterway in Africa, perhaps in the world; it is between 600 and 700 miles in length, and flows through British territory, but it has never yet been navigated by a white man.

Gessi Pasha 35 years ago crossed the river twice. On page 296 of his book, "Seven years in the Sudan," he states that when he approached the bed of the Bahr-el-Arab near Delgauna he crossed a valley which in the rainy season becomes impassable. He saw an enormous quantity of game; his men killed three buffaloes, two giraffes, a wild boar and seven antelopes.

During the rainy season the Arabs from Resegat, Shakka, and Kalaka bring from the north more than 100,000 cattle and sheep to feed on its banks. The Bahr-el-Arab marks the limit separating Darfur from the Bahr-el-Ghazal province.

On page 330 of the same book Gessi Pasha states that in August the water of the Bahr-el-Arab was deep and the breadth of the river about 700 feet. Both shores were covered with thick forest, containing many dulup trees. Again on page 391 Gessi Pasha says he saw from his steamer on the Bahr-el-Ghazal in the distance the wooded shores of the Bahr-el-Arab, but it would have taken four hours of uninterrupted navigation to have reached them, and his way was blocked by sudd. Lieut. Huntly Walsh, Resident at Raja, estimated that some twelve miles of sudd closed the mouth of the Bahr-el-Arab.

The Boro River, which runs eastward, is some 40 to 50 yards wide, its banks are steep and the water close to them 10 feet deep.

When leaving Northern Nigeria I had intended to cross from the Shari to the Nile system by way of the Bahr-Auk and the Bahr-el-Arab. At the mouth of the Bahr-Auk it was the shallowness of the river that prevented me working out the previous plans, and when at the head waters of the Bahr-el-Arab my food supplies and means of transport were reduced to such an extent that I was afraid to venture the lives of my followers in the solution of the problem of the navigability of this river.

A good canoe built out of a number of pieces of hard wood well joined is used as a ferry, and a strong rope of lianas forms the connection between the two banks of the Boro.' My horse, being far from strong, found great difficulty in getting out of the water; and when at last he succeeded in climbing up the bank, and put his nose under my arm and whinnied, I felt as if an old friend of whose life I had despaired had been given back to me.

On the south bank of the Boro lies the largest Kreish village, called Naka. Its chief Said lives in an excellently arranged compound. He is the chief of all the Kreish, formerly an important pagan tribe, but now much decimated through slave raiding.

Awhile ago Moslem Mecca pilgrims came to Naka, eager to propagate their faith. They preached to Chief Said, they showed him how to pray, and instructed him in the ways of the faithful, till the chief and his brother, proud of their holy teacher, openly confessed their conversion to Islam. Now they were fasting during Ramadan, proposed to go to Mecca, and said their prayers like any other fully qualified Moslems.

Sultan Said of Naka showed himself most hospitable during the hour I spent with him.

The tsetse fly is a terrible pest in these western parts of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, and my horses had not escaped its attentions ; in consequence of which I was afraid I should lose " Flying Fox." Sultan Said told me he had lost 37 horses, so I cannot complain that I have lost seven. He offered me his last stallion, an unsightly beast as compared with my beauty, but strong enough to carry me to Wau. I left " Flying Fox " with him and took his blind horse. In the afternoon, I continued as far as Mariki, a large Banda village. Its Sultan, belonging to the Adja Clan, founded this place seven years ago and has gathered around him about 1,000 people, nearly all of them fugitives from the Sinussi territory. Everything looked prosperous and peaceful ; the clearing on which Mariki is built was at this time one vast field of guinea-corn four miles in diameter. At the south-eastern edge of the farms a deep and rapidly flowing brook gave us considerable difficulty. Its channel was only 15 feet wide, but 10 feet deep, and we had to haul the horse across with a rope. We were all becoming desperately tired of trekking and longed to see the steamer at Wau—14 days more.

Next day we camped in a little village called Chammis. Our reception was not over kind, but we made friends as we went along.

On September 23rd, we started bright and early as usual, rose at 5.30 and left at dawn, marching through pelting rain. We reached a little village called Minangwe at 7.30 and waited there until 8.30, when we thought the rain had rained itself out. No such thing. It soon came down again in torrents, continuing all the time until, passing a hill some 1,200 feet high, we got to a one man's place, called after him, Hassan. Fires were lit in the two huts of which the village consisted, and we began to dry our things.

I placed a tripod over the fire in my hut and smoked my

pith helmet, put a bench close to the fire and curled up on it as near to the blaze as I could get, covering myself with two camel-hair blankets, and then began to steam. I kept at it till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and after a meal of sorts, consisting of tea and a very dry piece of bread, I was ready to go on.

We left amid bright sunshine, and, spirits as well as bodies less damp now, we marched on till sunset. Then we camped on the west bank of a brook some 12 feet wide and 4 feet deep. It only took half-an-hour to form camp, pitch the tent, gather wood and light the fires.

As it was late the men did not build huts, and as a consequence got drenched by heavy rain during the night. Things looked very miserable in the morning, as soaked and sad we stolidly tramped through several small brooks and reached Chaur Mirapira at 8.30. This Chaur, as it is called by the natives, is not a *chaur*, but a small river 35 feet wide by 3 feet deep, running south. All the morning we continued with little rest till in the afternoon we reached the small village of Ngolo tired out, after having passed through some exceedingly long grass.

Last year, in obedience to the white man's command, a lane had been cut by the natives through the bush, and the grass cleared away to make some sort of a road. As a consequence of the ground being thus disturbed, the grass had sprung up to a phenomenal height, and the former road was marked by the tallest grass.

The welcome the chief gave us at Ngolo was not altogether what might have been desired, as it included the information that between his village and Raja, where I hoped to see the first white man, there were two impassable rivers, and, though the distance was only five miles—less than an hour and a-half's march—it would be no use to attempt it that afternoon.

Once more I was face to face with "It can't be done." How

many times I had heard that already on this journey. I was not going to give up without having another good try to turn the " It can't be done " into " It is done ! "

Preceded by a couple of men as guides my tired men and myself set out again at 4 o'clock. If the worst came to the worst, I had still my Canadian canoe with me, and if the men and the loads could not follow, I intended to go on, with two or three of my best swimmers, and get to Raja somehow.

In the first impassable river we found that the water only reached up to the men's necks, and without even halting, the caravan went straight through. But the second, the Raja River, presented a somewhat more formidable obstacle. We stood on its banks at half past five waiting for the ferry boat to carry us across. There was a ferry boat on the other side, but no people. The water was 20 feet deep and exceptionally rapid. A number of rocks further down had formed whirlpools and I did not like the idea of sending any of my men into the water ; I would not have liked to have swum across myself and what I could not do I certainly would not ask my men to do. Bang ! bang ! went the guns. Crack ! crack the revolvers followed ; but there was not a sign of life on the other bank. The tired bugler, who had laid down by the side of his load, was impressed to send his signals across, but that did no good. We fired a volley with several rifles, but there were still no signs of ferrymen. An hour had passed, the sun had set and darkness was falling fast. I did not like the idea at all of camping in the bush when the town of Raja, with the first white man's bungalow, lay in sight on the other side of the river ; my men, too, were anxious to get across, and once more Dorina (the hippopotamus) came to the rescue. Half-a-dozen water bottles made out of native gourds were tied together and Dorina had them fixed round his shoulders, the mouths of the water bottles, of course, being properly stoppered up.

Through the long dense undergrowth he worked his way about half-a-mile along the bank up river, and then dived in. He swam for all he was worth but the current swept him down, and we were afraid that we would lose our brave hippo amongst the rocks. He just managed to get close enough to the other side to catch hold of some long over-hanging branches, and slowly he crawled ashore half a mile below where we stood. He set up a great hullabaloo when he got his breath, and with voluminous gesticulation succeeded in informing the natives of Raja that a white man was waiting on the other side of the river. There was much rushing about, tom-tomming and shouting, and a large crowd of people clapping their hands and shouting "Maraba, maraba!" ("Welcome! Welcome!") came running down to the river.

The boat was paddled across with a couple of sticks, and in a comparatively short time I found myself in the Residency, where a naval man—Lieut. Huntly Walsh—was comfortably installed as Inspector of the Western District of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. With an Egyptian Mahmur and an Egyptian doctor, the three formed the Government staff at Raja. There were also one or two Greek traders in the place. The chief of Raja is a man of considerable importance, some 6,000 or 7,000 people belong to him. The market place is visited daily by about 800 people. The traders are nearly all Arabs, but a few Bornuese and Fullahs come from different parts of the Sudan.

As mentioned already at the beginning of this chapter I cannot refer to any great excitement on meeting with the first white man.

Mr. Walsh treated me most hospitably. He had been informed that the French were coming to take his country away from him. I do not suppose he believed it, but in these very out-of-the-way places one never knows what may happen. In case of European war it would be weeks, and at the out-posts of the

Shari-Chad Protectorate, months, perhaps, before the white man there would hear of it.

It was so refreshing to be able to stretch out on an Angareb (Arab bedstead) and without restraint speak in English. In camp it was usually a mixture of Arabic, Hausa, French and pigeon English, according to the men who were addressed.

Two days I had spent in delicious laziness, and on Monday, September 27th, after having secured eight new carriers, retaining 14 of my Keffi Genji and eight of my Hausas, the boys and a soldier, we left Raja at 2.30 p.m. marched for two hours, and then camped on the east bank of the Faragalla brook. My horse I had exchanged for two mules, as the tsetse fly was reported to be very bad between Dem-Ziber and Wau. During our two hours' march a heavy thunderstorm threatened, and the frequency and fierceness of the lightning was something quite abnormal. At night we had a little rain. The men had plenty of food; I had brought two sheep with me from Raja and a great amount of guinea-corn. Our camp consisted of five huts and my tent. It is of the greatest importance to keep the men as dry as possible in the rainy season, as they are as susceptible to colds as Europeans. In spite of all my remonstrances, the boys will put their blankets on as soon as it begins to rain and keep marching in them, getting them wet through, and then they creep into their huts and wrap themselves up in these soaking garments. Next day, of course, their limbs are stiff, and they are usually in for fever. I kept on preaching to them that if they wanted to go out into the rain, they should take off all their clothes. Their skins would be their best covering in the water, and when they came back into their huts, they could put on their dry clothes, but my preaching was in vain. I suppose they thought they knew better. It is, of course, easy to lay down rules to prevent cold and fever, but it is not always as easy to live up to these rules.

I had felt cruel during the day in riding my little mules, whom I think I could have carried as easily as they managed to carry me. One of them, of Abysinnian breed, had the quagga marks on its legs. The minds of mules are different from the minds of other animals, for they delight in doing the unexpected, and not what you want. They are in fact, as the Arabs call them, "Aulad Sheitan" (children of the evil one). The Lieutenant from whom I got them, told me I should find it impossible to saddle the Abysinnian one in a quarter of an hour. As a matter of fact, my boy saddled him in five minutes. He was as quiet as a lamb. A few days later I wanted him to walk over a bridge. There was a certain amount of water to be waded through before we got to the narrow bridge, but as soon as we got to the beginning of it, my mule would not put his foot on to it, but decided to investigate 15 feet of water by his side. Do what I would I could not get the beast to go on to the bridge until I had dismounted into the water and by main force had him hauled and pushed over it. He used to give us many merry minutes in the morning, especially after he found out he could play with his stable boy, to which honourable position my former interpreter, Osman, had now been degraded. I had found this same Osman stealing melons in a village, when I had just given the boys enough food to last them for days, so I told him that I would have to hand him over to the Resident and have him imprisoned. He was very much frightened and with tears begged me to let him off and he would never do it again. For the first time, perhaps, in his life he began to work, and gathered wood and grass for the mules, and I allowed him to take charge of the beasts. He was a great strapping fellow, but the little mule, which he might have carried on his shoulders, threw him repeatedly by butting, kicking, biting or sidling up against him.

Once I put Dangana on Buck (the mule), when poor Dan

was tired. The mule went along with an angelic face for about a mile, when he suddenly took it into his head to buck. Now Dan was quite a good rider, and was afraid of no horse. He had had horses of his own, and had ridden some wild animals. But the mule bucked to a new tune, and before Dan knew what was happening, he went head over heels with my valuable instrument bag sailing away into the grass, and with a final kick and a bray, the mule decamped. It was such a ridiculous sight, that the whole caravan stopped and the men held their sides with laughter. The mule would not leave the path, but it was impossible to catch it until we had reached the camp.

On Tuesday, September 28th, we had some difficulty in crossing the Ombo River. The water had covered one bank of the river to the depth of several feet, and in the middle of the river the water was eight feet deep.

The Dalbirka on the other hand was small, and I was able to get straight across. A small Hausa caravan on its way to Mecca overtook us on the road. They had been waiting for weeks in Keffi Genji and had now started again. In the afternoon we arrived at Jebel-Zakka, where there was a rest-house and compound consisting of five huts, one of them a good large one. Next day we left again at dawn. The route report, which had been handed to me by the Resident, I found correct. The path is in quite fair condition, but the rank grass and the swampy ground gave us some difficulty. The River Soppo, a large stream which we crossed later on, was 120 feet wide and some 25 feet deep. Crocodiles and hippos and many fish inhabit its water. If there had been no boat crossing would have been almost impossible.

Before sunset the sky overhead was deep blue, while heavy thunderclouds on the horizon discharged their electricity through the cerulean of the zenith. We camped on the other side of the Soppo River, where a few boatmen have formed a little village. In the evening about a dozen camp fires with

black figures squatting or lying around them, the rushing river below, and the rolling clouds overhead, formed a grand and truly African night scene.

On the next day we arrived at Dem-Ziber, where another Egyptian Mahmur was in charge of that formerly important station of Zubeir Pasha.

Dem-Ziber is a dying place. Year by year the population diminishes as people remove towards the trade centres, while liberated or escaped slaves find their way back to their tribes.

In the days of Zubeir Pasha this place was the greatest stronghold of the Arab slave trader, far enough removed from European control and the influence of Egypt to be safe from philanthropic interference. But to-day neither the trader with the Congo nor the Mecca pilgrims from the West pass through Dem-Ziber. Two or three Greeks have made it their centre, but one would think that either Raja or Zemio would form a more desirable headquarters for successful barter trade.

From Dem-Ziber to Wau the bush path has been improved considerably; bridges, and, where necessary, ferries are at the disposal of the traveller, and every 15 to 20 miles a compound with a policeman in charge supplies useful and clean rest-houses.

One of our good officials is reported to have, in all seriousness, suggested the establishment of coffee-bars in these rest-houses similar to those in India. The suggestion is a most excellent one, only I am afraid customers would be few and far between. The Government levies a road tax on all Europeans making use of Government roads, and the policemen in charge of the various stations are entitled to certain payments for wood, water and service rendered.

The population in this western part of the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province has been thinned by the wars and slavery to such an

extent that there is not probably more than one soul to every five square miles, at least so it appeared to me. The people may, of course, have escaped into the unexplored bush, but this is unlikely, as some trace of them would surely be found on or near the roads.

On getting nearer to Wau the population increases. Several Nyam-Nyam villages appear quite flourishing. These Nyam-Nyam, contrary to the usual mode of procedure amongst the Central African bush people, do not clear the ground

GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT WAU.

entirely of trees in laying out their farms, but, after destroying the undergrowth, they plant their millet and guinea-corn into the rich, dark mould of the bush; and, while corn does not grow to the prodigious size found in the open fields, the harvest usually is not a bad one.

The Nyam-Nyam have had their name given to them by the Arabs. It is the imitation of the smacking of the lips which is intended to denote cannibalism, and indeed many

of these Nyam-Nyam people are cannibals. They are excellent fighters, and the Arabs were unable to bring them into subjection.

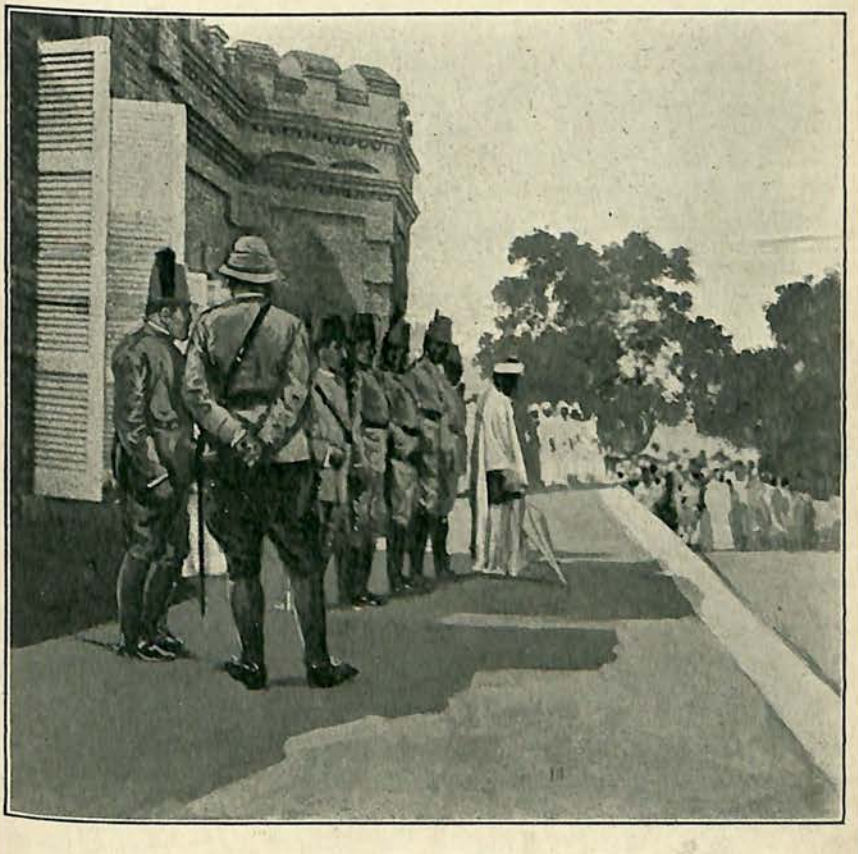
Among the tribes of the Central Sudan there are some of the finest fighting races of Africa, who have successfully resisted the inroads of the Arab slave raiders and for over half a millenium have stayed the advance of the Moslem religion in Africa.

CHAPTER XVI.

From Wau to Khartum.

The Sudd—Enemy to Development—God-Help-Us Island—Mule's Shabby Trick—"Ordeal"—Problems for the Administrator—Mosquitoes—Disappointments—Khartum at Last!

My sincere thanks are due and ungrudgingly given to the four representative officers of Greater Britain who received me most hospitably on my arrival at the Government centre

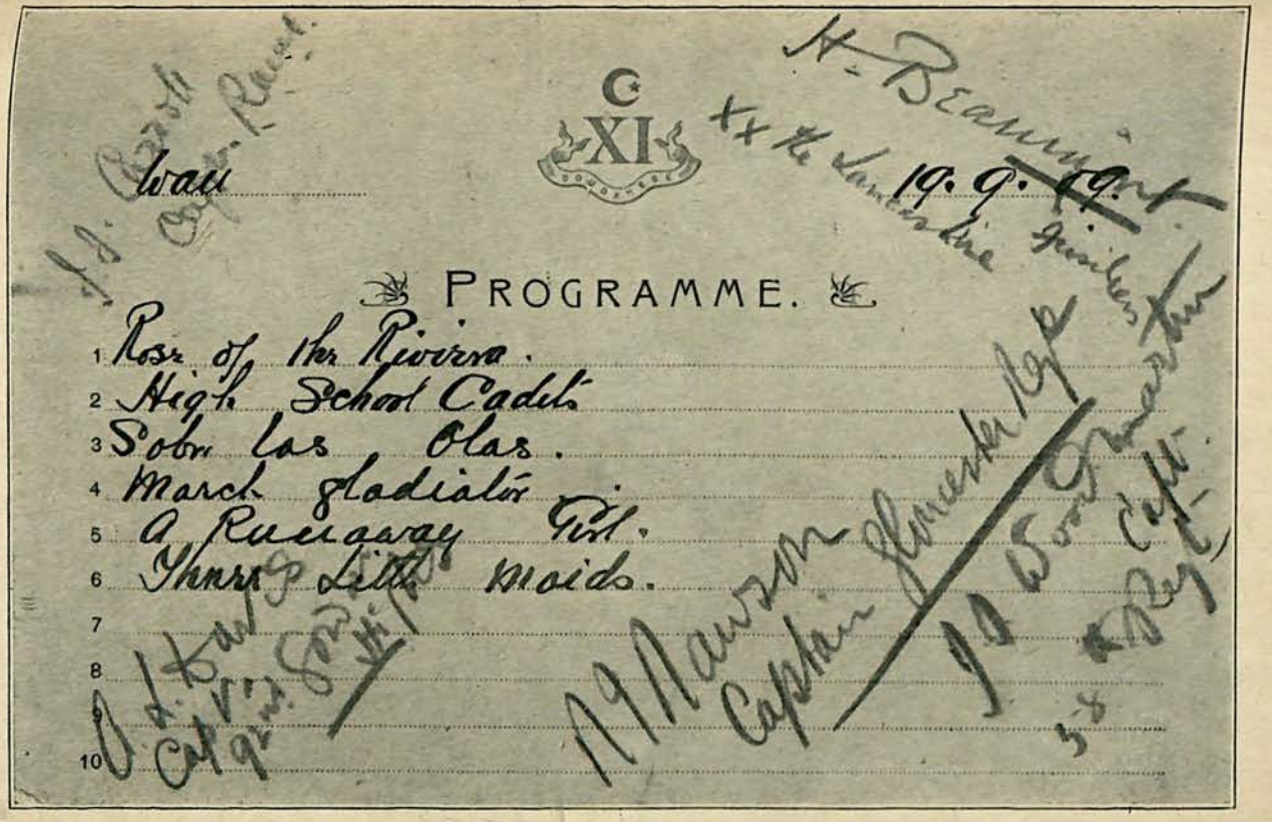


REVIEW AT WAU.

of the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province. During the 19 days it was my privilege to spend with them, the hospitality they were good enough to show me was of the friendliest. One had stepped from the God-forsaken, man-forsaken wilderness, into a family circle of contentment and happy co-operation, and when on October 28th, I commenced the last lap of my trans-African tramp, I felt quite sorry to say goodbye to those men whom the Westerner would call "all white."

My original intention had been to go by steamer from Wau to Khartum. Indeed, I would hardly have left Keffi Genji and gone down into the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province, had I anticipated the disappointment which awaited me. At Raja Lieut. Huntly Walsh, the first white man I met in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, who provided me a welcome, had informed me that I should probably be able to catch the last steamer of the season from Wau to Khartum. The last steamer had gone some 10 days before my arrival, and this with several barges and boats had temporarily disappeared in the sudd region, while a steamer which Bishop Geier of Khartum had sent up towards Wau did not arrive. In vain I waited, and tired of waiting at last decided to trek round the southern end of the sudd and thus try and reach the White Nile, and on the White Nile the steamers that ply between Khartum and Uganda.

Before continuing let me give you a short description of the sudd. Between Fashoda and Bor from the Sobat to Meshra-Er-Rek this Upper Nile region in the rainy season becomes one vast lake, from 2 to 25 feet in depth. The vast stretches of papyrus grass, reeds and rushes are torn from their moorings, which have been formed by the long roots anchoring the floating vegetation to the ground. They drift about hither and thither, carried by the currents and shifted by the winds, west, north, south, east, as current and wind may change. Open stretches of water, lanes and lakes, appear and



MUSICAL PROGRAMME, AND SIGNATURES OF WHITE OFFICIALS AT WAU

disappear in turn, and boats attempting to traverse the sudd region at this time are apt to become marooned, hedged in as securely as ships are by the drift ice in the Polar North. A more or less permanent channel has been opened by way of the Bahr-el-Jebel to Uganda, a weak embankment, just being sufficiently strong to anchor permanently the papyrus growth, but an exceptional rise of the river may at any moment close the channel.

The Bahr-el-Ghazal stream is closed practically every year by the floating sudd, and during the middle of the dry season, after the vegetation has become anchored again, is opened temporarily by steamers from Khartum. The only effectual and lasting way of dealing with this sudd seems to be that permanent channels should be dredged and strong embankments formed both for the White Nile, the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Bahr-el-Arab. This would, of course, be dealing with forces of nature of unmeasured issues, and the question arises whether through the opening of these permanent waterways in the rainy season, so much water would be set free as to drown Egypt, or whether the level of the present sudd lake would be too low to have such an effect. Only a careful survey can permit a satisfactory conclusion. Under present circumstances, the natural wealth and resources of the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province must remain undeveloped.

I had been warned that I should find between Wau and Shambe on the Bahr Jebel a good deal of swampy ground; and I went, therefore, prepared to wade in certain places up to my neck.

My last animals, two mules which had come with me from Raja, were in a poor condition, and looked as if they would probably drop in a day or two. Still one might hope—

"Hope, child, to-morrow hope,
And then again to-morrow,
And then to-morrow still,
Trust in a future day."

My favourite old Scotch proverb was quoted to me by one of the men at Wau just before leaving—

"Set a stout hert,
Till a stigh bray:"

and though, instead of a bray there was a ditch before me, I realised its application, started out full of expectation of good to come, and was not disappointed.

OFFICER COMMANDING 11TH SUDANESE, CAPT. WOOD-MARTIN, AND DOCTOR CARROLL AT WAU.

I had to leave one of my mules behind at Rumbeck, but found the road not too bad, my new carriers strong and willing, and my health on reaching the Nile, better than when I arrived at Wau.

Had I tried to go over that route four weeks earlier, of course things would have been very different, and it would probably have meant swimming for hours.

In the rainy season the Bahr-el-Ghazal is a hopeless place. Just north of my route on the river there is an island called "God-Help-Us Island," where Gessi Pasha, with hundreds of men, was marooned from September 25th to January 10th, and where many of them died of starvation, being eaten by mosquitoes day and night, while having nothing to eat themselves. Listen to what he says about this terrible experience :—

"Scarcely does someone die than he is devoured during the night by the survivors. It is impossible to describe the horror of such scenes. One soldier devoured his own son.

"The day after this the cannibals died. It is noticeable that the Arabs were the first and the most numerous of those who devoured the flesh of the dead.

"Of the 149 Sudanese soldiers, except 12 whom I left in the sloop and the nugger, only eight are alive, but they are in a desperate state. As to the women and children, I cannot at this moment give the exact number of dead, but I believe it is more than 270."

The orography of the Bahr-el-Ghazal is still comparatively little known, especially the lower reaches of the rivers that fall into the sudd. Between Keffi Genji and Shambe I crossed no less than ten rivers, differing in depth from 6 feet to 30 feet, and in width from 40 yards to 300 yards.

All these rivers terminate in one vast lake, between the 7th and the 10th deg. N., and the 29th and 33rd deg. E. Gr.

The wisdom which prompts white men in Central Africa not to diminish probable difficulties while giving route reports to intending travellers, always bears fruit in grateful remembrance when anticipated troubles diminish or disappear.

I was well pleased with myself when I found that only once on the 270 miles from Wau to Shambe did I get wet, and that for the simple reason that my mule refused to carry

me out of a swamp after having taken me into it. Once or twice I had turned up my garments to my knees and waded for a mile or two through about a foot of water, but usually I could ride straight through, and the worst swamp, according to reports, just before entering Shambe, we found the least troublesome. I was able to cross it without even getting my feet wet.

A day or two I spent at a place called Rumbeck in the company of a British resident. He told me that he had not seen a white man for many months. Stations like these are the outposts of the Empire, the "jumping-off" places into the unknown.

The natives seem to have great confidence in their white administrators, as true justice is meted out to all comers. During an afternoon walk the Resident pointed out to me one of the natives working a pit-saw, and informed me that this man was undergoing a sentence of several years' penal servitude for having poisoned a man by compelling him to drink "ordeal" water. The brother of the prisoner had suddenly died, and as another young man had expressed himself to the effect that he wished him to die, the convict had called together the village people and insisted that his brother had been bewitched by this young man, and that he would kill him unless he cleared himself by undergoing the poison ordeal. If the poison took no effect the man would be innocent; if the poison took effect the man would be justly punished and die. The poison did take effect, the man died, but the white man got to hear about it, and the one who administered the poison was hauled up by the policeman and imprisoned much to his disgust, for it was not he who had killed the man who bewitched his brother, though he would have been perfectly justified in his own eyes had he done so; it was the ordeal water, the great spirit who had taken the life of his brother's murderer.

Superstition such as this is very rampant, and is to be met with continually. Witchcraft is a thing that is recognised by our Government in the Sudan. Casting out evil spirits has been resorted to by men in the employ of the Government.

The problems which the white judge is face to face with from time to time are very complex and difficult to solve.

The Resident at Rumbeck asked me to listen to a case he was trying during my stay there. An ugly old man had purchased a young woman from her father for a certain number of cattle. After a year of married life, the young woman fell in love with a fine strapping young savage and wanted to marry him. The husband was quite willing to let her go if the brother of the girl who had succeeded to her father's property would pay back the cows. This the brother refused to do. The woman also refused to stay further with her husband, who, moreover, did not want her. The strong young bushman loved her but had no money. What was to be done? Will the white-man please say what is right, for the custom of the tribe cannot solve the difficulty.

Divorce is permitted according to the law of the land, but in case of divorce the purchase money, or at least three-quarters of it, must be paid back to the parent or the wife. The parent had died, his son did not want to pay back, and no one could compel him. The husband did not want to keep the girl as she loved another, and the wife did not want to stay with her husband who was old and ugly.

White man, what are we to do?

Answer:—The woman must stay with her husband until she finds somebody whom she likes, and who will pay her husband three-quarters of what he had paid for her. The husband has been a fool to marry such a young woman, and will have to keep her until things can be arranged. It is finished!—and the parties depart.

Tribal customs, habits, traditions, and laws have to be considered and made the basis of true justice. The introduction of European law all at once into Mohammedan or pagan regions would create grave difficulties and misunderstandings.

On my arrival at Shambe I found that the steamer from Khartum which I had gone to meet there had not arrived, and was not expected for another three days. I therefore made myself at home in the little mosquito-proof bungalow, which seemed specially designed to keep in all the mosquitoes, of which on the Island of Shambe there were such innumerable multitudes that even Mark Twain's advice was impracticable. He says that as mosquitoes will always get into your mosquito net, however careful you are, the best way to deal with them is to get inside your mosquito net, make a hole in the net and wait—all the mosquitoes in the room will find that hole and come into your net. Wait inside for an hour, and you will have emptied the room and collected them all round you inside the net. Then tie up the hole, slip out of the net and sleep outside in the room in peace. Very good advice—probatum est.

Just like some other good counsel I had received before leaving for Central Africa. I was asked by a very kind motherly lady to be most careful and not expose myself to draughts in Africa, and also, on no account to allow myself to get wet; also always to have my water boiled and filtered, as otherwise I should surely get fever and die. Most excellent advice of the very greatest importance which might be lived up to,—

IF——

If there were no evening winds, tornadoes and gales in the bush.

If rivers had not sometimes to be crossed in the rain on the march and canoes were not upset, &c.

If one's filter candles never got broken by the boys and the boys always carefully observed the boiling point. IF, but as things are, with the water, the draught, the wet, the mosquitoes, one has to do the best one can.

At last, after three very monotonous days on the two or three acres of Shambe Island, where the only stimulus and entertainment was caused by mosquitoes and mosquito bites, a Government steamer arrived with the Governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province and several other officers on their way up country. Here was another disappointment. Disappointments seemed to accumulate towards the end of my journey. This steamer had instructions to go up to Uganda before returning to Khartum. I might have awaited her return at Shambe, but I preferred making the extra journey up to Gondokoro rather than continue another day on the little island in the lagoon. In the sudd region there are some delightful spots, one of them already mentioned on the Bahr-el-Ghazal, is called "God-Help-Us Island," and I would like to call Shambe the "God-Forsaken-Island."

At the south end of the great morass, two faithful men of the C.M.S., are endeavouring to inculcate into the naked Nile savages the first rudiments of our faith. I shall not forget how on arriving at Bor, these missionaries came down to the boat, followed by some 30 or 40 members of the Dinka tribe, great strapping fellows 6 to 7 feet high, all in Adam's costume, with lean, lanky stork legs. Their favourite posture seemed to be standing on one leg, with the other tucked high up underneath, resting against the former.

Besides the C.M.S. at Bor, there is only one other Protestant Mission Station on the Upper Nile (with the exception of Khartum and Omdurman), Dolaib Hill on the Sobat, not far from Fashoda.

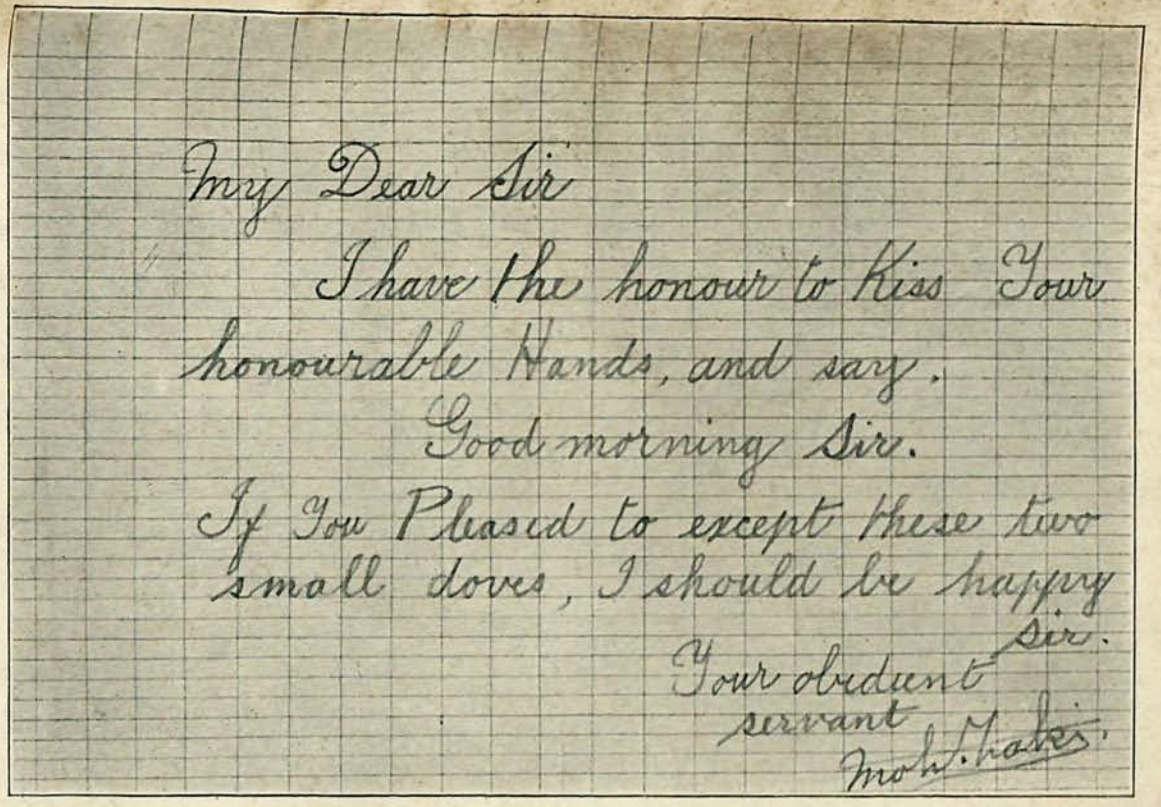
The Roman Catholics have in this same territory some 12 or 15 stations, with a number of industrial schools, and some excellent stone buildings for the European staff. The mission is called the Austrian Mission, but includes fathers and lay-brothers from Italy, Germany, France and Ireland. One cannot but admire the devotion with which these men spend

months and years in faithful, self-sacrificing labour, not unfrequently dying at their post without any apparent result. They are mostly members of the farming class, simple-minded and industrious. The work of the missionaries in the Eastern Sudan is confined practically to the reaching of three pagan tribes, the Shilluks, the Dinkas, and the Nuer, while numbers of other tribes, especially those living in the Western Hill country of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, are untouched.

After a pleasant voyage on which our boat called at Bor, Mongalla, Lado, and Gondokoro, we passed Shambe on our return journey and then by way of Taufikia and Fashoda reached Khartum on December 3rd, and thus once more entered civilised regions.

Khartum with its river promenade, tramway, electric light, clubs, hotel, cathedral and palace, makes one feel as if one had arrived home already. The kindness of Bishop Gwynne, the various representatives of the Government of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and His Excellency the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, both in Khartum and Cairo, will always remain in one's grateful memory as a happy ending to a journey which was not without difficulties.

When lecturing a few years ago before the National Geographical Society in the United States of America the lanternist broke down with his apparatus, which provided an illustration for the statement. I preferred to the audience that the *three* virtues indispensable for an African traveller were "Patience, Geduld and la Patience," and that President Roosevelt's axiom, "Speak softly, carry a big stick and you will 'go far'" was more applicable to America than to Africa. Patiently I had waited for ten years preparing for my march across the Sudan, and now at last patience has been rewarded and my tour across the Continent, following roughly the border line between Islam and paganism is a "fait accompli."



My Dear Sir

I have the honour to Kiss Your honourable Hands, and say.

Good morning Sir.

If You Plased to except these two small doves, I should be happy

Sir.

Your obedient servant

Mohd. Hakis.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS "WRIT" BY AN EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL IN THE SUDAN.

Plate. 6.

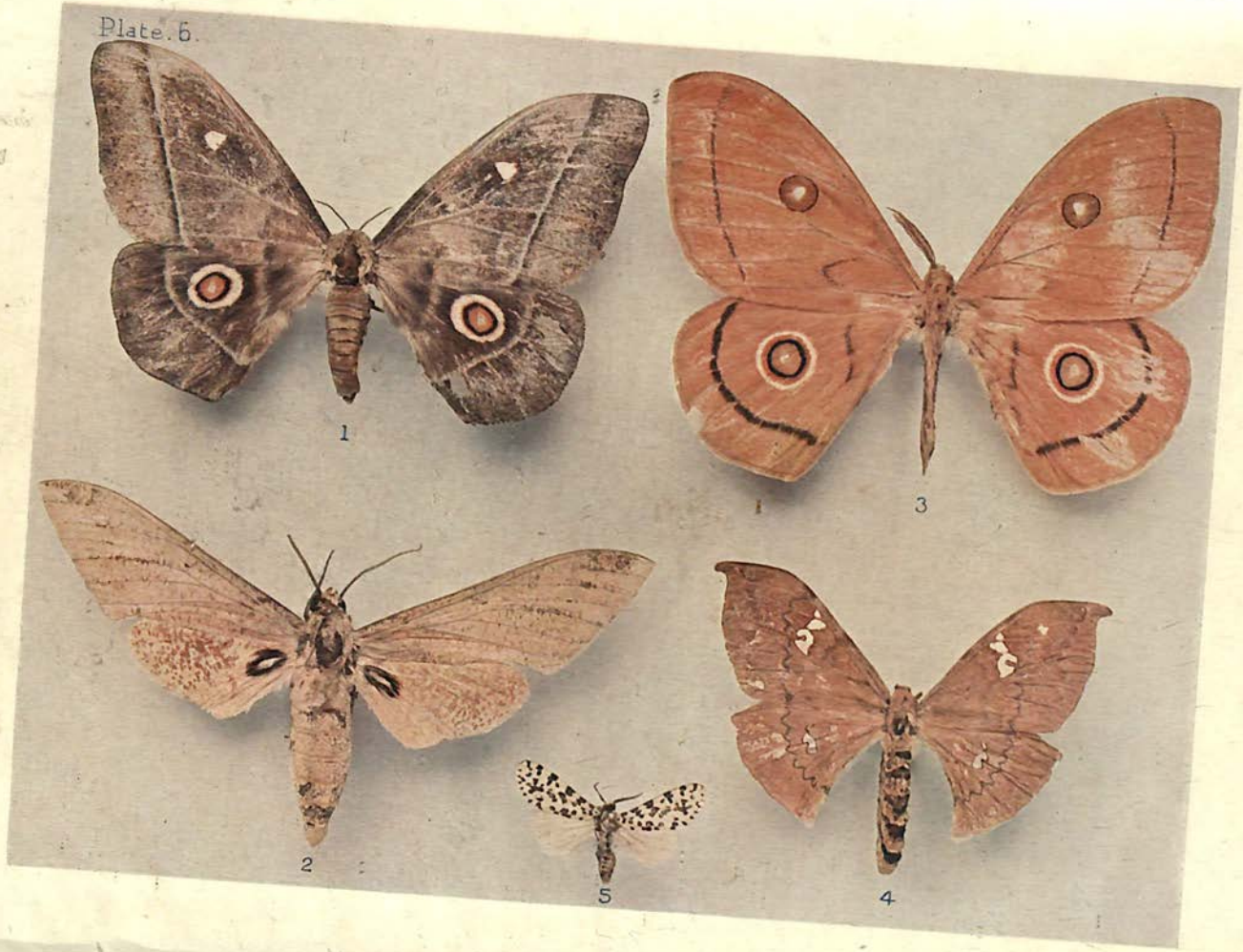


PLATE 6.

IMERASIA OBSCURA (BUTL.)
1.

NUDAURELIA RENDALLI (ROTH.)
3.

PLATYSPHINX STIGMATICA
2.

DIACRISIA MACULOSA
5.

CARNEGIA PANCRATIA (WEYM.)
4.

PLATE 6

LITHOSPERMUM ARVENSE (FIELD)

ANCHUSA ITALICA (ITALIAN)

ANCHUSA SEMPERVIRENS (EVERGREEN)

ANCHUSA OFFICINALIS (COMMON)

ANCHUSA ANGUSTIFOLIA (NARROW)

CYNOGLOSSUM OFFICINALE (COMMON)

CYNOGLOSSUM PICTUM (PAINTED)

CYNOGLOSSUM MONTANUM (MOUNTAIN)

CYNOGLOSSUM AMABILE (PRETTY)

CYNOGLOSSUM GRANDIFLORUM (LARGE FLOWERED)

CYNOGLOSSUM LINIFOLIUM (FLAX LEAVED)

CYNOGLOSSUM CHEIRIFOLIUM (WALLFLOWER LEAVED)

CYNOGLOSSUM CREPIDIFOLIUM (HAWKSBEARD LEAVED)

CYNOGLOSSUM CANESCENS (GREYISH)

CYNOGLOSSUM VIRGINICUM (VIRGINIAN)

CYNOGLOSSUM LANCEOLATUM (LANCE LEAVED)

CYNOGLOSSUM MYOSOTIDIFLORUM (FORGET-ME-NOT FLOWERED)

CYNOGLOSSUM PULCHELLUM (PRETTY)

CYNOGLOSSUM CAROLINIANUM (CAROLINIAN)

CYNOGLOSSUM CAPENSE (CAPE)

CYNOGLOSSUM AZUREUM (AZURE)

CYNOGLOSSUM LATIFOLIUM (BROAD LEAVED)

CYNOGLOSSUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM (NARROW LEAVED)

CYNOGLOSSUM PUSILLUM (DWARF)

CYNOGLOSSUM ARGENTEUM (SILVERY)

CYNOGLOSSUM ALPESTRE (ALPINE)

CYNOGLOSSUM ARENARIUM (SANDY)

CYNOGLOSSUM CRETICUM (CRETAN)

CYNOGLOSSUM CORDIFOLIUM (HEART LEAVED)

CYNOGLOSSUM PARVIFLORUM (SMALL FLOWERED)

CYNOGLOSSUM ASPERRIMUM (ROUGHEST)

CYNOGLOSSUM ASPERUM (ROUGH)

CYNOGLOSSUM ASPERIFOLIUM (ROUGH LEAVED

CHAPTER XVII.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE LAND OF CUSH.

Cush = Sudan—Nubian Temples—In the Time of the Romans—The Egyptian Sudan in the Middle Ages.

LITTLE has been published on the ancient history of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and it seems, therefore, advisable to include in this book a short epitome of what is known of the history and exploration of those regions.

According to Strabo, the Ethiopians and Nubians are said to have been the teachers of Egypt in the sciences, but Herodotus maintains that the Egyptians were the authors and distributors of art and wisdom.

In the earliest historic records of the Kingdom of the Pharaohs, we read of fights and wars between Egypt and Nubia, fortune favouring now one, now the other.

The lands bordering on Egypt from the first Cataract as far south as Mount Barkal are known by the general name "Ta-Khont" which means the land of Khont. The capital of this land with the famous temple of Ammon was Napata, situated close to the holy Hill of Barkal (Dou-Ouab). The name Khont-Hon-Nofer included all the countries of the African Continent.*

Ta-Kes, Ta-Kenset, or the old Biblical name Cush signifies what is to-day known as the Sudan. This name is probably preserved in the Nubian district El-Kenus. The inhabitants

* Dr. H. Brugsch-Bey: "A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs" vol. I, p. 329.

of the Upper Nile are called Nahasi on the monuments, while the inhabitants between the Nile and the Red Sea are known as An, or in the time of the Ptolemys, Senti (Sati).

The word Nubia appears much later, and is connected by early philologists with the old Egyptian word "Nub," meaning gold, as the greater part of the gold used in Egypt came originally from Nubia.*

The frontier between Egypt and the Sudan has usually been somewhere near the Island of Philae. The name of this Island means, in Ethiopic, frontier,† in Coptik Pilak and old Egyptian P-a-leg (*vide* Strabo's notes on Philae : Strabo Book 17). We read that in the wars under the VIth Dynasty in Egypt, the Cushites were conquered by the Egyptians, and their lands came under the rule of the Pharaohs, if we can trust the reports of an Egyptian official named "Una." Under the rule of King Pepi I certain valuable kinds of wood were introduced from the south into Egypt. The tribes living round Korosko rendered valuable service in transport. Egypt was at that time in its golden period. On the magnificent monuments of this time which represent the wars and victories of the Kings of Egypt, we often see the effigies of Cushites as prisoners of war. In the time of King Usertsen I (the second king of the XIIth Dynasty) an expedition was sent to the south to define the frontiers of Egypt. A monument found close to Wady-Halfa denotes this place as the southernmost point of the State of the Pharaohs. Usertsen III (the fifth king of the XIIth Dynasty) built two fortresses south of Wady-Halfa close to Semneh and Kumneh to control the trade on the Nile.

In the XVIIIth Dynasty, about 1,500 B.C., most of the temples in Nubia were built. The names of the Kings Tothmes and Amenhotep are found on many of the ruins. In the time

* A. H. Keane: "Ethnology of Egyptian Sudan."

† E. H. Wallis Budge: "The Nile" p. 291.

of Moses, therefore, the greater part of the monuments in Nubia and the eastern Sudan were erected. During the XIXth Dynasty Nubia was known as a settled peaceful Egyptian Province. The names of Rameses I, Seti I, Rameses II, Seti II are now and then mentioned as the builders of temples. The name of Rameses is given, for example, as the builder of the temple of Beit-el-Wali of Gerf-Hussein, of Kuban, and of Abu-Simbel. A greeting of welcome of the Nubians to Pharaoh, King of Egypt, is inscribed in the Rock Temple of Silsilis :

> " Hail to thee, King of Egypt, Son of a strange people ;
> Thy name is great in the Land of Cush,
> Where thy war-cry sounds through the homes of the people.
> Great is thy power, thou gracious ruler ;
> He shames the people.
> Life to Pharaoh ! safety ; Hail him !
> He is a brilliant Sun."

In the course of time, through the enervating propensities of easily acquired wealth, the energy of the land of the pyramids had become weakened, and now the opportunity had appeared for the Cushites to liberate themselves and wrench themselves free from the yoke of bondage. Not only did they succeed in gaining their old freedom, but after they had vanquished the Egyptians in hard warfare under the XXIIIrd Dynasty, they made themselves lords of the greater part of Egypt. Syene, the modern Assuan, and Thebes, the City of 100 gates, became the capitals of this Nubian or Ethiopian Empire. Indeed, during a rebellion in 750 B.C. under Taffneckt the Lord of Sais, Pianchi, the King of the Ethiopians, succeeded with a powerful army in conquering the whole of Egypt as far as Memphis ; and Ethiopians become the Pharaohs of the XXVth Dynasty. Hoskins* in his book on Ethiopia has two chapters on this period. Three Ethiopian Kings

* G. A. Hoskins : " Travels in Ethiopia," pp. 284, 294.

ruled at this time in Egypt, 732 to 688 B.C. Africanus and Eusebius give us the following dates for their rule:—

AFRICANUS.			EUSEBIUS.		
Sabbakon	....	8 years.	Sabbakon	....	12 years.
Sevechus	....	14 „	Sevechus	....	12 „
Tarkus	....	18 „	Tarkus	....	20 „
Together	....	40 years.	Together	....	44 years.

The second and third King are probably Tirhaka* and So-Shabatok-Sevechus in the II Book of Kings, chaps. 17 and 18. The monuments of Meroe are said to have been built by Tirhaka the last ruler of this period. The history of Meroe is mentioned by Eratosthenes, Ptolomeus, Pliny; and of the moderns by Bruce and Professor Rosellini. To-day Meroe, once the birthplace of many arts and sciences, lies in ruins.

Cambyses sent a badly prepared expedition into the interior of Ethiopia to bring the Makrobians into subjection, but lack of food supply compelled it to return. Pausanias† states that the Makrobians lived somewhere near Meroe, but Professor Heerens‡ seeks them beyond Cape Guardafui. Under the rule of the Ptolemys many towns were built that soon after disappeared.

But let us hasten on in the history of the country. At the time of Psammetich, Elephantine, that beautiful island opposite Assuan, once, according to tradition the favourite haunt of the giants of Africa, was the border of Egypt.

Under the first Roman Prefect Cornelius Gallus (the builder of the southernmost fortress of the Roman Empire), Ibrim, the King of Triakontashoino near Khartum, sent in the year 22 B.C. messengers to Philae (which was at that time the southernmost post of Rome), to yield himself, but the Romans

* Prof. R. Lepsius: "Nubische Grammatik," p. 112.
† Pausanias, lib. IV. ‡ Heerens: "Afrikanische Völker," vol. I, Kap. III.

never exercised real control in these far removed regions. Fights and wars between the different tribes of Nubia and the Sudan never came to an end. Under the rule of Augustus, when Petronius* was the second Roman Prefect of Egypt, a punitive expedition was sent to Napata the capital of Queen Candace. This Napata is probably the modern El-Barkal, and lies according to Pliny 870 Roman miles above the Cataract.

On the west bank of the Nile near Pselchis (the modern Dakka), Petronius beat the Ethiopians. The latter fled to the Island of Sorar and into the town of Pselchis. Petronius stormed this place and left there a portion of his cavalry. Notitia Imperii (Pselchis is the southernmost town and fortress of the Dodekaschoenus) then marched through the desert to Premnis.† The latter (probably the ruins of the Castle Kale Ibrim)‡ is situated on the second of the seven hill cones, between Jeneina and Toschke, a cone which on the river side is about 150 feet high. The latter, too, was taken by Petronius. He left 400 men as guard, and himself hastened on to Napata which, after a prolonged battle, fell and was destroyed. Queen Candace later on tried once more to occupy the border fort Premnis, but when Petronius again prepared for war, Candace submitted herself to him.

To put an end to the continued raids and razzias, Rome decided, according to Procopius, under Diocletian, in 296 A.D., to establish a new advance guard of the Empire on the Upper Nile. A brave people called the Nubae, Nobatat, or Nobades, which had yielded many years before to the Roman Dominion, was introduced into Nubia from the Great Oasis of the Lybian Desert Charga or according to Perron§ from Dar Nuba south of Sennaar, to form a protecting barrier against the Blemmyes

* Prof. R. Lepsius: "Nubische Grammatik," p. 113.

† Strabo, lib. 17 and 18.

‡ Prokesch Ritter von Osten: "Das Landzwischen den Katarakten," p. 26.

§ Perron: Introduction, "Voyage au Waday," par el Tounsy, 1851, p. 3.

and others of the Sudan people. The hopes of Rome were destined to disappointment. The Blemmyes conquered the Nubae and penetrated far into Upper Egypt, and compelled Maximian, a General of Marcian in the Thebaid (Luxor) in 451 A.D. to a treaty. The modern Kalabsche, which was known in antiquity as Talmis, was for a long time the capital of the Blemmyes. Its great temple contains many inscriptions of the time of the Emperor Augustus, and a few of the time of Caligula, Trajan and Severus.*

Strabo, who visited Upper Egypt under the Third Prefect Aeilius-Gallus†, the Successor of Petronius, describes Philae as the frontier, half belonging to Egypt and half to the Ethiopians. According to his notes, south of Assuan lived the Troglodytes, the Blemmyes, the Nubae, and the Megabari. In many parts of Nubia carefully worked caves are cut out of the chalk by Troglodytes.

The King of the Nubians, Silko, became a Christian at Kalabsche in 545 A.D. Once and for all he succeeded in defeating the Blemmyes and nearly exterminated the whole tribe.

From the sixth to the fourteenth century, Nubians ruled over the land between Egypt and Ethiopia. Remarkable is the description of Silko in the forecourt of the temple of Kalabsche, where one of the columns is marked with the following Greek writings :—

Βασιλίσκος Νουβάδων καί ὅλων τῶν Αἰθιόπων.‡

Hardly 100 years had passed after the Nubians had become Christians, when in the time of the Fourth Khalifa, the first Mohammedan, Ababja Arabs entered the land and took Dongola. Once more in 969 A.D. the Nubians succeeded in gaining

* Frank Vincent: "Actual Africa," p. 202.

† T. Grafton Milne: "History of Egypt under Roman Rule," vol. V, p. 19.

‡ A. H. Keane: "Stanford's Africa," vol. I, p. 523.

their independence, but slowly and surely the Crescent faith advanced, and in the beginning of the year 1172, the brother of Saladin succeeded in converting the northern parts of Nubia forcibly to Mohammedanism. The southern part followed in 1316, and at this time Christianity had become extinct in Nubia, so that to-day only the lonely bare ruins of former Christian Churches remain.

Very few words remind one to-day in the language of Nubia of the time when the country was Christian (*e.g.*, Kiraghe, coming from the Greek and meaning " the day of the Lord ").*

During the middle ages, little is known of the Upper Nile.

In 1520 Selim I. introduced a number of Mohammedan Bosnians into the land, established peace and order at the borders of the Sudan. Their leaders had the title " Kashif." These Bosnians lost their own language after a short time and became Nubians. Here and there in Nubia one finds people with light blue eyes and red hair, the descendants of these Bosnians.

The tribe of the Zebaim, or according to others, the Sibera, appointed at this time the Meleks in Dongola, and ruled over the Upper Nile from Sennaar to Wady-Halfa. Later on this position of Melek or King came into the hands of the Funge. (Funghi).† In 1630 the Melek of Sennaar sent his army consisting of Funge to occupy Dongola. The Funge ruled in Dongola for 152 years, until in 1782 their dominion was taken over by the Shagia or Shakie Arabs. Three Meleks of this tribe ruled at the same time, forming a Triumvirate. The names of the first three were Melek Shwish, Melek Omar and Melek Zebair. The Shagias in their turn gave way to the Mamelukes. 600 of them with their followers were driven by the troops of Mohamed Ali out of Egypt. They formed

* Prof. R. Lepsius: "Nubische Grammatik," p. 242.

† Prof. R. Hartmann: "Die Voelker Afrikas," p. 15.

their camp at Malaka (El-ourde means camp, and El-ourde is the modern Dongola). They joined hands with Melek Tumbul of Argo of the family of Sibera, and when the Melek of Dongola of that date—Mohamed Adlan—visited them, he was murdered by the Mamelukes. The murderers took possession of the capital, but had to flee later on before the troops of Mohamed Ali. They continued their flight southward by way of Shendy to Darfur; gave trouble there, and had to continue their wanderings by way of Bagirmi and Bornu. We see the last remnants of these proud tyrants who had lorded it over Egypt for six centuries turn their faces towards Fezzan, and only one of them, the last, Marfou Bey, reached Tripoli.

In 1820 Mohamed Ali sent his son, Ishmael Pasha with 5,000 irregulars and 10 cannon to the Sudan to bring that country into subjection. His main idea seems to have been to get rid of the unruly Turkish soldiers, and to secure a large number of negro slaves whom he intended to form into regiments. His secondary object was to drive away the Mamelukes, to find out something about the proverbially rich gold mines of this part of Africa, and finally to prepare for himself a place of refuge in case of any difficulties with Constantinople.*

The troops reached Sennaar, fortified their position there, a brother-in-law of Ishmael named Defderdar Ahmed Bey followed with an army of 3,000 men, and the military operations were then extended by way of Fazogl to Kordofan. At this time, Hassan Kashif, the last King of the Nubians who ruled in Derr, was dethroned and his country annexed. Many stories are still current in Nubia about Hassan Kashif, who is said to have been a regular heathen. I have been told he was a giant, over 7 feet in height, who could demolish a lamb for breakfast, and a sheep for dinner. He had a hundred wives, and more children than one could count. In 1860 fifteen of his

* Dr. E. Rüppel: "Reisen in Nubien, etc.," p. 23.

sons were still alive. Then the Upper Nile became an Egyptian Province. In 1883 part of it fell into the hands of the Mahdi, who devasted large tracks of it and reduced the population to less than one-third of what it previously was. But this is modern history, and well known, and there is no need of our being reminded of Gordon's heroic death, or Kitchener's terrible revenge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the Anthropology of the Sudan Tribes.

Coiffures—Language—Arms—Cattle—Coins.

The Sudan is not only the border-line between Mohammedanism and Paganism; it also forms the border region for three branches of the human family, the Semitic, the Hamitic and the Bantu branch. The first is represented through various tribes of the Arab nation—the Beni-Ali, the Beni-Suleiman, Aulad-Hamad, Beni-Hassan, and many others. The second includes the Fulani, the Bedauja tribes, the Nubians, the Bishareen, and the Hadendowa, while the last in the south, the Bantu branch, is represented by a multitude of tribes and nations. The Bantu people include the Munchis, the Tangele, the Rei-Buba, the Musgun, the Banda, the Kirdi, the Kuti, Nyam-Nyam, the Kreish, and many others.

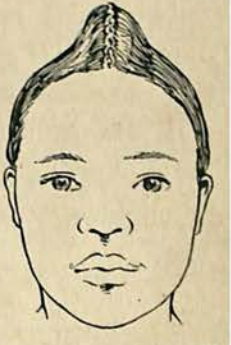
All the Bantu tribes may be known and recognised by their tribal markings. The women have a habit of indulging in national hair-dresses. The Fulani women usually wear the hair in the style of the Sphinx. The Bornu and Bagirmi women from Lake Chad have their hair elaborately dressed in six to nine plaits lying close to the head, and running from the front to the back. The Hausa and Adamawa women may be known by their coxcomb fashion of hairdress. These coiffures are usually so elaborate, taking sometimes a couple of days to build up, that they have to last from six months to a year. They form an ideal breeding ground for the "little inconveniences" of Central Africa.

The men of the Bantu tribes in the Central and West-Central Sudan are characterised by cicatricings on their faces. The following list has been carefully compiled and verified. There may still be mistakes in it, but the pains taken to correct and re-correct it, should have given reliable material.

WOMEN.

BORNU OR BAGIRMI.

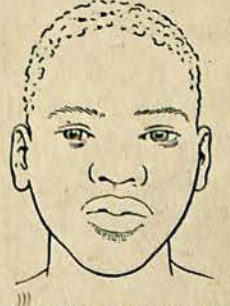
FULANI, STYLE OF THE SPHINX.



HAUSA OR ADAMAWA.

MEN.

ANGALAWA IN KANO



ALBINOES AMONG THE CANNIBALS ARE FOOD FOR THE CHIEFS.

KANO.

KANO.

KANO.

KANO.

SOKOTO ZARIA KONTAGORA
KEFFI NASSARAWA.

GUARI.

BASSA.

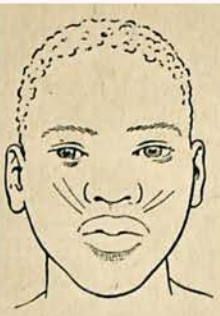
TANGELE.

BIDA (NUPE).

BIDA (NUPE).

KATAGUM FULANIS
WITHOUT MARKING.

NUPE BOATMAN BIDA
BASSAMA KAKANDA.



DAURA.

BAGIRMI.

FICA IN BORNU.

BERI-BERI IN BORNU.

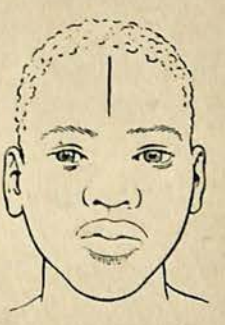
BAUCHI TOWN, NO DISTINCT MARKS.

ABUJA.

ZARIA.

WADA PAGANS, ZARIA.

RAGO.



JUKUN.

ILLORIN.

YORUBA.

DAKARKARI PAGANS,
SOUTH OF SOKOTO.

ZABERMA,
NORTH OF SOKOTO.

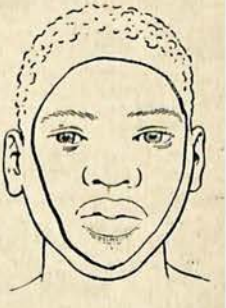
MOSHI PEOPLE,
WEST OF SOKOTO.

KATSENA.

YERGUM.

BURMAWA

BOGOBIL.



ANGASS.

As regards the relative state of civilisation, the Bantus are on the lowest rungs of the ladder. After them come the Hamitic races, and lastly the Semitic.

The latter well dressed, well armed, enjoy a considerable prestige. All speak Arabic, and about 1 per cent. or less can read and write.

The Hamitic races are close behind the Arabs. They are dressed in cotton garments; they work leather and iron, keep large herds of cattle, camels, horses, sheep and goats, and are many of them masters of the Arabic language, while the Bantus range from the lowest type of naked cannibal savages to tribes such as the Musgun, the Munchis and others, which latter enjoy a comparatively high, indigenous civilisation. Nearly all the tribes belonging to the Hamitic and Bantu peoples speak distinct languages or dialects, but as Hausa in the west and Arabic in the east are the trade tongues, by means of these two languages one is always able to feel one's way through this conglomerate of nations in the Sudan.

As to their arms, the Arabs in the north usually carry rifles and pistols, spears, swords, and daggers. They are mounted on horseback, and many of them are excellent riders. Their horses are a mixture of Arab and Barb. The chief is always mounted on the fattest horse of the tribe. All are Mohammedans.

The Hamitic peoples, who are also Mohammedans, have a few rifles, spears, bows and arrows, swords and daggers. Their rifles are mostly of an antiquated pattern, the proverbial gaspipe elephant gun.

The Bantus have no rifles, only here and there a somewhat superior native has purchased, stolen, or taken in fight, a shooting iron. Gun-powder by these good people is much in demand. Practically all of them carry the short bow (the Hamitic people use the long bow), cutlasses or weird shaped swords, spears, wrist or hand knives, and iron boomerangs.

The more civilised a tribe is, the richer we find it in farm stock. The Musgun have large herds of good sized cattle, horses, and donkeys. The Munchis have a few small cattle which usually go under the name of "pagan cattle," a kind of pigmy forest breed. They also have pigs and goats, sheep and fowls, and a very few horses.

COURT MUSICIAN.

The Bantu mountain tribes ride small ponies which, in spite of their insignificant size, are sturdy and very useful. They do not fall as easy a prey to the tsetse fly as the Arab Barb.

There are dogs throughout the land, big dogs, small dogs, tame dogs, and wild dogs, most of them wretched mongrel curs, with the exception of a breed on the Shari, where the natives have trained them for hunting purposes and to course small antelopes and hares; the Arab wind hound, and the excellent watch dog of the Upper Nile.

European coinage is being rapidly introduced into the Sudan. English money is used very largely now in Nigeria, Egyptian in the Eastern Sudan, French money in the Shari-Chad Protectorate, but the latter is disliked by the natives, who much prefer the Maria Theresa dollars. The German coinage in Adamawa is hardly known by the natives.

The best going cloth all through the Sudan is a strong

indigo coloured cotton with a bright sheen. Next to that the most useful is white cloth. Gorgeously coloured cottons do not take as well amongst the pagans as one would have expected.

Wherever the natives grow, spin and weave their own cotton imitation native cloth is much in demand. Where the Niger and the Nile give access to certain provinces of the Sudan, the growth of native cotton should give in the

THE CHIEF'S BAND.

future employment to large numbers of these people. It would seem preferable that the natives should export cotton rather than laboriously spin and weave their native material. This could be done so much cheaper and easier in Europe for them. Once it is pointed out to the natives that by bringing in a certain amount of raw cotton they would receive in exchange beautifully finished cloth, there should be no difficulty in greatly extending the native cotton plantations.

It was my privilege, on my trans-African tour, to visit or meet with members of the following tribes, of which those marked * are reached at present by Protestant Missions :—

(A) NORTHERN NIGERIA (BRITISH).—

1. Fulani.
2. Hausa.*
3. Yoruba.*
4. Nupe.*
5. Guari.*
6. Bassama.*
7. Munchi.
8. Rago.
9. Afo.
10. Kibyen.*
11. Panyam.*
12. Dimmock.
13. Miriam.
14. Kwolla.
15. Ankwe.
16. Angass.*
17. Pirpum.
18. Montoil.
19. Yergum.*
20. Gurkawa.
21. Burmawa.
22. Jukun.*
23. Djen.
24. Tangele.
25. Mbula.*
26. Beri-Beri.

The Fulanis, Hausas, Yorubas, Nupes, and Beri-Beris are Mohammedans, the rest are Pagans.

In the following I have compiled a list of the known tribes of Northern Nigeria, most of them speaking distinct languages :—

I. KABBA PROVINCE.
1. Kukuruku.
2. Igbira.
3. Akoko.
4. Alere.
5. Ade.
6. Efon.
7. Owe.
8. Egbebe.
9. Yagba.
10. Abunu.
11. Aworo.
12. Kakanda.
13. Kupa.

II. ILLORIN.
14. Igbona.
15. Yoruba.

III. BORGU.
16. Borgu.
17. Kamberri.
18. Sungawa.
19. Dandowa.

IV. NUPE.
20. Ganagana.
21. Bini.
22. Kede.
23. Nupe.

V. KONTAGORA.
24. Dakakari.

VI. SOKOTO.
25. Gimbanawa.
26. Habe.
27. Kebawa.
28. Adarawa.
29. Gobirawa.
30. Fulani.

VII. BASSA.
31. Igara.
32. Okpoto.
33. Bassa Nge.

VII. BASSA (*contd.*).
34. Bassa Komo.
35. Bassobu.
36. Epi.

VIII. NASSARAWA.
37. Kwotto.
38. Agatoo.
39. Apu.
40. Arrago.
41. Korro.
42. Gade.
43. Yeskwa.
44. Gwandara.
45. Jaba.
46. Kagoma.
47. Kaje.
48. Kagoro.
49. Morroa.
50. Gannawari.

IX. ZARIA.
51. Gwari.
52. Ungwai.
53. Bossa.
54. Wakangara.
55. Kamuku.
56. Koriga.
57. Kedara.
58. Jaba.
59. Kolu.
60. Katab.
61. Chawai.
62. Kunama.

X. KANO.
63. Hausa.
64. Galadima.
65. Gangara.
66. Yerima.
67. Kaiykia.

X. KANO (*contd.*).
68. Yanduka.
69. Ruma.
70. Sulebawa.
71. Kaura.
72. Kamri.
73. Kussarda.
74. Kurabo.
75. Durubi.
76. Ingawa.
77. Iya.
78. Marusa.

XI. MURI.
79. Munchi.
80. Kworaba.
81. Masaba.
82. Haraba.
83. Nungoyo.
84. Siteri.
85. Gwondo.
86. Tungobo.
87. Kumu.
88. Jukun.
89. Ankwe.
90. Montoil.
91. Yergum.
92. Burmawa.
93. Gazum.
94. Gurkawa.
95. Djeri.
96. Wurubu.

XII. BAUCHI.
97. Kibyen.
98. Sura.
99. Angass.
100. Duguri.
101. Burra.
102. Ningi.
103. Ari.

XII. BAUCHI (*contd.*).
104. Wurji.
105. Tangele.

XIII. YOLA.
106. Chamba.
107. Marfaran.
108. Hibango.
109. Mailni.
110. Batta.
111. Vere.
112. Gurin.
113. Giri.
114. Ribadu.
115. Dawari.
116. Malabu.
117. Song.
118. Zummu.
119. Goila.
120. Kilba.
121. Marghi.
122. Hona.
123. Mboi.
124. Yanguru.
125. Libu.
126. Bozo.
127. Shillem.
128. Mbula.
129. Bassama.
130. Longuda.
131. Piri.
132. Kombo.
133. Waja.
134. Jerawa.
135. Lala.
136. Burra(or Babir).

XIV. BORNU.
137. Fika.
138. Kere Kere.
139. Biriri.

XIV. BORNU (*contd.*).

140. Keiuri.	151. Geidam.	162. Jungul.
141. Bedde.	152. Galligati.	163. Karaguaro.
142. Nguru.	153. Garza.	164. Yajua.
143. Katabri.	154. Burgo.	165. Uje.
144. Dalatori.	155. Maragawa.	166. Ngunse.
145. Borsari.	156. Mobber.	167. Masu.
146. Bedigana.	157. Kanembu.	168. Wulo.
147. Karabiri.	158. Gusa Mala.	169. Kuli.
148. Manga.	159. Bimboa.	170. Mongonu.
149. Guji.	160. Gubis.	171. Ngewa.
150. Shami.	161. Bissegua.	172. Marte Alla.

(B) IN ADAMAWA (GERMAN).—I met only four more or less independent tribes :—(1) Tangele, living in the mountains north of Garua ; a small tribe, attacked several times by German troops, but not brought into subjection. (2) The Lam pagans, halfway between Garua and Marua, living between the hills, not in villages, but in family hamlets. This tribe, too, has been " palavered " by the Germans for attacking some of the caravans that pass through their country. (3) Rei-Buba, a very powerful tribe, probably the most powerful pagan tribe in Adamawa. (4) The Musgun, a cattle owning tribe between the Logone and the Shari. The Musgun enjoy a comparatively high native civilisation. Their buildings are very remarkable structures of mud.

(C) TRIBES IN THE SHARI-CHAD PROTECTORATE (French) :—

1. Arabs	6. Sango
2. Bagirmi	7. Banda
3. Sara-Kabba	8. Runga
4. Nilim	9. Tuburi
5. Korbol	10. Kuti

These tribes are all pagan with the exception of the Arabs and the Bagirmi.

(D) ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN :—

1. Bishareen.
2. Hadendowa.
3. Nubian.
4. Haning.
5. Dar Fung.
6. Burun.
7. Berta (three on Abyssinian Frontiers).
8. Shia.
9. Beir (Pilboar River).
10. Barea (Mongalla Province).
11. Bere (Jebel Lafin--Bari tribes).
12. Makraka.
13. Mombuttu.
14. Abu Rajah.
15. Mitu.
16. Mandara.
17. Njambara — (Jebelawa, on Bahr-el-Jebel).
18. Jurbeli (South of Rumbeck).
19. Ezande.
20. Digawi-Nyamnyam, speaking many dialects.
21. Bolanda (Jur River, probably 5,000 men).
22. Bongo (Tonj River, probably 1,000 men).
23. Golo (close to Wau, about 3,000 men).
24. Endogo.
25. Djur (close to Wau).
26. Shatt (close to Tshaktshak).
27. Kreish (near Dem Zubeir).
28. Banda.
29. Fertitawa (in the hills of the Western Bahr-el-Ghazal).
30. Mandala (north of Kossenga).
31. Ngolgolawa (at Kossenga).
32. Furawa (Darfur Aborigines).
33. Nuba (South Kordofan, twelve dialects, probably languages).
34. Shilluk.
35. Dinka.
36. Nuer.

There are several more tribes in the Lado Enclave not enumerated in the above list. Roughly speaking the tribes north of 10 deg. N. are Mohammedans.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the Mineral and Botanical Wealth of the Central Sudan.

Iron, Lime, Granite—Sandstone—"Woolsacks"—Gold—Tin—Silver—Rubber—Gum Arabic—Shea-Butter—Cotton—Future Exports.

The main geological formation of the Sudan is the Central African ironstone plateau. This plateau commences within 150 miles of the west coast, and stretches with few breaks right across to Abyssinia. We meet with it on the Upper Nile, in the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province, we see it in the Shari-Chad Protectorate, on the Congo, in Northern Nigeria, and in the French Western Sudan. Ironstone usually appears in porous lava-like shelves with here and there rough boulders half imbedded in the sandy earth. Limestone is exceedingly scarce, but clay, and that rich red clay, is of common occurrence. Red granite (syenite, from Syene, Assuan) forms the barrier across the Nile at the first Cataract at the gates of the Eastern Sudan.

Sandstone was the barrier through which the Niger broke its way below Lokoja in the Central Sudan. Grauwacke, basalt and similar ancient formations are the basis of the Murchison Range and the Adamawa Mountains.

The sand of the desert keeps on encroaching upon the Lake Chad region. The dunes are travelling southward through Kanem, just as they have travelled northward in Tripoli. The Sahara Desert grows ever larger, and unless the bush zone is carefully guarded and afforestation resorted to on a large scale, the northern parts of the Sudan will in time become useless.

The first barrier on the Shari we find close to the Nilim Hills at the mouth of the Bahr-es-Salamat. The rock formations there are similar to those on the Middle Nile, where Professor Dr. Link uses the term "woolsacks" for those dark round stones that rise grotesquely out of the river. The running water has glazed their surfaces and almost given them the colour of basalt. Between Wadda and the Kotto river sandstone stands out in magnificent and immensely large monoliths reminding one in some places of the "Elbe sandstone" mountains. Wind and water erosion has given these rocks wild and picturesque forms, and they lie together like giant families. In one of these families I found a large cave. At another place the rocks rose 400 feet high above and around a central amphitheatre. At another place again close to the Kotto River a solid boulder called by the natives the Mera rock is between 800 feet and 1,000 feet in height, and as it stands on the top of a hill, the height of the whole of it above the little brook that runs at the foot of the hill is about 1,300 feet.

The water-shed between the Kotto and the Bahr-el-Arab consists of granite, greenstone and quartz, the latter holding considerable deposits of copper and mica.

Traces of gold were found on one of the tributaries of the Upper Benué in Adamawa on the border of French and German territory.

In Northern Nigeria on the Bauchi plateau large deposits of tin which are being worked already should form a considerable asset in the future development of that protectorate. A certain amount of lead and silver, besides galena and bitumen, are minerals that are also found, and might be worked in the future.

In German Adamawa there is a good deal of silver, but coal and oil have not yet been found.

As to the botanical wealth of the Sudan, so little has it been

exploited up till now, that a very vast development in that direction is possible.

Botanically, the Sudan is the bush region lying between the virgin forests of the Congo and the West African Coast in the south and the Sahara Desert zone in the north. Along the rivers we have gallery forests; on the ironstone plateau open bush with here and there bamboo jungles; in the low-lying parts papyrus swamps; in the Bauchi Hill country and in Adamawa open grassland; and around Lake Chad, in Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan, steppe and a little further south gum bush.

In the southern parts of the Sudan three different kinds of rubber are collected by the natives, and by French, German, and British companies exported to Europe.

Para rubber (*Havea Braziliensis*) is being planted by the British Government in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and does well.

In the north, gum-arabic is a valuable export article, and is brought into the trade from Khartum, Garua, Yola, and Timbuctu.

Shea trees grow in great abundance both on the Benué and on the Shari, and the butternuts of that tree are largely exported. Cotton has been grown by the natives as long as we have known anything about the Sûdan, both in Nigeria and on the Nile. There is absolutely no reason why the Central and the Eastern Sudan should not be amongst the greatest cotton countries in the world.

Products that await an adequate introduction into the European markets are kola nuts, silk cotton, monkey bread fruit and papyrus. The latter, pressed on the Upper Nile, should form a useful material for paper. Kola is a magnificent stimulant without being an intoxicant.

Silk cotton is a most deliciously soft material, but the surface of its fibre is too smooth for spinning.

Monkey bread fruit, tasting like cabin biscuit and lemon, might become a very useful food.

Spirits (methylated) could be prepared out of guinea-corn or yam, products that would hardly pay to export in their natural state.

These are a few suggestions of potential wealth that awaits the enterprise of this or the next generation. Other products such as sugar cane might be grown on the Upper Nile. Various woods (red wood, mahogany, ebony, &c.) have formed and will form a source of wealth for the lands of the Sudan.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MECCA PILGRIMAGE.

Route—My Caravan—Timbuctu Caravan.

The movement which has had and will have a permanent influence upon the anthropological and sociological conditions of the Sudan is the Mecca Pilgrimage of the Moslems. The Koran teaches that once in a lifetime every good Moslem should visit Mecca, and thus fulfil one of the five conditions which are necessary to secure the way to future bliss.

The usual route taken by such pilgrims from the Central and the West Central Sudan is through the great cities of Northern Nigeria, Sokoto, Kano, Bauchi, Kuka on Lake Chad, and then by way of Dikoa and Kusseri through Wadai, Dar-fur, and Kordofan to Khartum.

During the various wars in the Sudan this route has been changed at different times. When Rabba was Sultan of Dikoa, all the caravans passed through his capital, but since Germany has taken possession of Adamawa, and is exacting a toll from all caravans, the pilgrims go round the north end of the lake, that is to say, through French territory, and make their way through Kanem up the Shari Valley to Fort Archambault.

During my stay at Fort Archambault in May and June, 1909, five caravans, numbering from five to 200 people each, passed through the place on their way to Mecca, and this was not the season for travelling. There can be little doubt that some 10,000 pilgrims are annually on the road from the Central Sudan to the great City of Islam.

From Fort Archambault the caravans go through Sello, Ngore, Komsenga, Konodobbo, Bongobolo, Ngodjo, Kobana, Ndele, and then by way of Ganda, Duvas, Gula, Min Gella, Min Andal, to Keffi Genji.

During the whole length of this route one finds every 20 or 30 kilometres apart a pilgrim camp, consisting of from 10 to 30 huts built of grass. The latter half of this route, that is to say, from Ndele to Keffi Genji, is impracticable in the rainy season, as some eight or ten large mountain torrents block the road. These rivers, after the rains, cannot be forded, and there are no bridges or boats. By going southward through the bush I opened a new route for the traders and the pilgrims, which will probably in the future take the place of the old northern route, as it is shorter and has only the Kotto River to deal with. The trees I caused to be thrown into the river should enable any caravan to build a permanent bridge within 24 hours. Men, without women and children, can go across now without difficulty.

At Keffi Genji the pilgrim route continues to the north-east by way of Kabbe Luzum, Bahr-el-Arab, Majabera, Lideja, Nuhut, El-Obeid to Omdurman.

The distances as given to me by several leaders of caravans were as follows :—

Keffi Genji	
	5 days.
Kabbe Luzum	
	5 days.
Kogi Bahr-el-Arab	
	6 days.
Majabera	
	13 days with water, 7 days without water.
Lideja	
	2 days.
Nuhut	
	8 days.
El Obied	
	17 days.
Omdurman	

From Omdurman the road continues by way of Berber and Suakim to Djedda and then to Mecca.

A caravan leaving Timbuctu in the Western Sudan would probably be a year to a year and a half on the road. They usually start out, especially if a caravan is under the leadership of an important chief or the son of a chief, with a large number of cattle, horses, donkeys, sheep, goats, &c. There are also a considerable number of old men and women and children in such a caravan. Practically all these drop out on the road. They die or are sold. The boys and young women are slaves which are taken as easily transported coinage to Mecca, where they are turned into ready money.

The caravan which accompanied me, while suffering continually, only lost one of their old men. They had been very poor when they joined me at Fort Archambault, and I think on the whole they were better off when they left me at Keffi Genji than they were before.

Another caravan which was just ahead of me was led by the eldest son of the Sultan of Timbuctu, a young man of about 32 years of age, who had studied in the Moslem University at Fez in Morocco and at Keirouan in Tunis. I had met him twice at Busso and at Fort Archambault on the Shari. We had exchanged presents and he had become exceptionally friendly. Altogether he was one of the most intelligent men I have met on this journey across Africa. When he left the Shari, he had with him some 500 head of cattle, 50 donkeys, 15 horses, and 150 people; and when I saw him again at Keffi Genji (he had taken the northern route through the mountains) he was in a starving condition. He had lost two-thirds of his people on the road, all his cattle, all his donkeys; had, I think, but one horse left, and found himself in a pitiable plight. As all my oxen and horses had gone too, I could do little for him. I wished him to come with me to

Wau, the capital of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, but he wanted to press on towards Omdurman, following the old road.

I met these caravans with their women and children trekking towards their promised land in large numbers, but I have only seen them come back in ones and twos. Wiry, lean, shy-eyed men of 35. The others remained on the road, or have disappeared in Mecca.

The religious enthusiasm and the fanaticism with which many of the pilgrims are imbued, demands and secures the respect and the admiration of the pagans who are thus attracted to the Crescent faith.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MOSLEM POLITICAL DANGER.

Pioneers of Civilisation—Deserts and Religion—Spread of Islam—Slavery Dying.

"Our King asks nothing of any man
More than our King himself has done."
—KIPLING.

The self-sacrificing devotion of our Government Representatives in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and the Niger Territories, who form to-day the vanguard of European civilisation, the powerful agents of peace and justice, is dealing with problems of which our quiet citizens in the Homeland cannot conceive. Out there beyond the swampy lands of the sudd region rules a Naval Lieutenant over a land as large as Wales; a man, not yet 30, who lays down laws, punishes evil-doers, establishes markets, bridges rivers, makes roads, drills soldiers, and with his two or three dozen warriors is ready to fight any invading army led by robber chiefs from the north; a man who has secured and who holds the respect of the natives. He explores and surveys the land, settles the unsettled districts, and proves himself a father of his people, a man who, at home, in his simple unassuming way, passes unobserved and unknown, one of the Empire builders of to-day, one of many. Missionaries who, at one time, were the pioneers and path-finders into the lands of Central Africa, have stepped back in the Sudan to second and third rank. All honour to the Colonial and Foreign Offices and their Representatives for the magnificent work they are doing in Africa. If missionaries to-day cannot be leaders of our Government Representatives, they might, at least, be assistants, and by carrying Christian civilisation

to the pagans before these become Mohammedans, prevent the unification of the various divergent elements of the Sudan under the Crescent, and with it the possibility of seeing raised there at any time the green flag of the Holy Moslem War against our representatives of Christian Europe.

The orographical conditions of the earth's surface have had much to do with the distribution of the religions of the world.

It was the silence of the desert that prepared the prophets. Moses in the Desert of Sinai; Christ, the founder of the Christian faith, in the Desert mountains of Moab; and Mohammed in the Desert hills near Mecca.

It was in the mountains and the deserts that persecuted devotees of various creeds found refuge; the Kopts in the oases of the Lybian Desert, and the last remnants of the Ethiopian Christian church in the mountains of Abyssinia.

Buddhism made its home on the roof of the world in the Thibetan wilderness; and the modern reform movement of Islam, Sinussism has made its headquarters in the oases of Kufra and Borku, the last unexplored regions of Africa.

Paganism, driven out by the Crescent faith from the fruitful plains of the northern half of the Sudan, took refuge in the mountains of the Murchison Range, the Bauchi hill country, in Adamawa, the Mandara Mountains, the sudd region, and the more inaccessible parts of the Shari Valley. It built fortifications in these mountains, such as the wall that runs along the northern ridge of the Murchison Range, constructed by the Burmawa, to defend themselves against the mounted troops of Mohammedan Bauchi.

The barrier, which nature had built against the advance of the religion of Mohammed in Central Africa, had been made the best use of by the war-like, indigenous tribes of those lands, and successfully they had maintained their independence and their fetish worship.

Through the conquest of the European Powers both of the Mohammedans in the northern parts of the Sudan and the pagans in the south, through the establishment of peace, the encouragement of commerce, and the opening of those regions by a net-work of new highways, railways, and river communications, the better education of the Moslem and the prestige connected with this creed are enabling him to spread the faith of Mohammed in an almost unprecedented way amongst the independent pagan tribes.

The Central Sudan is at present in a state of religious solution, and should a fanatical rising take place there after the tribes have been won for the Crescent faith, such a rising may have very serious consequences.

The German Government in Adamawa is directly and indirectly advancing and supporting the spread of Mohammedanism. At Garua, the Government centre on the Upper Benué, a Freed Slaves', Home for liberated slave children has been established. These liberated pagan slave children are educated in the Mohammedan faith and sent to the Mosque regularly every Friday.

I was informed by the Colonial Director in 1904 in Berlin, that there were no independent pagan tribes left in Adamawa, but that these tribes were the slaves of the Mohammedans. This was a mistake.

The following four tribes have never been conquered by the Fulani Mohammedans :—

(*a*) The Rei-Buba people.

(*b*) The Tangele.

The latter even now cannot be visited by the white Government officials, much less by their Mohammedan enemies.

(*c*) The Lam pagans.

(*d*) Musgun tribe.

The British Government in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is also involuntarily advancing Mohammedanism amongst the

pagans in the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province. When Great Britain occupied that province in 1899 the land was entirely pagan. To-day it is being permeated with the Crescent faith. The military in that province are recruited from the pagan tribes. As soon as the men enlist they have to swear their oath of allegiance to the Khedive of Egypt, they are circumcised and made Mohammedans. Friday is kept as a day of rest, and Sunday as a workday. Should they have children, those children are educated by a Mohammedan Malam (teacher) and taught the Koran and the Arabic language. If the soldiers return to their tribes on being dismissed the army they carry of course their religion, as well as their Mohammedan clothes with them.

The possibilities of trade also encourage the Mohammedan merchants, who are the best emissaries of Islam, not only to visit the pagan tribes, but frequently to make their homes amongst the people, build mosques, and with their considerable prestige, to succeed in spreading their faith. As long as the white Government officials of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan (being paid by the Khedive) as the representatives of Mohammedan Egypt, and as long as the army of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan swears its oath to the Khedive and not to the Christian King of Britain, advancing Mohammedanism will profit and Christianity be at a discount. It is not the desire of the British Government officials in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to see Islam advance among the pagan tribes, and the Sirdar is quite friendly to missionary enterprise among the pagans, but our missionary attempts are not adequate and cannot hope to cope with the efforts of the Mohammedans.

More than a century of exploration has let geographical light into the Sudan. A dozen years of conquest have brought to an end the fight of half a millenium between the Mohammedans and the pagans. Slave raiding and slave trading is being rapidly abolished, and a few years will see the last of it in Africa.

I may be wrong in my fears that the conversion of the pagan tribes of the Sudan to the Mohammedan faith will lead to Africa's becoming a Mohammedan Continent, and that this may mean, in case of a religious outbreak, stagnation of European civilisation, and the re-introduction of the horrors of slave raiding. The words of James Russell Lowell seem very applicable to the present state of affairs in the Sudan—

"When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, wherever he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To that awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key."

Christian education assisting the magnificent work our Government is doing to-day in those lands will avert the threatened danger, and if each man does his duty any possible crisis will be averted.

The last two children, the babes of the British Empire, Northern Nigeria and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, should be carefully tended. They have in them the rudimentary elements, the seeds of a vast tropical empire.

"Fire and Sword in the Sudan" has shown in lurid light and black shadow the sorrows of the Sudan.

"A Tropical Dependency" has drawn our attention to the history of the evolution of some of the Sudan States.

"La Chutte de Rabba" tells us of the débâcle of the empire of the Napoleon of the Central Sudan.

Let us see to it that that which has been purchased with many lives may not be lost by our negligence.

APPENDICES.

(A) Beri-Beri Proverbs and Sayings. About the Name of a Tribe and Linguistic Inexactitudes—Vocabularies.

(B) Meteorological Observations.

(C) Zoological Specimens and Collections.

(D) Trans-African Outfit.

APPENDIX A.

Beri-Beri Proverbs and Sayings.

1. Tama sugo diniabe, "Hope is the pillar of the world."
2. Leman sugo robe, "Property is the prop of life."
3. Kargenem kamuro yimia, niga ntsetso, "If thou givest thy heart to a woman she will kill thee."
4. Kugui timi litsia, wu niga beantseskin, "I will pay thee when fowls get teeth."
5. Afi nemketsindo yaye, wote kargenemga kamuro yimmi, "Whatever be your intimacy, never give thy heart to a woman."
6. Kaliae afi nemgalantse yaye tatanem dibigo tseteni, "Whatever be the goodness of a slave, he does not come up to a bad son."
7. Kalia ago kammersibe gani: kaliaro mersanemia, sima niga ntsetso, "A slave is not a thing to be trusted; if thou trustest a slave, he will kill thee."
8. Angalte simlan gani karga, kakalan karga, "Wisdom is not in the eye, but in the head."
9. Mana kumuye ndi nemetsia, tilo gonem, tilo kolone, *lit.*, "If a woman speaks two words, take one and leave the other!" i.e., believe only half of what a woman says.
10. Wuma mei "tsiga kamagunbe," *lit.*, "I am King Elephant-bag," i.e., I am a king so strong that I could carry an elephant in a bag, or I am so powerful as to think nothing too difficult for me.
11. Wu gesga gana ruske, kolonge, kura gongimba? *lit.*, "If I see a small tree, shall I leave it and take a large one?" i.e., if I have a chance of marrying a young man whom I may easily manage, should I pass him by and marry one who is too strong for me?
12. Kedi kanadiben tsannawa, "At the bottom of patience, there is heaven."

About the Name of a Tribe and Linguistic Inexactitudes.

The large cannibal tribe inhabiting the south-western parts of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, which has been usually known under the name of "Nyam-Nyam," should be pronounced "Niamáyam" with the accent on the middle "a." I have repeatedly asked Chiefs belonging to this tribe the name of their tribe, and have every time received the same answer, viz., not "Nyam Nyam," but "Niamáyam."

The Arabs of the Bahr-el-Ghazal use an Arabic which contains a considerable number of exaggerations. They call, for example, a small rock "djebel" (a mountain). They call a village chief a sultan (the whole village consisting of perhaps three huts). They call a brook a "chaur" (a gorge or ravine), and they call any kind of river a "bahr" (the sea).

Appendix A.

The following vocabularies were carefully compiled on the Shari, and during my stay at Fort Archambault. They have been verified several times, and though, no doubt, imperfect in many respects, may be a help to students of African Philology and be added to the Polyglotta Africana :—

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
soldier	mbanga	arkar
farmer	kadjanga-nabo	ndoro-barker
fisherman	mala kookanji	ngetube kanji
hunter	gau	gau
miller	tei	tei
chief	mbang (12 in Bagirmi country)	ngare
the great chief	maladunja	malakuledo
slave	paja	ngombang
captive	bage	bulo
rich man	mala rikiri	nge ngen jangai
government man	mala berima	kwom
poor man	mala ndo	nge ndo
poler „	mala ngadja	wonkakugermane
boat „	mala leltogo	ngo to
servant	adam	ngendor
1. son of king	kyroma	ngelmanalange
2. do.	ngarmoroba	do.
3. do.	mgardaba	do.
4. do.	ngarkilo	do.
queen	gumru	dietabe
man	debe	njage
„	ngabe	—
woman	ne	ndie
girl	nwanen bassa	wandidnie
boy	nwanengaba	wandingam
father	bobi	mbom
mother	kuni	kom
brother	mudji	ngokom
sister	mudji kunjun	komgudn
grandfather	{ ijambassa / kaki bobi }	kalebom
grandmother	kaki kuni	kakom
ancestor	kakolowa	kampmari
aunt	tuturu	tutu
young man	meiwa	babra
bearded old man	gada	ndigamgantok
old woman	moblo	bugga
young woman	manda	manda

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
baby	wantiti	wanguddn
market chief	vugma	ngegate
eunuch	katurli	—
general	padja	mala kilot
chief councillor	mbarma	—
princess	merem	maram
water-buck	mburu	mburu
cob	kal ja koko	kal
harnessed antelope	benja koro	benjakorö
reed-buck	njal	dau keri
pig	gari	bir
rat	wage	yeg
cow	mang	mang
pack-ox	mang digi	—
calf	njor-njel	—
bull	mang digi	—
stallion	sinda	kunda
mare	bargamï	mande
filly	nwan sinda	sinda kudn
ass	koro	kasinda
sheep	batta	batta
goat	kata kalta	balbie
dog	mbisi	mbisi
cat	bato	mula
monkey	beti	busti
camel	lugma	lugum
lion	tobio	bol
leopard	kaga	kag
hyena	nigo	bong
giraffe	korlo	kol
elephant	kedgi	kede
rhino	berni	bel
buffalo	dogo	dogo
hartebeest	karia	kai
hippo	abo	abo
crocodile	mara	mar
fish	kanji	kanji
duiker	njul	dul
goose	ndaba	—
crownbird	kilo	ndaanga
hawk	eliong	kuroli
hare	ome	dogum
guinea fowl	tanja	tanja

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
pigeon	dere	dermus
crow	ga	kang
a seed-eating bird, size of pigeon	kerive	kere
vulture	marlo	mal
bird	el	—
chicken	kinja	kilja
cock	kela	kera
butterfly	kebopot	kebopot
scorpion	dnin	kujina
centipede	kululu	kululu
white ant	njo	njo
fly	kong	kang
mosquito	elo	tul
wasp	beni	benl
serpent	kela	li
boa	mao	lingar
wood	kagatutu	kaga tutu
„	kigenje	gill
clay	murgo	—
sand	sinjak	—
shea-butter tree	tabur	kinja
bamboo	kaja	nal
palm	kan	ke
water	maui	maui
earth	nang ardi	nang
house	be	kudji
village	bengolo	begboy
stick	chilang	dungul
whip	marau	nde
saddle	sirdi	kar kag
reins	tam	tam
knife	kia	kijo
spear	njanga	ninge
sword	kasgar	kiengngal
bow	gildeling	kim nde
arrows	kesse	kessi
throwing-iron	njiga	mija
shield	gaba	nder
iron	togolo	togolo
brass	mbele	nina kas
lead	ndernu	udornu
steel	minja	minja
tin	tuta	tuta

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
silver	togi	togi
gold	dinar	—
hat	alengaua	—
trousers	njila	kubu
shirt	gumaji	gumaji
black tobe	boljil	kubugundu
shoe	sa	gabang
ring	kulum	—
bracelet	togigi	—
necklace	puss	—
anklet	toji jaujau	—
covercloth	bolne	boldie
belt	kokondera	—
leather	ndana	ngere
mat	mbogo	ndogo
sleeping mat	anga	—
paper	dega katta	kadkat
pipe	kol taba	djomang
bird feathers	mbim dabba	daba
head	mdjudjo	damde
hair	bi	bi
brain	nginja	gninja
forehead	natna	no
horns	kaja	gajeda
nose	emu	wum
eye	kamo	kum
ear	mbi	mbi
mouth	tara	tam
teeth	njang	gogum
tongue	njilo	ndom
beard	mbia	mbia
cheek	njar	kotum
eyebrow	mbi kam	mbi dokum
neck	gorn	gom
throat	korbo	ngrkom
chest	kajr	kadum
belly	ngal	kjem
back	njunu	dunum
arm	djil	njil
hand	nandi	ngaljim
upper arm	bogn	bogn
lower „	kamji	kumjum
wrist	tjungu tim	kinga gim
shoulder	tardam	tardam

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
fingers	nganji	gondjim
finger	wanji	—
thumb	wanji ngols	wonjing boy
forefinger	njm de	ugin de
middle finger	wanjru bang	ugin gedana
gold „	wanji gal	wanjin gal
little „	wanji geda	wanjin gdu
nail	kogo	njelgim
palm of hand	ngalji	dadji
leg	nja	binja
foot	gidnja	giduga
upper leg	birugi	binjam
lower „	karja	kassem
knee	kamtyi	kumkije
heel	modgamte	ngirgandum
ankle	kamtjungu	kamtungu
toes	ngandja	ngandjam
sole of foot	damga	dandjam
heart	kogoma	takum
lungs	siraji	kadem
intestines	titigi	tim
stomach	bidigi	kunjong
liver	gangala	burum
breasts	mba	mba
navel	kum	takum
veins	ngria	ngre
skin	ndara	ndara
male sexual organ	ngidi	motum
female „	ngidue	modu
seat	pulla	mbrum
milk	si	mba
blood	mis	mis
bone	tjungo	kinge
meat	dja	da
guinea (white) corn	wa	we
„ (red) „	gerto	goje
maize	massara	goddo
groundnuts	mundje	mundja
spinach	gudn	kinjer keng
egg	kabakinja	kau
„	kigele	balbaje
open square	poroi	dala
wall	ger	ger
door	farfar	„ takai

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
window	soi	tue
chair	kursi	—
roof	alna	aldo
stone	toto	mbal
brick	jello	—
beads	mede	modu
mountain	totongolo	mbalgobn
boat	kuntera	—
	togo	to
lake	kulu	—
green grass	aliva munjogo	munjo
dry „	mu sasa	sasa
rope	kilamormo	kalamu
fire	podo	pur
smoke	sa podo	sapodo
coal	nal	njelpo
ashes	bungu	bu
pot	kole	njo
water pot	kalgo	kanja
„ bottle	(kado) kurgu	ku
arm knife	tshabakia	darlie
tree log	dartal	kangal
branches	kagapaga	kaganbi
tree	kaga	mbi
leaves	kam	kam
flowers	pinja	putu
field	bai	ndo
forest	koro	wale
river	ba	mbo
rain	barua	bar
wind	lele	lel
sun	kaja	kad
moon	napo	na
stars	pinga pinga	Konjo
clouds	morgom	ndi
year	lua	kal
month	nabo	na
day	njakede	do koge
one	kedde	kogi
two	sap	djo
three	muta	muta
four	so	so
five	mi	mi
six	mega	miega

Appendix A.

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
seven	kili	kili
eight	marta	marta
nine	dozo	dozo
ten	dokame	dokame
eleven	dokame kar keddi	kutigegek kogo
twelve	dokame kar saba	kutigede dgo
thirteen	dokame kar muta	kutigede muta
twenty	dngrap	kutidjo
thirty	dngmura	kutmuta
forty	dngoo	kutso
hundred	aru	bu
thousand	dubbu	dubbu
the first	awal	kete
the second	kai sap	kai ndjo
the third	kai muta	kai muta
thing	ngaz	malato
great	ngolo	boy
few, small	mbassa	mdei
plenty	noga	ngai
hot	sungo	tinge
cold	kulu	sol
wet	tala	tal
dry	tutu	tutu
short	galia	godji
long	njam	ngal
thin	kumarwe	kalaman
thick	ginda	ginda
all	ped	malang
old	bono	kumara
young, new	kidji	kidgi
sick	moie	ratur
fat	bubu	yibu
mad	badri	
black	yil	ndul
white	njabe	jagnda
blue	kadrapo	—
green	dibba	ndil
bright red	adje	kir
red	mbong	—
dark red	koloo	kolod
brown	tolea	—
good, beautiful	ngela	madji
ugly	keru	majala
quick	kenoojo	ngodingai

English.	*Bagirmi*	*Sara.*
slow	angel angel	njige njige
dead	woi	jo
dark	yil	ndul
light	kudji	kai
angry	ngal sungo	temtingam
content, happy	mange	mousei
clever	nagaletu	ngernanjingai
stupid	angalegoto	doiwalagele
flat	pugli	lomaji
lazy	bili	ranjale
go	kabe	au
come	de	ide
speak	dega	edda
be silent	digale	iddale
run	ain	ain
get up	ingra	indo
mount	al	indo
descend	dirnang	isboro
jump	nanga	ibal
call	bardibe	bardo
weep	no	no
laugh	koi kago	ogo
sleep	torbi	itobi
rest	worga	orti
swim	ngal	ngalman
fly	marlo	mar
eat	sa	usa
drink	kajo	unei
be hungry	bo	bora kem
be thirsty	kumjo	kinde
be blind	gul	kumto
be deaf	mbiki	mbinbe
fight	do	ndo
kill	tolinge	tolon
fish	abe ko kanji	awo kanji
hunt	gau	gau
fear	bolodjo	bolongai
steal	bogo	ngédgadji
break	taje	tete
breathe	eu	tako
hear	welau	welau
see	aka	ano
smell	ithe	ette
taste	sa	esse

Appendix A.

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
feel	du	do
marry	wuine	tadie
sell	ndogo	mang
buy	kabendogo	aumang
borrow	kidda	kire
play	bugo	bine
salt	kassa	kate
friend	kaba	madi
enemy	boelau	sanagi
thief	malabogo	ngadje
coward	malbol	malbol
wing	ngieng	bage
tail	njila	bong
fin	tjungo	kinge
cotton	tumu	kre
herd	kojo	tongai
jujuhouse	kudjimalakuga	kudjikege
soul	nafr	—
spirits	mulega	kudu
priest	bamboli	mong
sacrifice	olundi	ngekege
god	yamalaje	ndi
I	i	i
thou	madi	—
he	madi mund	—
a, an	ku	—
yes	ngela	madji
no	bnali	brengale
always	dindin	bumbi
never	goto	tingandat
alone	kedekile	kogi
with	mala	ko
nothing	gotto	gotto
where	lold	la
there	nu	sai
yesterday	tebere	tagela
to-day	janigi	bola
to-morrow	pagara	buri
night	njo	ndo
thunder	singa	lede
heaven	samaa	ndo
hell	anjapodo	
evil spirit	kalmatu	bulo
millet beer	yu	kas

English.	*Bagirmi.*	*Sara.*
drunk	sigre	kasrau
medicine	kaga	kag
wound	du	do
thorn	kwono	kwono
poison	Kurkul	ngnauja
lightning	ada	oroba
war	wei	kauro
road	debu	deb
shade	ngil	ndil
wash	njogo	ndogo
load	kalgo	kania
bind	njog	donia

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS.

shorthanded spade	korom	korom
long spade	ngan	ngan
hand plough	kos	kos
hoe	kojo	kos
axe	kongo	kinge
hatchet	kuku	—

VOCABULARY in the Languages of—

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*	*Sango.*
soldier	mikorgo	bingi	turugu
farmer	wai	wal	kobe
fisherman	abkian	gobu	banjere
hunter	gau	gau	tarjoro
hunter with gun	dubla	hulbulu	gombe
chief	ngwai	bal	makunji
slave	han	nra	maringo
servant	ober	ugru	kori
rich man	mal dubla	nriagua	njieje kermingi
white man	dum	kumu	Arab
poor man	wobal	wohul	ditisange
poler (boatman)	kwarnera	kwanku	sotekai
captive	ngar	paja	kabita
son of king	njanungwai	liganebang	malingi
queen	ngweii	bangi	wari
daughter of king	maram	maram	walekete

Appendix A.

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*	*Sango.*
trader	kargo	kargo	gera
rider	honaar	arsu	ndudju
house-owner	likau	lukmai	nda
man	bur	buru	zo
woman	i	i	wali
girl	mama	mama	malingi
boy	n	n	kori
father	ba	eba	baba
mother	na	ija	mama
brother	un	mini	dogotimbi
sister	jama	naun	mamatimbi
grandfather	nka	ema	walekuta
grandmother	emaka	kahim	waletimama timbi
ancestor	kahimka	mahini	korigiri
young man	makway	wudja	—
bearded old man	bogbor	chilibil	korikuta
old woman	ka	ma	walegiri
young woman	maima	ima	wauirange
baby	mama	mama	kojoko
market chief	kaskoja	waikasko	sotikera
eunuch	—	—	kabita
general	padja	padja	—
councillor	bidange	bibu	sotigera
horns	ku	kau	litilu
cow	nje	nje	—
pack-ox	njeinia	njelejek	—
calf	njema	njema	—
bull	nje ila	ila	—
stallion	ar	ar	—
mare	arwai	arjal	—
filly	ama	arma	—
hare	suamni	njam	—
ass	laker	koro	—
mule	lakeri	koroi	—
sheep	ham	pjam	—
goat	boi	bie	—
dog	sau	sa	—
cat	bato	bato	—
rat	duabe	nijal	—
water-buck	buri	boro	njama
cob	njambena	kwar	—
harnessed antelope	njamboy	gru	—

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*	*Sango.*
reed-buck	sale	sar	—
jug	suo	suo	—
giraffe	quari	kwere	—
elephant	ni	bela	—
lion	kong	kwong	—
leopard	dabr	dar	—
hyena	djina	giel	—
rhino	wulba	woulba	—
buffalo	kwar	kwaringe	—
hippo	kul	kùini	—
monkey	koga	jeja	—
dog-faced monkey	njinjang	njinjang	—
kaimar	tiba	kuiba	—
hartebeest	njamnjam	njambena	—
duiker	bagri	begri	—
bird	njan	njangwa	—
hawk	njau	njamwa	—
guinea fowl	sula	sula	—
vulture	kjini	kuira	—
crow	gabal	quana	—
chicken	tor	tar	kondo
cock	tojemna	tarkora	—
pigeon	gugol	kumugula	—
duck	ubri	ubri	kanana
crownbird	gar	bil	—
butterfly	njau	njauwa	—
fly	kini	kui	—
mosquito	huni	numu	—
scorpion	sugra	sugra	—
centipede	dali	yoko	—
white ant	tira	sal	—
wasp	deuri	kui borono	—
ant	mun	mini	—
flea	bol	goa	—
serpent	ko	ngol	—
boa	chem	njambang	—
fish	kjau	sab	—
wood	tela ori	telaola	—
clay	gang	gang	—
sand	jan	sinjak	—
great tree	teladeng	telagbol	—
shea-butter nut	tam	tan	—
bamboo	iri	ira	—
palm	teladola	detela	—

Appendix A.

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*
water	ndu	mena
earth	negri	lau
house	li	lu
village	sidang	luobol
stick	nguru	dur
whip	ngar	mau
saddle	gobnu	sirdi
reins	ajam	ajam
knife	koni	ku
spear	piani	wura
sword	bardole	kargar
throwing-iron	njak	ndak
shield	bula	ngam
iron	sal	sal
brass	njengri	bori
steel	ira	irau
gold	dindar	dindar
tin	miemassar	miemassar
button	geru	geru
hat	algaba	algaba
trousers	njila	njila
shirt	nguami	ngumaslin
black tobe	sergol	kurgagoi
shoe	kungu	sergu
ring	kulam	kulum
necklace	babal	sa
anklet	modge	ternga
beadbelt	djadjameru	djadjameru
covercloth	siri	kurga
belt	pisili	pisili
leather	mar	ba
mat	nan	kilba
sleeping mat	ru sangala	raga
paper	degakar	degakat
tobacco pipe	gival	gura
tobacco	toba	toba
bird feather	ngwem	tab
head	sul	sili
hair	sulbui	hjun
brain	uma	uma
forehead	kumu	kuimu
nose	hui	hu
eye	dji	djili
ear	tula	tau

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*
mouth	mu	mu
tooth	nangui	njewe
tongue	ndila	lila
beard	bougo	nguma
cheek	mushir	mushir
eyebrow	ndijhul	ndjibui
neck	an	albla
throat	gumel	bag
chest	tel	di
belly	hul	huli
back	fin	biri
arm	tang	da
hand	par	kai
upper arm	dabormu	tang
lower „	uma	bil
wrist	dagi	tangji
shoulder	gangdubu	ganbu
fingers	dangkim	dagmi
thumb	keg	tangmim
forefinger	dama	tangma
middle finger	tangbal	kanul
gold „	mini	minitiri
little „	monmini	kaubmini
nail	dakange	tangkam
back of hand	dagberi	tankbiri
palm „	dahul	tanghuli
leg	nang	nai
foot	deibagri	nangbiri
upper leg	nangabue	gwab
lower „	deipier	dula
knee	ndeindurgu	dahrunu
heel	nangiria	neisowol
ankle	nangili	nangbo
toes	neimi	nangnui
sole of foot	deihul	huli
heart	nirimu	nirhuni
lungs	ma	nina
intestines	ngau	ger
stomach	gar	gal
liver	dula	gilal
breasts	mah	mara
navel	komnu	kulu
veins	nju	kroa
skin	war	war

Appendix A.

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*
male sexual organ	kina	qual
female „ „	mor	tilba
seat	lo	muna
milk	huma	huma
meat	njam	njam
blood	yo	yu
bone	uma	bil
millet	mul	mini
white guinea corn	bari	mana
red „ „	yakame	yakam
maize	kirbal	massar
groundnut	yari	ler
spinach	daulu	kula
egg	tohwane	tohwa
open square	ulbairi	ungura
wall	nagri	bob
door	parpar	parpar
window	limu	ru
chair	goblo	gi
roof	irre	irrendal
stone	kura	nal
brick	legrimra	lomal
beads	pieri	sa
mountain	nal	ta
boat	guar	qua
lake	tier	mini
green grass	moe	ma
dry „	tieni	bin
rope	tobri	tumu
fire	la	la
smoke	la shim	la shim
coal	la iri	la i
ashes	borum	tom
water pot	kandu	munaka
pot	kula	la
load	sir	bit
water bottle	bol	gur
arm knife	konigi	kulu
treé trunk	onitum	glaamaja
branches	telaberge	telareal
tree	tela	tela
leaves	nari	uar
flower	lop	korge
field	wal	gla

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*
forest	ta	tila
river	ndu	muna
rain	hini	hidan
wind	sau	kunasau
breath	sabie	barngo
sun	lula	lula
moon	pie	hau
stars	mura	mera
clouds	ndela	rila
year	angiga	al
month	piebru	haughi
day	naiburu	bagulu
road	ul	beel
shade	lal	lilla
to wash	um	sobi
to bind	baula	bola
shorthanded spade	munatela	munatela
long spade	munagri	guri
hand plough	muna	mina
hoe	banga	banga
axe	qual	qualhwa
matchet	beilo	beilo
lightning	djuro	tungul
thunder	ndelamar	tari
heaven	ndela	rila
hell	lawaru	wurla
evil spirit	wulungrum	duru
beer	ham	mba
drunk	hamkar	bakara
medicine	tila	hjol
wound	hura	hura
thorn	uma	in
poison	kuma	telamna
war	wasal	salwi
night	sjel	sahuli
yesterday	lila	sala
to-day	kekammi	tele
to-morrow	gan	dumrili
fat	sergol	kurgagoi
salt	boe	ba
friend	pakwar	tora
„	tamja	kaulega
thief	sila	njogar
coward	airi	elia

Appendix A.

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*
wing	da	hjol
tail	hina	njau
fin	kama	dil
cotton	njere	njere
herd	dubla	giva
jujuhouse	teladubla	telagua
priest	nbal	woboli
sacrifice	gu mina	bogmen
soul	ndela hunu	lelahun
god	ndela	muai
one	muru	glu
two	mdiri	iri
three	teri	ter
four	njel	pau
five	duni	lor
six	tar	tar
seven	lunga	luir
eight	tonde	hogna
nine	ungrasa	lolor
ten	guloel	tango
eleven	njamuru	taralu
twelve	njadiri	tariri
twenty	gulinderi	gulilre
thirty	guliberi	gulilter
forty	gulinjel	gulilpau
hundred	aru	aru
thousand	dubbu	dubbu
the first	burru	glu
the second	njim	bom
the third	njabe teri	wudo
the fourth	njabenjel	luga pau
thing	wei	wal
great	dau	bal
small	mar	mama
plenty	dubla	melgoa
hot	piaumu	djumu
cold	tier	tie
wet	mele	meu
dry	ori	ula
short	dul	duglu
long	bau	tuglu
thin	njau	ka
thick	tau	ter
all	lebla	tiri

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*
old	lila	sala
new	mani	bula
sick	tuna	juwi
black	gol	goi
white	bor	bil
blue	kabla	kafia
green	dibba	dibba
bright red	hina	hjat
red	jaua	djan guru
dark red	war	ba
brown	lobor	bil
beautiful	bari	bal
ugly	bijim	njal
quick	jal	ju
slow	djimammaw	urchnunu
dead	ulu	au
dark	uldoi	bibi
light	gulbeiri	ulgrua
angry	ulla	hulina
happy	tamuare	kau
clever	jahul	liga hjunu
stupid	barelol	balhiri
flat	ulhjan	bingi
lazy	gugbidjam	bal
hungry	dulakal	nula
thirsty	dunjikam	munaji
go	si	wuri
come	hina	wei
speak	jaja	liga
be silent	kajalo	liga u
run	ije	iju
rise	waru dal	waire
mount	hwan	waire
descend	girlor	iunu
jump	hwan ndal	nwar
call	suarum	jura
weep	kei	keji
laugh	nini	jim
sleep	lelom	long
rest	bwor	bwor
swim	ndu hwei	hije
fly	tina	kuira
eat	waituri	tu
drink	ni	umi

Appendix A.

English.	*Nilim.*	*Korbol.*
be blind	dinira	ditiri
be deaf	huru	toitiri
fight	saldumgu	marga
kill	hunum	hungwa
fish	kikgau	wubu
hunt	simhina	urumira
fear	wueiri	ilya
steal	sila	njogr
break	hau	hijam
hear	sultain	kauluga
see	legil	lagi
smell	sau	uluni
feel	hura	hura
marry	ichau	kuiga
sell	hona	ula
buy	tjimhuna	krawula
borrow	balga	balga
play	tula	tau
yes	a	lo
no	mini	bena
always	dja muteli	liga lem kale
never	teni	tiri
alone	buru	glu
here	lile	do
there	pi	hui
my	la	di
thy	ku	ku
I	bam	njimla
thou	bi	njilda
he	bamdo	wole
she	—	—
we	mumkoi	bigun
you	—	—
they	bile pi	—

APPENDIX B.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

The following Tables of Observations have been compiled for four years for Northern Nigeria, showing the average temperature, rainfall and humidity:—

METEOROLOGICAL RETURNS FOR 1904 TO 1907.

1904.

	Temperature.				Rainfall.	
	Shade maximum.	Shade minimum.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in inches.	Mean of humidity.
Zungeru	103	56	47	79	51·1	63·6
Lokoja	102	57	45	80	41·72	—
Yola	107	60	47	80	33·77	—
Ilorin	Complete statistics not available.					
Kano						
Kontagora						
Sokoto						
Zaria						
In Protectorate...						

1905.

	Temperature.				Rainfall.	
	Shade maximum.	Shade minimum.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in inches.	Mean of humidity.
Zungeru	106	56	50	80	41·31	58
Lokoja	101	53	48	81	49·64	72
Yola	108	58	50	81	42·76	—
Ilorin	106	53	53	78	47·02	73
Kano	105	39	66	76	36·69	53
Kontagora	102	57	45	82	46·28	63
Sokoto	106	50	56	79	33·32	—
Zaria	102	43	59	74	51·27	63
In Protectorate...	118	39	79	78	43·53	63·67

Appendix B.

1906.

	Temperature.				Rainfall.	
	Shade maximum.	Shade minimum.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in inches.	Mean of humidity.
Zungeru	105	55	50	80	—	63
Lokoja	104	55	49	81	51·83	72
Yola	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ilorin	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kana	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kontagora	—	—	—	—	—	—
Sokoto	—	—	—	—	—	—
Zaria	—	—	—	—	—	—
In Protectorate...	120	40	80	78	42·27	77·5

1907.

	Temperature.				Rainfall.	
	Shade maximum.	Shade minimum.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in inches.	Mean of humidity.
Zungeru	103	56	47	81	37·16	61
Lokoja	102	55	47	79	36·68	71
Yola	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ilorin	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kana	91	41	50	77	25·62	50
Kontagora	—	—	—	—	—	—
Sokoto	—	—	—	—	—	—
Zaria	109	52	57	81	19·86	52
In Protectorate...	120	41	79	78	32·12	58·5

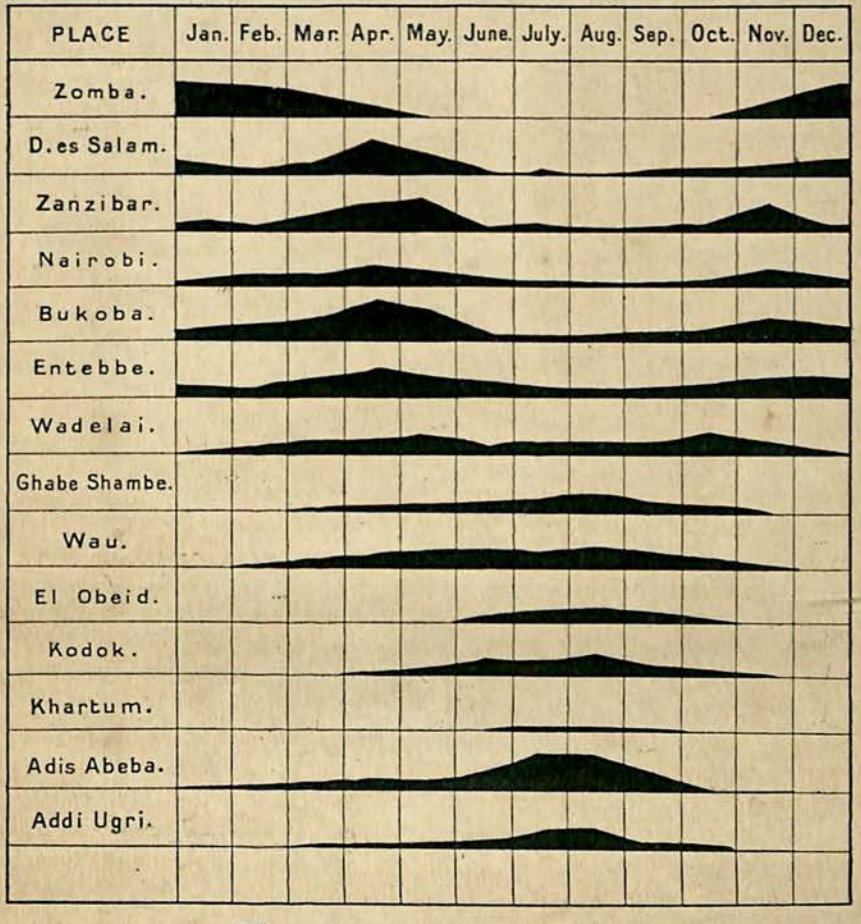
AVERAGE, 1904 TO 1908. 4 YEARS.

	Temperature.				Rainfall.	
	Shade maximum.	Shade minimum.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in inches.	Mean of humidity.
Zungeru	104·25	55·75	48·5	80	43·19	61·4
Lokoja	102·25	55	47·25	80·25	47·97	71·67
Yola	107·5	59	48·5	80·5	38·26	—
Ilorin	106	53	53	78	47·02	73
Kano	98	40	58	76·5	31·15	51
Kontagora	102	57	45	82	46·28	63
Sokoto	107·5	51	56·5	80	26·59	52
Zaria	102	43	59	74	51·27	63
In Protectorate ...	103·69	51·72	51·97	78·91	41·09	62·15

If we compare these lists with the following tables which have been compiled by Captain Lyons for the Nile Valley,* we find that the mean annual temperature is higher in Northern Nigeria than in the Nile Valley; but that we have no temperature in Northern Nigeria that can be compared with the temperature of Assouan on the Nile, where during the summer months the average is about 95°. The temperature at several posts in Northern Nigeria falls lower than in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and there should therefore be places in Northern Nigeria that can vie in healthiness with those of the Upper Nile. Luxor, Assouan, Wady-Halfa and Khartum have now become wonderful health resorts, and there seems no reason why the plateau lands of the Murchison Range should not be at least as healthy, not only in winter, but all the year round.

* Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society, July, 1910, p. 211, "Climatic Influences in Egypt and the Eastern Sudan," by Capt. H. G. Lyons, D.Sc., F.R.S.

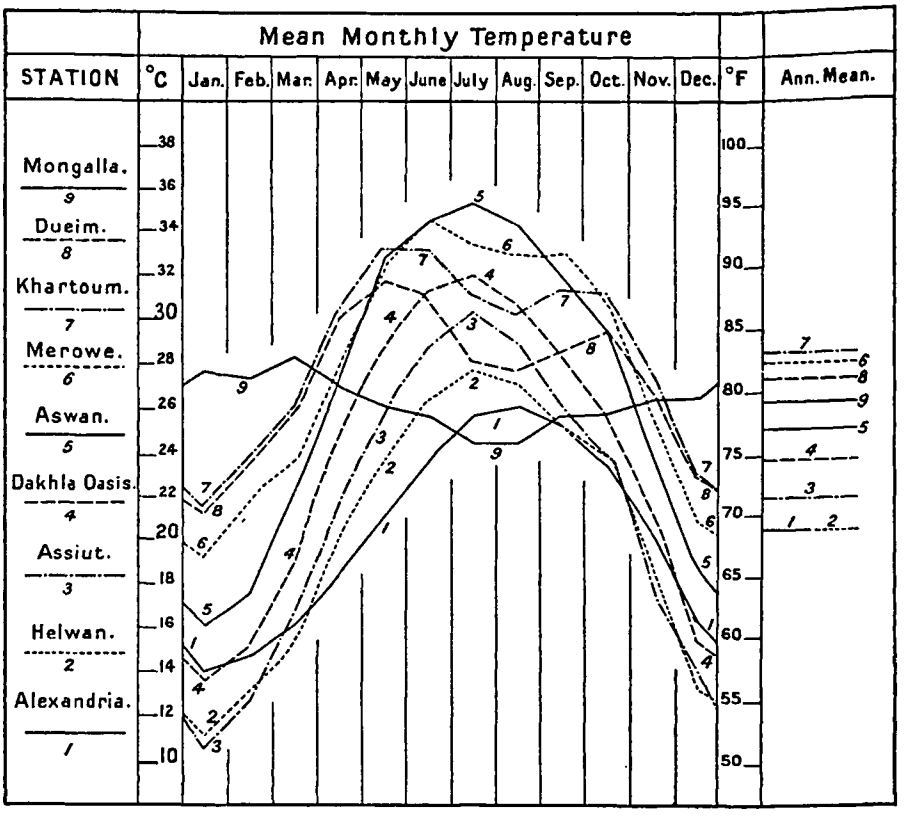
Mean Monthly Rainfall.



500 m/m or 20 Inches
Based on data up to 1908.

STATION.	Mean Ann. Pres. Ins.	Mean Ann. Pres. m/m.	Mean Monthly Atmospheric Pressure
			Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May June July Aug. Sep. Oct. Nov. Dec.
Alexandria.	29·89	759·10	
Port Said.	29·91	759·68	
Cairo (Helwan.)	29·60	751·69	
Assiut.	29·76	755·96	
Dakhla Oasis.	29·59	751·61	
Aswan.	29·58	751·42	
Wadi Halfa.	29·52	749·72	
Merowe.	29·04	737·58	
Atbara.	28·73	729·76	
Suakin.	29·88	758·87	
Kassala.	28·19	716·08	
Khartoum.	28·57	725·60	
Wad Medani.	28·53	724·62	
Dueim.	28·62	726·99	
Roseires.	28·36	720·38	
El Obeid.	28·01	711·58	
Wau.	28·52	723·4	
Mongalla.	28·40	721·28	
			Rainy Season
			Based on data up to 1907, Wau up to 1909

Appendix B.



**** Based on data up to 1907.*

The daily observations of my trans-African journey last year hardly allow of useful conclusions, but they are submitted for comparison with the former two tables.

Rain Showers in 1909.

1. At Wukari the night before my leaving for Takum, January 28th, a little rain fell accompanied by considerable wind. The next two days were overclouded, but we had only a few drops of rain.

2. The day after leaving Dempar on the Benué, February 27th, not far from Amar, a tornado came down the Benué Valley with a heavy shower of rain at 8 a.m.

3. The day after leaving Yola, March 18th, we had an exceptionally heavy tornado, and a little rain at 10 p.m.

4. Monday and Wednesday, March 22nd and 24th, at Garua during each evening there was a heavy shower.

5. Monday evening, April 5th, at Marua, a very heavy shower, beginning with a tornado from the east.

Place.	Date.	Time.	Max.	Min.	Aneroid.	Cent.	Clouds.	Wind.	Remarks.
	1909								
Shari Andja	18/4	7 a.m.	—	—	73·44	30·5	horizontal haze ...	S.W.	—
Ongo ...	18/4	3 p.m.	96	—	72·95	36	heavy storm clouds ...	S.W.	slight rain evening
„ ...	19/4	6 a.m.	—	77	73·26	27	2/3 clouds	still	—
Mondo ...	19/4	2 p.m.	91	—	73·08	34	horizontal clouds ...	S.W.	heavy rain 2 p.m.
„ ...	20/4	6 a.m.	—	78	73·55	27·5	white clouds	still	—
Baingana ...	20/4	5 p.m.	90	—	73·14	34	thunder clouds	N.W.	—
„ ...	21/4	6 a.m.	—	73	73·28	25	horizontal haze	—	—
Woij ...	21/4	3 p.m.	89	—	73·08	33·5	thin clouds	N.W.	—
„ ...	22/4	6 a.m.	—	68	73·42	—	haze	—	—
Mabeling ...	22/4	3 p.m.	92	—	73·06	36	light haze	N.W.	—
„ ...	23/4	6 a.m.	—	68	73·28	24	„ „	still	—
Labana ...	23/4	3 p.m.	90	—	73·08	35	„ „	N.W.	—
„ ...	24/4	6 a.m.	—	75	73·28	26	„ „	still	—
Busso ...	24/4	3.30 p.m.	92·5	—	72·86	35	„ „	N.W.	—
„ ...	25/4	7 a.m.	—	80	73·02	30	clear	still	—
„ ...	25/4	4 p.m.	96	—	72·66	37	haze	S.E.	—
„ ...	26/4	6 a.m.	—	81	73·08	28	a few clouds	S.E.	—
„ ...	26/4	3 p.m.	95	—	72·68	36	heavy thunder clouds ...	S.E.	a little rain
„ ...	27/4	6 a.m.	—	—	—	—	heavy clouds	S.E.	—
„ ...	27/4	4 p.m.	94	—	72·96	33·5	heavy thunder clouds ...	N.W.	a little rain
„ ...	28/4	8 a.m.	—	80·5	73·24	33	clear	N.W.	—
„ ...	29/4	6 p.m.	93·2	81·5	72·8	34	heavy clouds ... {	S.E. / N.W. }	rain, thunder
„ ...	30/4	8 a.m.	—	81	73·18	31	haze	N.W.	—
„ ...	30/4	4 p.m.	92·2	—	72·74	35	clear	N.W.	—
„ ...	1/5	10 a.m.	—	82	73·22	32	„	S.	—
„ ...	1/5	4 p.m.	94·2	—	79·92	37	horizontal thunder clouds	S.	—

Busso ...	2/5	6 a.m.	—	86	—	—	clear	S.E.	—
„ ...	2/5	5 p.m.	95·8	—	72·7	37	horizontal clouds ...	—	—
„ ...	3/5	6 a.m.	95·8	83	73·16	31	half cloudy; heavy thunder	still	rain, 2 p.m.
„ ...	3/5	4 p.m.	90	—	72·78	31	overclouded	W.	—
„ ...	4/5	6 a.m.	—	80	73·06	28·5	„	still	—
Mirti ...	4/5	4 p.m.	97	—	72·88	37	thunder clouds... ...	N.W.	heavy rain storm
„ ...	5/5	9 a.m.	—	78	73·36	31	overclouded	S.E.	—
Madgin ...	5/5	4 p.m.	90	—	72·96	34	hazy	S.E	—
„ ...	6/5	6 a.m.	—	77	73·24	27·5	„	S.E.	—
Elangomei ...	6/5	4 p.m.	95	—	72·88	36·5	storm clouds	S.E.	—
„ ...	7/5	6.30 a.m.	—	76	73·04	27	heavy rain clouds ...	S.E.	—
Miltu ...	7/5	3.30 p.m.	93·2	—	72·74	35·5	clouds	S.E.	—
„ ...	9/5	6.3 p.m.	95·4	86	72·66	37	thunder clouds... ...	N.W.	—
Dumrau ...	10/5	12 a.m.	—	79	72·96	33·5	passing clouds; strong wind	S.E.	—
„ ...	11/5	6 a.m.	—	75	73·34	28	rain clouds	S.E.	a little rain, 10 a.m.
Kuno ...	11/5	5 p.m.	86·2	—	72·88	31	hazy clouds	N.W.	—
„ ...	12/5	6 a.m.	—	75	73·18	26	slight clouds	S.E.	heavy dew
Nilim ...	12/5	5 p.m.	86	—	—	—	heavy clouds	S.E.	a little rain, 5 p.m.
„ ...	13/5	6 a.m.	—	77	73·16	32	slight clouds	S.E.	—
Bahr Salamat	13/5	3.30 p.m.	88·5	—	72·7	29	thunder clouds... ...	S.E.	3 p.m., slight rain
On the Shari	14/5	5 p.m.	87·5	72·5	72·88	33	horizontal thunder clouds	S.E.	—
Fort Archambault	15/5	9 a.m.	—	72	73·24	29	cloudy	S.E.	—
„	16/5	10 a.m.	—	72	72·9	31	clear	N.W.	—
„	17/5	5 p.m.	88·5	80	72·82	28	cloudy sky	S.E.	tornado and rain 3 p.m.
„	18/5	11 a.m.	—	80	72·98	28·5	cloudy	N.W.	three heavy showers
„	24/5	4 p.m.	86	76	72·74	32	„	S.E.	—
„	25/5	7 a.m.	—	79	73·06	27	clear	S.E.	—
„	25/5	4 p.m.	86	—	—	—	cloudy	S.E.	—
„	26/5	9 a.m.	—	77·5	73·04	29·5	„	N.W.	—
„	26/5	5 p.m.	87	—	72·72	32	clear	N.W.	—

Place.	Date.	Time.	Max.	Min.	Aneroid.	Cent.	Clouds.	Wind.	Remarks.
Fort Archambault	1909.								
	27/5	10 a.m.	—	77	73·08	28	clear	N.W.	—
„	27/5	6 p.m.	89	—	72·6	32	horizontal	N.W.	8.30 p.m. rain
„	28/5	7 a.m.	85·5	77	72·94	26·5	cloudy	N.W.	—
„	29/5	11 a.m.	—	77	72·98	29	„	N.W.	—
„	29/5	5 p.m.	86	—	72·72	33	„	still	—
„	30/5	11 a.m.	90	81	72·86	31	horizontal clouds ...	S.W.	thunderstorm
„	31/5	10 a.m.	85	81	73·04	30	cloudy	N.W. to S.E.	6 p.m., heavy tornado but no rain
„	1/6	8 a.m.	—	78	73·07	27	„	S.E.	—
„	1/6	4 p.m.	86	—	72·78	30	„ occasional thunder	S.E.	—
„	2/6	10 a.m.	—	77	73·22	28	„	S.E.	heavy rain
„	4/6	4 p.m.	84	—	72·72	26	„	S.E.	heavy shower
„	8/6	10 a.m.	84	—	73·08	30	„	S.E.	rain tornado
„	9/6	8 a.m.	83	—	73·10	27	„	S.E.	—
„	10/6	8 a.m.	79	—	73·02	27	„	S.E.	7 p.m. a little rain
„	11/6	9 a.m.	84·5	—	73·04	28	light clouds	still	—
„	12/6	8 a.m.	85	—	73·12	28·5	hazy	still	—
„	13/6	7 a.m.	—	76	73·22	25	cloudy	S.E.	—
„	13/6	6 p.m.	89	—	73	30	clear	still	—
„	14/6	6 a.m.	82	74	73·08	25	cloudy	still	2 a.m., heavy rain
„	15/6	7 a.m.	87	74	73·18	25	„	S.E.	afternoon, tornado, little rain
„	16/6	7 a.m.	84	74	72·98	24·5	„	N.W.	6 a.m., tornado
„	17/6	7 a.m.	—	—	72·94	26	clear	S.E.	heavy tornado
„	18/6	4 p.m.	84	—	72·78	30	cloudy	S.E.	—
„	19/6	7 a.m.	79	72	73·22	27	„	still	heavy rain
„	20/6	8 a.m.	78	—	73·14	24	„	S.E.	„ „

Fort Archambault	21/6	6.30 a.m.	78	74	73·12	25	clear	still	—
„	22/6	6.30 a.m.	82	73	73·04	23·5	„	„	—
„	23/6	7 a.m.	84·5	76	72·96	26	„	—	dry tornado
„	24/6	6.30 a.m.	79	78	72·92	26·5	cloudy	S.E.	heavy rain
„	25/6	7 a.m.	81	73	73·18	24	„	still	—
„	26/6	7 a.m.	80	76	73·06	26	clear	„	3 a.m. dry tornado
„	27/6	7 a.m.	—	74	72·92	25	cloudy	„	2 a.m. tornado, heavy rain
„	28/6	7 a.m.	77	72	72·96	23	„	„	continuous heavy rain
„	29/6	8.30 a.m.	78	74	73·08	26	horizontal clouds ...	S.E.	6 p.m. tornado
„	30/6	6.30 a.m.	79	73	73·14	24	considerable fog ...	still	6 p.m. dry tornado
„	1/7	7 a.m.	80	74	73·04	26	clear	S.E.	—
„	2/7	7 a.m.	79	75	72·94	26	cloudy	still	—
								N.W.	5 p.m. tornado, little rain
„	3/7	7 a.m.	78	74	73·04	25	„	S.E.	
„	4/7	7 a.m.	77	74	73·12	25·5	partially clouded ...	still	—
„	5/7	7 a.m.	82	75	73·14	26	cloudy	N.W.	7 p.m. heavy tornado, rain till 7 a.m.
								S.E.	
„	6/7	7 a.m.	76	72	73·18	23	„	—	rain all day
„	7/7	7 a.m.	76	74	73·22	25	horizontal clouds ...	still	6 p.m. short tornado
„	8/7	7 a.m.	80	74	73·24	25	„ „ ...	S.E.	—
„	9/7	7 a.m.	80	74	73·22	26	cloudy	still	rain all day
„	10/7	7 a.m.	80	73	73·12	28	„	„	—
„	11/7	6 a.m.	79	75	73·02	26	clear	—	11 a.m. heavy rain
Sello ...	12/7	6 a.m.	80	74	72·96	23	„	—	—
Ngore ...	13/7	6 a.m.	83	75	73·04	26	„	—	—
Komsenga ...	14/7	6 a.m.	86	78	72·92	27	cloudy	N.W.	heavy rain
Konondobo	15/7	6 a.m.	78	73	72·92	24	„	still	2 p.m. heavy rain
Bongobolo ...	16/7	6 a.m.	81·5	71	73·02	23	„	„	—
In Bush ...	17/7	6 a.m.	85	75	73·02	23·5	„	„	6 p.m. tornado
Ngodjo ...	18/7	6 a.m.	87	76	73·08	29	„	N.E.	7 p.m. tornado
„ ...	19/7	6 a.m.	80	75	73·08	24·5	„	N.W.	heavy rain
„ ...	20/7	6 a.m.	90	77	72·90	27	„	S.E.	6 p.m. a little rain

Place.	Date.	Time.	Max.	Min.	Aneroid.	Cent.	Clouds.	Wind.	Remarks.
	1909.								
Ganda ...	21/7	6 a.m.	77	74	73·28	23	cloudy	S.E.	—
Ba River ...	22/7	6 a.m.	90	76	73·12	27	„	—	—
In Bush ...	23/7	6 a.m.	84	74	72·99	25	clear	S.E.	—
„ ...	24/7	6 a.m.	86	77	72·74	26	cloudy	S.E.	rain all day
„ ...	25/7	7 a.m.	85	73	72·92	28	clear	W.	—
Ndoka ...	26/7	6 a.m.	82	72	72·76	25	„	E.	—
„ ...	27/7	6 a.m.	85	76	72·74	23·5	cloudy	W.	heavy rain 2 p.m.; rain 10 p.m., and during night
In Bush ...	28/7	6 a.m.	85	72	71·64	22·5	„	N.W.	rain all night
„ ...	29/7	6 a.m.	86	74	71·98	23·5	„	W.	„ „
Ndele ...	30/7	9 a.m.	82	72	71·84	22	„	W.	„ „
„ ...	31/7	9 a.m.	84	73	71·98	27	„	W.	„ „
„ ...	1/8	—	84	74	71·82	26	clear	W.	„ „
„ ...	2/8	6 a.m.	80	73	71·74	24·5	cloudy	S.W.	„ „
„ ...	3/8	2 p.m.	84	74	71·52	28	„	N.	„ „
„ ...	4/8	7 a.m.	82	75	71·60	25	„	N.	a little rain
„ ...	5/8	7 a.m.	78	70	71·78	23	„ early	S.W.	„ „
„ ...	6/8	4 p.m.	79	70	71·56	24	„ morning ...	S.W.	rain during morning
„ ...	7/8	9 a.m.	80	72	71·86	24	„	N.W.	—
„ ...	8/8	6 a.m.	78	71	71·84	23	heavy mist	still	3.30 p.m. heavy rain
Bolo ...	9/8	6 a.m.	78	69	71·66	22	cloudy	S.E.	no rain
In Bush ...	9/8	6 a.m.	87	72	71·38	24	—	still	heavy storms, rain 3.30 p.m. till night
„ ...	11/8	6 a.m.	81	70	70·23	23	„	S.	no rain
„ ...	12/8	6 a.m.	81	70	70·57	21	dense mist	still	„
„ ...	13/8	6 a.m.	82	71	70·22	22	„ till 8 a.m. ...	N.	—
„ ...	14/8	6 a.m.	78	67	70·30	22	thin mist	N.	—

In Bush ...	15/8	6 a.m.	78	70	70·36	22	horizontal	S.E.	no rain
Wadda ...	16/8	6 a.m.	79	72	70·46	23	clouds	N.	„
„ ...	17/8	6 a.m.	78	71	69·74	23	cloudy	E.	rain in afternoon
„ ...	18/8	7 a.m.	79	71	70·24	22	clear	still	no rain
„ ...	19/8	7 a.m.	78	68	70·28	22	„	„	rain all night
„ ...	20/8	8 a.m.	75	66	70·24	21	cloudy ; horizontal ...	S.E.	„ „
„ ...	21/8	8 a.m.	82	70	70·27	23	clouds	N.	2 a.m. heavy tornado ; rain
In Bush ...	22/8	6 a.m.	86	70	70·32	22·5	cloudy	still	1 p.m. till 6 p.m. heavy rain
„ ...	23/8	6 a.m.	82	65	69·52	19	„	E.	4 a.m. rain
„ ...	24/8	6 a.m.	79	68	69·04	22	„	N.E.	rain all night
„ ...	25/8	6 a.m.	80	70	69·58	23	„	still	intermittent rain
„ ...	26/8	6 a.m.	79	70	69·68	22	„	„	„ „
„ ...	28/8	9 a.m.	81	72	69·34	24	„	W.	rain during night
Kotto River	29/8	6 a.m.	80	73	69·73	23	clear	N.E.	no rain
„	30/8	6 a.m.	79	72	69·58	24	„	N.E.	„
„	31/8	6 a.m.	81	73·5	70·15	23	high clouds	still	rain during night
Patience Island	1/9	6 a.m.	78	72	70·02	23	cloudy	„	„ „
„	2/9	6 a.m.	80	73	70·07	22	„	„	rain all day and night
„	3/9	6 a.m.	81	73·5	69·92	24	„	W.	„ „
In Bush ...	4/9	6 a.m.	80	72	69·25	22	„	S.E.	rain
„ ...	5/9	6 a.m.	81	70	69·32	23	„	S.W.	tornado
„ ...	6/9	6 a.m.	82	71·5	69·04	21·5	„	W.	a little rain during night
„ ...	7/9	6 a.m.	85	72	69·66	22	clear	E.	„ „
„ ...	8/9	6 a.m.	87	73	70·18	23·3	cloudy	—	„ „
„ ...	9/9	6 a.m.	88	78	70·18	25	thin clouds	E.	rain all night
Malagere ...	10/9	10 a.m.	84	77	70·42	28	cloudy	W.	no rain
„ ...	11/9	6 a.m.	84	72	70·44	23	thin clouds	S.	„
In Bush ...	12/9	6 a.m.	85	73	70·43	23	misty	E.	„
Keffi Genji...	13/9	7 a.m.	90	75	71·24	26	clear	E.	„

Place.	Date.	Time.	Max.	Min.	Aneroid.	Cent.	Clouds.	Wind.	Remarks.
	1909.								
Keffi Genji ...	14/9	7 a.m.	88	73·5	71·1	25	clear	E.N.	heavy tornado
„ ...	15/9	6 a.m.	84	72	71·04	24	cloudy	E.	rain night
Guku ...	16/9	6 a.m.	88	76	76·26	25	slight clouds	still	no rain
Mirsal Gabel	17/9	6 a.m.	89	71·5	70·58	24	cloudy	„	a little during day
Minangwe ...	18/9	6 a.m.	85	72	69·76	24	„	S.	no rain
Faragalla ...	19/9	6 a.m.	91	75	69·24	25·5	„	S.	rain all night
Gaba ...	20/9	6 a.m.	85	72	69·92	23·5	„	S.	rain
„ ...	21/9	6 a.m.	85	72	70·42	23	„	S.	no rain
In Bush ...	22/9	6 a.m.	89	75	69·88	25	„	N.	rain day and night
„ ...	23/9	6 a.m.	85	69	70·73	22	„	N.	no rain
Raja ...	24/9	8 a.m.	86	76	71·58	26	„	N.	heavy rain
„ ...	25/9	9 a.m.	85·5	68	71·58	26	„	N.	a little rain
„ ...	26/9	10 a.m.	84	72	71·38	27	clear	still	no rain
„ ...	27/9	7 a.m.	86	74	71·42	28	„	„	rain night
In Bush ...	28/9	6 a.m.	86	75	71	27	clouds	N.E.	no rain
Jebel Zaka ...	29/9	6 a.m.	87	76·5	70·18	22	clear	E.	little rain in afternoon
So	30/9	7 a.m.	86	73	74·09	22	„	N.	a little rain
Dem Zubeir	1/10	7 a.m.	82	73	70·94	21	„	still	heavy rain all night
„	2/10	7 a.m.	86	72	78·92	23	cloudy	„	„ „ „
Police Station	3/10	6 a.m.	85	72	71·24	23	clear	—	no rain
Sukoth ...	4/10	6 a.m.	89	74	79·92	23	„	—	—
Police Station	5/10	6 a.m.	89	74	72·84	24	clouds	—	a little rain
In Bush ...	6/10	6 a.m.	96	74	71·52	24	—	E.	—
Pongo ...	7/10	6 a.m.	95	76	71·98	26	cloudy	still	—
Bombolo ...	8/10	6 a.m.	94	76	72·18	26	—	N.E.	rain
Ba Sheka ...	9/10	6 a.m.	93	74·5	71·92	24	clear	still	—

APPENDIX C.

Zoological Specimens and Collections Brought Home by the Expedition.

The zoological specimens brought home include the following :—

A collection of some 250 *Lepidoptera*, named by Mr. Heron and Sir George Hampson, of the British Museum (Natural History).

List of Butterflies collected near the sources of the Bahr-el-Arab, on the Ironstone Plateau (2,000 ft.), in Dar Runga and Dar Kouti, in the Shari-Chad Protectorate.

Nymphalidae

Nymphalidae

1 ♂	Asterope	pechueli	Dewitz.
1 ♂	Asterope	boisduvali	Wallengren.
1 ♀	Kallima	jacksoni	E. M. Sharpe.
4 ♂ ♂	Hamanumida	dœdalus	Fabr.
2 ♀ ♀	Hamanumida	dœdalus	Wet season phase.
4 ♂ ♂	Hypodimmas	misippus	Linn.
13 ♀ ♀	Hypodimmas	„ misippus form ♀	
3 ♀ ♀	Hypodimmas	„ inaria form ♀	
1 ♂	Euphœdra	cyparissa, Cramer form aurata	Carpenter.
1 ♂	Neptis	agatha	Cramer.
6 ♂ ♂	Precis	orithyia madagascanensis	Guénée.
2 ♂ ♂	Precis	hierta cebrene	Trimen.
2 ♂ ♂	Precis	chorimene	Guérin.
6 ♀ ♀			
1 ♂	Precis	pelarga	Fab.
1 ♂	Precis	antelope	Feiseh.

Satyridae

2 ♂ ♂	Mycalesis	safitza	Hewitson.
1 ♀	Mycalesis	angulosa	Butler.
2 ♂ ♂	Mycalesis	milyas	Hew.
1 ♀	Melanitis	leda	Linn. "wet" phase.
1 ♂	Ypthima	itonia	Hew.

Danaidae

14 ♂ ♂	Danais (Limnas)	chrysippus falcippus	Cramer. ♂ ♂
3 ♀ ♀			
1 ♀	Danais (Tirumala)	petiverana	Doubr. Hew.

Acroeidae			
5 ♂♂	Acrœa	terpsichore	Linn. ♂♂
1 ♂	Acrœa	peneleas	Wed.
Papilionidae			
9 ♂♂	Papilio	demodocus	Esper.
2 ♂♂	Papilio	mireus	Linn.
3 ♂♂, 1 ♀	Papilio	pylades	Feb.
1 ♂	Papilio	similis	Linn.
Pieridae			
8 ♂♂, 5 ♀♀	Teracolus	antigone	Boizd. wet and intermediate.
7 ♂♂, 3 ♀♀	Teracolus	eupompe	Klug "wet" phase.
11 ♂♂, 4 ♀♀	Teracolus	isaura, Lucas (nelle, Butler)	—
1 ♂	Teracolus	ocale	Borid.
7 ♂♂	Catopsilia	florella-pyrene form.	Swainson.
7 ♀♀	Catopsilia	florella-pyrene form.	Swainson.
2 ♂♂, 2 ♀♀	Catopsilia	florella	Fab.
1 ♂	Eronia	leda	Trimen. (f. loc.)?
2 ♂♂	Mylothris	chloris	Fab.
16 ♂♂, 5 ♀♀	Belenois	subeida	Felder.
4 ♂♂, 2 ♀♀	Belenois	creona	Cramer.
2 ♂♂, 2 ♀♀	Belenois	gidica	Godart.
1 ♂, 1 ♀	Pinacopteryx	doxo	Godart.
8 ♂♂, 7 ♀♀	Terias	brigitta form. zoë Hopfer	Cramer "wet" phase.
1 ♂	Terias	desjardinsi f. regularis	Butter.
3 ♂♂, 3 ♀♀	Terias	senegalensis	Boisd. "wet" phase.
Lycoenidae			
1 ♂	Axioceses	harpax	Fab.
1 ♂	Tarucas	plinius	Fab.
1 ♀	Lycœnesthes	amarah	Le febre.
Hesperiidae			
1 ♂	Cyclopides	formosus form. loc. tsadicus	Aurivillius.

MOTHS from the Shari-Chad Protectorate.

Artiadae

Diacrisia maculosa Cram.

Agaristidae

Aegocera rectilinea Boisd.

Noctuidae

Cyligramma latona Cram.

Appendix C.

Sphingidae

Platysphinx stigmatica Mal.

Notodontidae

Zana sp.

Saturiadae

Nudaurelia Rendalli Rotho.

„ *macropthalma* Kirby.

Imbrasia obscura Butl.

Civina Similis. Dist.

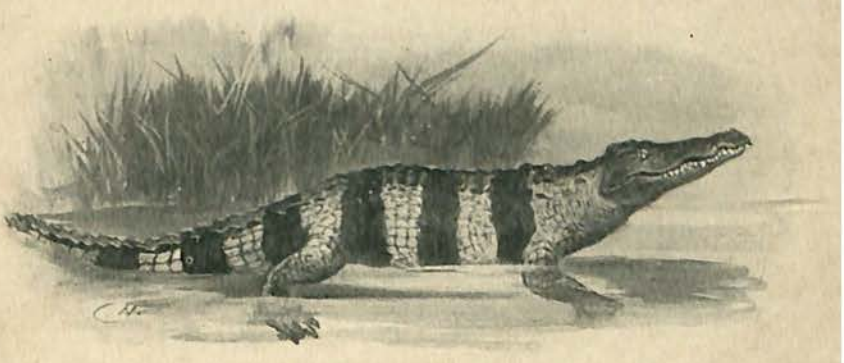
Buneae phaeax Jordan.

Carnegia pancratia Weym.

The buffalo of the Shari Valley appear to differ somewhat from the Congo variety or the East African. A pair of horns I brought home are curiously flat. They measure from tip to tip 26½ inches; greatest spread outside, 32 inches; length of single horn on inside curve, 27 inches. The buffalo in youth is red, but becomes perfectly black as he gets older.

Among the giraffes, found in the Shari Valley there are some which show a rudimentary branch on each of the two back horns (vide specimen in the British Museum, horns 7 inches long). The giraffes, of course, belong to the three-horned variety.

There are three distinct kinds of crocodiles in the Shari River—the broad-nosed kaiman, the short-headed crocodile, and a curiously ringed species looking something like the following—



A SAURIEN OF THE SHARI—A ZEBRA CROCODILE.

A number ot hippo tusks, elephant tusks, and rhino horns also brought home show nothing of special interest except that some of the hippo tusks are remarkably large. One of the elephants shot by the writer was noteworthy in that it possessed a double heart.

APPENDIX D.

TRANS-AFRICAN OUTFIT.

Load 1.

	£	s.	d.
6 hoes (10d.)	0	5	0
6 matchets (8d.)	0	4	0
4 hatchets (10d.)	0	3	4
2 claw hammers (1s. 5½d.)	0	2	11
1 pincers	0	0	9
1 pliers	0	1	7
1 hand saw	0	2	3
1 screwdriver...	0	0	8
1 9-ft. spring measure	0	4	3
7 lbs. of nails	0	1	0
1 case...	0	1	6
	1	7	3

Weighing 51 lbs.

Load 2.

	£	s.	d.
6 five-pound tins separated milk (2s. 4d.)	0	14	0
2 five-pound tins full milk (4s. 6d.)	0	9	0
	1	3	0

Load 3.

	£	s.	d.
6 five-pound tins separated milk (2s. 4d.)	0	14	0
2 five-pound tins full milk (4s. 6d.)	0	9	0
	1	3	0

Load 4.

	£	s.	d.
6 five-pound tins separated milk (2s. 4d.)...	0	14	0
2 five-pound tins full milk (4s. 6d.)	0	9	0
	1	3	0

Load 5.

	£	s.	d.
3 pieces, 12 yds. 36-in. crape (6s.)	0	18	0
3 pieces, 12 yds. 35½-in. calabash pts. (5s.)	0	15	0
10 pairs animal sep (1s. 11d.)	0	19	2
10 pieces heavy cords (2s. 4d.)	1	3	4
1 bale (3s. 3d.)	0	3	3
	3	18	9

Load 6.

	£	s.	d.
20 pieces, 12 yds., blue baft (4s. 6d.)	4	10	0
1 bale (3s. 3d.)	0	3	3
	4	13	3

Load 7.

	£	s.	d.
20 pieces, 12 yds., blue baft (4s. 6d.)	4	10	0
1 bale (3s. 3d.)	0	3	3
	4	13	3

Load 8.

	£	s.	d.
20 pieces, 12 yds., 24-in. blue baft (4s. 6d.)	4	10	0
1 bale (3s. 3d.)	0	3	3
	4	13	3

Load 9.

	£	s.	d.
12 scarfs, 34 in. by 70 in., fancy scarfs (10d.)	0	10	0
10 pieces, 12 yds., 36-in. black and white checks (5s. 7½d.)	2	16	3
1 bale (3s. 3d.)	0	3	3
	3	9	6

Load 10.

	£	s.	d.
12 scarfs, 34 in. by 70 in., fancy scarfs (10d.)	0	10	0
10 pieces, 12 yds., 36-in. checks (5s. 7½d.)	2	16	3
1 bale (3s. 3d.)	0	3	3
	3	9	6

Load 11.

	£	s.	d.
10 doz. 33 in. by 29 in. black and white small check mds. (2s. 10d.)	1	8	4
3 pieces, 12 yds., 36-in. Salempores (4s. 7½d.)	0	13	10
1 bale (3s. 3d.)	0	3	3
	2	5	5

Load 12.

	£	s.	d.
Two ·405 Winchesters, with recoil pads	12	4	0
1 Winchester 12-gauge shot gun	4	3	0
Gun cases and packing	2	10	0
	18	17	0

Load 13.

	£	s.	d.
500 12-gauge shells, BB shots ... ... } 500 12-gauge shells, No. 3 ... ... }	4	3	10
1 box (3s. 6d.)...	0	3	6
	4	7	4

Load 14.

	£	s.	d.
250 rounds ·405 soft-nose cartridges	2	11	0
50 rounds ·405 hard-point cartridges	0	10	2½
1 box (3s. 6d.)	0	3	6
	3	4	8½

Load 15.

	£	s.	d.
250 rounds .405 soft-nose cartridges	2	11	0
50 rounds ·405 hard-point cartridges	0	10	2½
1 box (3s. 6d.)...	0	3	6
	3	4	8½

Load 16.

	£	s.	d.
250 rounds ·405 soft-nose cartridges	2	11	0
50 rounds hard-nose cartridges	0	10	2½
1 box (3s. 6d.)	0	3	6
	3	4	8½

Load 17.

	£	s.	d.
250 rounds ·405 soft-nose cartridges	2	11	0
50 rounds ·405 hard-nose cartridges	0	10	2½
1 box (3s. 6d.)	0	3	6
	3	4	8½

Load 18.

	£	s.	d.
1 aluminium canteen	3	15	0
1 oilcloth waterbottle	0	6	0
1 Preston mess kit	1	4	0
1 mincing machine	0	5	0
1 chop bag	0	1	6
2 tin openers	0	0	10
1 fibre case	0	16	0
1 flat iron	0	2	0
	6	10	4

Load 19.

	£	s.	d.
Tentfly, poles, pegs, mallet...	5	0	0

Load 20.

	£	s.	d.
Tent, 10 ft. by 8 ft.	5	0	0

Load 21.

	£	s.	d.
1 set of camp furniture :—			
bed with mosquito rods			
mosquito net			
mattress			
2 pillows			
chair			
table			
bath and washstand			
footstool			
In rotproof waterproof canvas	15	0	0

Load 22.

	£	s.	d.
1 Whitman saddle	7	6	0
1 pair U.S. saddle bags	0	14	0
1 bridle and bit	1	0	0
1 pair of spurs	0	10	0
1 tin of castor oil	0	2	0
1 can of grease	0	1	0
1 poncho	0	12	0
Rope and twine	0	15	0
	11	0	0

Load 23.

	£	s.	d.
1 bale of grey cloth, 170 yds. (2¼d.)	1	11	10½
Packing	0	3	0
	1	14	10½

Load 24.

	£	s.	d.
1 bale of grey cloth, 141 yds. (3¼d.)	1	18	2
Packing	0	3	0
	2	1	2

Load 25.

	£	s.	d.
1 bale of grey cloth, 102 yds. (4¼d.)	1	16	1
Packing	0	3	0
	1	19	1

Load 26.

	£	s.	d.
2 syphons	0	4	0
20 dozen bulbs	1	5	0
6 coils of rope...	0	12	9
1 ground sheet	0	8	0
	2	9	9

Load 27.

	£	s.	d.
20 dozen boxes of candles	1	10	0
Box	0	2	6
	1	12	6

Load 28.

	£	s.	d.
1 chop box	1	0	0
Contents	1	17	0
	2	17	0

Load 29.

	£	s.	d.
Medicine (one box)	0	4	6
Instruments and medicines...	3	18	6
Thermometer...	1	2	0
Odol, &c.	0	5	6
	5	10	6

Load 30.

	£	s.	d.
1 boat, canvas, collapsible	6	0	0
Packing	0	0	6
	6	0	6

Load 31.

Tin Trunk A.

	£	s.	d.
Trunk	1	15	0
3 pairs of high-laced boots	5	0	0
1 pair of low ditto	1	5	0
1 pair of mocassins	0	11	0
1 pair of rubber-soled shoes	0	7	6
1 pair of leggings	0	4	0
1 duck back suit	2	12	0
1 mackintosh...	1	5	0
	12	19	6

Load 32.

Tin Trunk B.

	£	s.	d.
2 pairs of riding breeches			
1 pair khaki trousers			
1 khaki jacket			
1 white dress suit			
2 pairs trousers			
1 white jacket			
2 pairs flannel trousers			
1 silk suit			
1 Norfolk suit			
Altogether about	15	0	0

Load 33.

Yellow Tin Box.

	£	s.	d.
1 camera and 240 films	18	0	0
Notepaper and envelopes	0	10	0
Blotting paper	0	3	0
6 copy books	0	6	0
6 pencils	0	0	6
2 bottles of gum	0	2	0
1 hurricane lamp	0	6	0
1 candlestick	1	3	0
4 story books	0	4	0
6 story books	0	3	0
1 box of fishing tackle	3	0	0
1 signalling pistol and cartridges	4	10	0
1 plum pudding		(?)	
1 box	0	7	6
	28	15	0

Load 34.

	£	s.	d.
Tin trunk			
1 pair gloves			
3 ties			
6 serviettes			
6 vests			
6 pairs pants			
6 towels			
2 pillow covers			
2 sheets			
4 hunting shirts			
3 soft white shirts			
4 white dress shirts			
8 pairs stockings			
6 pairs socks			
2½ dozen handkerchiefs			
8 soft collars			
Value about	10	0	0
Box	1	15	0
	11	15	0

Load 35.

	£	s.	d.
1 box of soap	2	0	0

Load 36.

	£	s.	d.
20 lbs. of tea	2	10	0
20 lbs. of coffee	2	5	0
1 box	0	3	6
	4	18	6

Load 37.

	£	s.	d.
1 box of biscuits	2	0	0

Load 38.

	£	s.	d.
1 box of dried fruit	3	0	0

Load 39.

	£	s.	d.
1 box condiments (pickles, vinegar, salad oil, &c.) ...	3	0	0

Load 40.

	£	s.	d.
1 box of breakfast food	2	10	0

Load 41.

	£	s.	d.
1 hunting bag, containing books, clothing, maps, hunting belt, &c.	20	0	0
Instruments :—			
1 aneroid barometer 1 maximum and minimum thermometer 2 thermometers 3 compasses 1 pedometer 1 chronometer 2 watches ...	27	10	0
	47	10	0

Load 42.

	£	s.	d.
1 deck chair	0	15	0
1 guitar in case	1	10	0
1 handbag with papers and desk	5	0	0
1 hat	0	15	0
	8	0	0

To these were added later on :—

2 bags of salt,
2 bags of rice,
1 load of Ideal milk,
2 loads of beads (assorted),,
1 load, medicine chest,
6 loads of cloth,
2 native saddles,
5 loads of tinned food,
and after the Shari
10 loads of guinea-corn.

31 loads

31 loads
42 loads

Together 73 loads, worth roughly £500.

Carriers and servants for nine months cost on an average £10 each. Besides this there were steamer and railway expenses on the outward and home journeys, Customs dues, licences, presents to the chiefs, the purchase of eight horses and twenty-five pack-oxen, food supplies at Wau, and hotel expenses at Khartum, etc.

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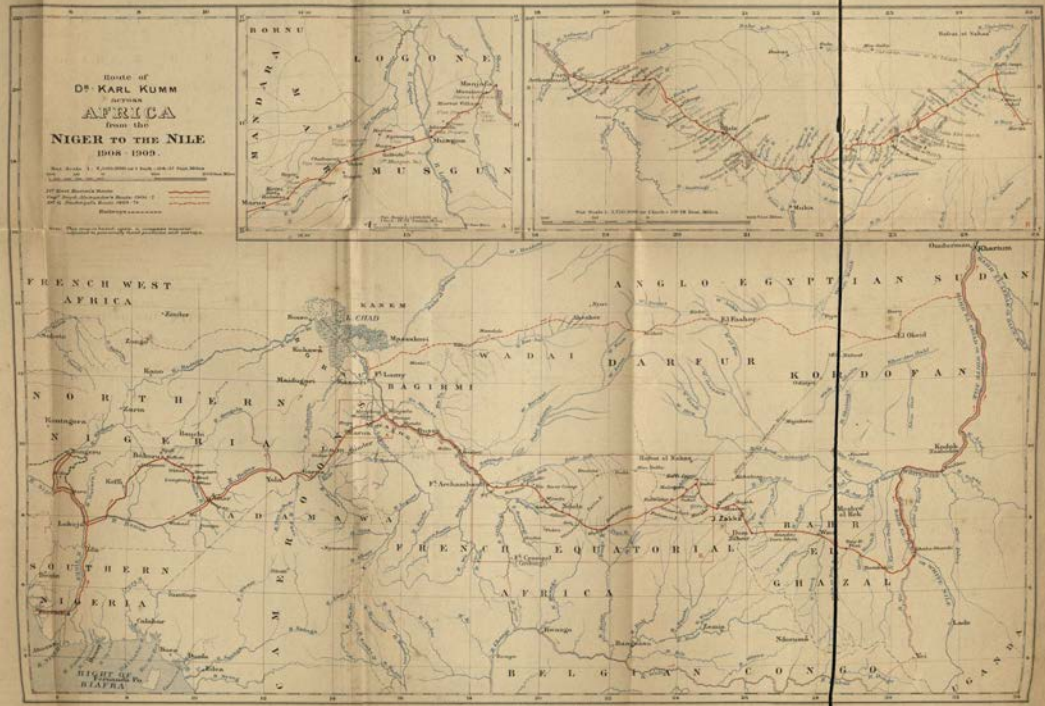
Route of
Dr. KARL KUMM
across
AFRICA
from the
NIGER to the NILE
1908-1909.
BORNU
LOGONE
MANDARA
MUSGUM
Maiduguri
Mora
Mokolo
Mandjafa
Mandjaffa
Marva
Mokong
Mokolo
Mora
Mokong
Mokolo
Mora
Mokong
Mokolo
Mora

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